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SKETCHES OF HAYTI.*

A MOMENT'S reflection cannot fail to excite astonishment, that the history of modern Hayti has been thus long disregarded. We say disregarded, because, most unquestionably, if there be one important part of the history of our own time on which the English reader in general is more ignorant than another, it is the transactions which have occurred in that island during the last thirty years. Barbarities, almost unprecedented, have been perpetrated; a new nation has started into existence, even within sight of our own colonies; has effected a total revolution in the most fertile of the West-India Islands; and still no record of its progress, acknowledged to be accurate, has yet appeared. We concur, therefore, in the opinion, that a good account of the internal condition of Hayti, written from personal observation, appears to be one of the greatest desiderata in modern geography;† and we are glad to find that in the *Sketches of Hayti*, an attempt has been made to supply something of the deficiency complained of. Before, however, we investigate the merits of Mr. Harvey's volume, it may be worth while to inquire what causes have operated during so long a period to continue the public in comparative ignorance, upon a subject which is highly interesting, both as it affects the great question of the abolition of negro slavery, and the security of our possessions in the West Indies. Has the torpor of the press been occasioned by some insuperable difficulty opposed to the acquirement of information? We apprehend not. Mr. Wilberforce and many other distinguished persons in this country have long been in correspondence with natives of Hayti, and English residents there, and have, from time to time, been supplied with a great mass of *mémoires pour*

* *Sketches of Hayti; from the Expulsion of the French to the Death of Christophe.* By. H. W. HARVEY, of Queen's College, Cambridge, pp. 416. 8vo. London: Seeley and Son. 1827.

† *Encyclopædia Metropolitana.*

servir à l'histoire. Has it then proceeded from policy? We should answer, yes. There are two great contending parties, for such they really are, who are especially interested in the subject, the planters, and the most active of the abolitionists; and we believe that their silence has proceeded, not from a dearth of knowledge of the facts, but from the impracticability each party has experienced of giving to many of the occurrences that complexion which would forward its particular views. It is not to be supposed that the most enthusiastic abolitionists have avoided shuddering at the numerous wanton and atrocious cruelties which have been perpetrated by the negroes; nor can it be imagined that the planter would be so blind to his own interest as to invite the public discussion of the question, without the certainty of attaining an overwhelming triumph. His position was the defensive. If, indeed, the progress and the condition of Hayti had been referred to and enforced as an argument for the hasty abolition of slavery in our own West-India islands, then the planter might have appeared "ten thousand strong" by the use of the very same statements, which, if advanced without provocation, would have made him seem desirous, not so much of protecting his own property from destruction, as of advocating that horrid system of personal bondage, which in the abstract cannot be too bitterly condemned. Interest has, therefore, trammelled the parties who are most conversant with Hayti; and thus the details of its progress have not received that attention which they seem to require. It is true, that short occasional notices have been inserted in different periodical journals; and in addition to several publications in France,* an anonymous work was sent forth in Edinburgh in 1818, entitled "History of the Island of St. Domingo, from its discovery by Columbus to the present period;" still, nothing satisfactory has appeared; and as it is high time that the veil of mystery should be thrown aside, we agree with Mr. Harvey in thinking, "that any information, however imperfect, will at this time prove peculiarly acceptable."

The author informs us in his preface, that "the materials of the volume are principally derived from printed documents, procured in Hayti, and from short notes made during my residence there;" and he adds, "I beg to state most distinctly, that I undertake to furnish nothing more than brief and imperfect sketches of Hayti, such as, I hope, may be found interesting to general readers." The precaution taken in the last sentence, was not unnecessary; but we shall not quarrel with Mr. Harvey from the scantiness of his information. We regard his endeavour as likely to prove the precursor of many more, and as it is the first, so, in all probability, will it rank among the weakest.

The first revolt in Hayti occurred in August, 1791; but it is wrong to attribute it principally, as the volume before us does, "to the impolicy and injustice of the planters and colonists themselves." It was the work of the French revolutionists; and, from its commencement to its close, it exhibited an appalling picture of the influence of their diabolical machinations. The French system of colonization might have been bad, and, as it affected the wealth of the mother-country, it was most decidedly so. Its leading features were these:—The French planter generally looked upon his settle-

* As Grégoire, *de la Littérature des Nègres*, 1808; Guillernim, *Précis Historique des derniers Evénements de Saint Domingue*, 1811; Regis, *Mémoire Historique sur Toussaint L'Ouverture, suivi d'une Notice Historique sur Petion*, 1811; Civique du Gastine, *Histoire de la République de Haiti*, 1819, &c.

ment as his home, and oftener expended its proceeds in his new and adopted country, than stored them up carefully with a view of ultimately enjoying them in his native land. He seemed to have no intention to be an ephemeral visitor, and to amass wealth rapidly at the expense of negro life, in order that he might take his departure the more speedily. This is proved to have been the case, by the costly mansions erected, the money and labour expended in the cultivation of pleasure grounds, and the efforts made to give a permanency and attraction to the establishments, which should dissipate the remembrance of other scenes. Even to this day it is impossible to sail along the shores of the gulf of Hayti, without being struck with the wreck of his designs, and acknowledging that, before the hand of desolation had disfigured them, they must indeed have been beautiful. His intercourse with his slaves, especially with those about his person, was far more familiar than is that of the English colonist. It was, however, extremely badly regulated, for the negro was one moment treated as the companion of his master, and the next reminded that he was his slave. But this inconsistency was not peculiar to the French colonist, for it has formed a leading feature in the national character of France from time immemorial, and still exists in undiminished vigour. It was, nevertheless, the great vice of the system, and prepared the minds of the negroes for a change, although it cannot be said to have brought about that event.

Under this system it is evident that the French planter had a double motive to labour for the preservation of his estates; both his property and his home were at stake; but he found it impossible to withstand the intrigues of revolutionary France. Long previous to 1791, it was customary for free mulattoes and negroes, of whom there were many, to repair from St. Domingo to France, for the purpose of acquiring education, and when the National Assembly was not content with decreeing that "all men are born and continue free and equal as to their rights," but employed agents to inspire the people of colour to act upon that doctrine, the planters thought it high time to endeavour to legislate for themselves. Upon this a society was formed in Paris, designated *Amis des Noirs*, and a just estimate may be made of its real character from the fact, that the abhorred Robespierre was one of its chief members. Immediate emancipation was the word; and an emissary, a mulatto, named Ogée, was despatched to St. Domingo, to light the torch of desolation. The colonists naturally refused to grant emancipation. Massacre and revenge soon commenced their horrid career, and crimes were perpetrated which surpassed the conception of even Robespierre himself. The most detestable of cruelties were practised by either party; but the planters necessarily endured the greatest miseries. The habits and constitution of the negroes gave them incalculable advantages; and, in addition, the planters found that those to whom, at other times, they would have appealed for support, their own countrymen, were ranged among their direst foes. It was, therefore, the French revolutionists, and not the planters, who occasioned the first commotions in St. Domingo; and the proceedings were stamped with that demon spirit which deluged France. If the following lines, which were written at the time, are destitute of poetic grace, they, at least, record the truth:

"Still view in western climes death's palest horse
With pestilence and slaughter mark his course;

While dusky tribes, with more than maniac rage,
 Rending their brazen bonds, in war engage:
 For France still burns to make, with dire intent,
 'Hell and this world one realm—one continent.' *"

In September 1793, when the contest between the planters and negroes had arrived at the height, the English invaded the island. Thus alarmed, the colonists proclaimed freedom to the negroes, many of whom united with the French; and the English were compelled, by climate and reverses, to abandon their project in 1798. But the power of the colonists was now crushed—the greater part of their property was devastated—and Touissaint L'Ouverture, a free African, became civil and military chief. He appears to have been a man of virtue and ability; but his influence was of brief duration. The supremacy of France was disavowed; and, in 1802, an expedition, despatched by Buonaparte, and commanded by General Le Clerc, arrived off the island. It was conceived in villainy, conducted with shallow duplicity, and rendered worse than nugatory by imbecility. Touissaint was treacherously seized, and perished in a French dungeon; Le Clerc lost his life; and, after almost incredible atrocities had been committed by both parties, the French forces were finally expelled from the island in 1803. On the capture of Touissaint, Dessalines became chief; and a short account of his life and character will be the best comment that can be made on the state of Hayti during his supremacy. We select it from the volume before us, and are satisfied, from inquiries made in the island, that it is correct:—

"He was originally a slave of the lowest order, his master being himself a negro; and, while in that condition, he was remarkable chiefly for his strength and activity, an unconquerable obstinacy, and a low sort of cunning, not unusual among negroes. He joined in the early commotions, and soon became one of the most active in conducting the proceedings of the insurgents—one of the most daring, in proposing and carrying into effect schemes of the greatest hazard—and one of the most cruel and barbarous in his treatment of the planters and other whites who fell into his hands. He left no means untried in order to prevail on the negroes to abandon the service of their masters; and, having collected a considerable number into one body, placed himself at their head, and then caused them to lay waste the plantations, to destroy the mansions which had been erected on them, and to massacre their unprotected proprietors without distinction. After the declaration of freedom by the French, Dessalines joined their forces in endeavouring to expel the English. He engaged in this contest with his accustomed activity and fierceness, and his exertions were considered as an atonement for his previous misconduct. The service to which he was called during this period fitted him to act the firm and courageous part which he took, when the attempt was made to re-establish slavery. He turned a deaf ear to all the dictates of pity and humanity; and regarding the French as the relentless enemies of his race, he treated all who were so unfortunate as to fall into his hands with excessive rigour and barbarity. Previously to the seizure of Touissaint, he was second in command; and, on the removal of that distinguished negro from the island, he succeeded to his authority. For, although deficient in military skill, his zeal, activity, and courage supplied, in some measure, what he wanted in this respect, and, with his violent hatred of the French, rendered him the most popular of all the negro generals.

"On the expulsion of the French forces, a considerable number of residents remained at Cape François and the other towns of the colony; some from a vain hope of at least securing a part of their property, and others from having lost the opportunity of returning to Europe with the remains of the army. Shortly after the entrance of Dessalines at the Cape, he invited these men to continue in the

* Pursuits of Literature.

island, and assured them that their persons and property should be protected as long as they felt disposed to remain. The majority accepted this unexpected offer. But it soon appeared that Dessalines was as destitute of veracity as of forbearance or generosity. A few weeks only had elapsed, when he issued a proclamation of so inflammatory a nature as astonished even his own officers, and suddenly deprived the French residents of every hope. 'It is not enough,' he says, 'to have driven from our country the barbarians who, for ages, have stained it with our blood.—It is become necessary to ensure, by a last act of national authority, the permanent empire of liberty in the country which has given us birth. Those generals, who have conducted your struggles against tyranny, have not yet done. The French name still darkens our plains; every thing reminds us of the cruelties of that barbarous people.—What do I say? There still remain Frenchmen in our island.—When shall we be tired of breathing the same air with them? What have we in common with that bloody-minded people?—Citizens! men, women, young and old, cast round your eyes on every part of the island; seek there your wives, your husbands, your brothers, your sisters:—What did I say? Seek your children—your children at the breasts; what is become of them? Instead of those interesting victims, the affrighted eye sees only their assassins,—tigers still covered with their blood,—whose frightful presence upbraids you with your insensibility and slowness to avenge them. Why then do you delay to appease their manes?'

"Dessalines was not the man to rest in mere threats. Shortly after he issued the proclamation, he visited the towns in which the French lived, and put them to the most violent deaths, personally assisting in destroying them. At Cape François his proceedings were marked by the basest treachery. Having carefully marked the houses in which the helpless victims of his fury resided, as soon as the day was closed he proceeded, at the head of his savage band, to execute his dreadful purposes. This was a night of horrors. The negroes themselves, accustomed as they had been to scenes of blood, shuddered at this renewal of massacres.—But Dessalines soon ascertained that, notwithstanding the strictness of his orders and his search, several had escaped discovery. To these he now offered forgiveness and protection, provided they would publicly appear to receive his assurances. Many of them, hoping that some remains of sincerity might still exist in the heart of this savage, and knowing that at best their lives were in continual danger, appeared on the appointed spot at the time specified. He was waiting their arrival, surrounded by the companions of his cruelty;—when, instead of granting the promised protection, he caused them all to be shot.

"He now proceeded to take such steps as appeared to him necessary for the permanent establishment of his authority. The name of *Governor* of the Haytians he rejected, as indicating a degree of power more limited than that which he actually possessed. He determined, therefore, to assume the title of *Emperor*; and on declaring his intention, with little previous consultation either with his officers or the people, he was hailed as such by the army, and conducted by them to the house which now became his palace, amidst their applauses and apparent good wishes for a long and prosperous reign. His power was absolute; and it may easily be conceived in what manner and for what purposes he employed it. In the mean time, his employments were as trivial and absurd as his treatment of the people was impolitic and tyrannical. He was even delighted, when assuming some comic character, he endeavoured to represent it before his officers and the people. He was especially anxious to be considered an elegant and accomplished dancer, and would sometimes exhibit himself in public. At length his principal officers, convinced of his inability, disgusted at his follies, and wearied with his cruelties, resolved on cutting him off, and electing another chief in his stead."

De Vastey, the only writer Hayti has yet produced, denies that Christophe participated in the conspiracy against, and murder of, Dessalines; but he is no authority, for he was dependent upon Christophe; and had he written otherwise, his life would have been the penalty of his hardihood. Dessalines was destroyed in 1806; and two claimants of the first station speedily appeared, in Christophe, the Governor of Cape François, and Petion, the Governor of Port-au-Prince. The majority of Petion's officers

were mulattoes, while those of Christophe were negroes. The popularity of each leader in his own district was unrivalled; and after several years of irregular warfare, their strength being nearly balanced, a mutual cessation of hostilities took place, without union, truce, or treaty; and French Hayti was nearly equally divided between them. But the personal character of Christophe was far more influential than that of Petion. The former soon assumed the title of king, together with unlimited power; while the latter found it expedient to give to the provinces over which he ruled the name of a republic, and to adopt the title of president. Petion was a mulatto, and had been educated at the Military Academy at Paris. He had little of the ferocity which distinguished his rival. His mind was better regulated and better informed. He was more inclined to direct his attention to commerce than to war; but his power was of a precarious nature; he remembered the fate of his predecessor, and was incapable of instituting and enforcing such laws as were essential to the real improvement and prosperity of newly-liberated negroes. To a certain extent, however, his government was absolute. It could command the fate of an individual, although it could not venture to coerce or restrain the vicious as a body by any act of vigour. Christophe, on the other hand, though destitute of the acquirements possessed by Petion, had unbounded authority; and, as there is a peculiar interest attached to the fortunes of that extraordinary negro, and his conduct, both in reality and appearance, imparted their character to the proceedings in his dominions, a sketch of his history may be desirable.

The place of his birth has never been satisfactorily ascertained; but, notwithstanding Mr. Harvey's opinion that it was Grenada, we believe it to have been the island of St. Christophers, or St. Kitts. He is said to have been born a slave, and to have served for some time on board of a French man-of-war, in the capacity of *cook's-mate*. He was a stranger to Hayti, until a short time previous to the first revolt; when, according to the best information gained by assiduous inquiry, he was marker of a billiard-table in a coffee-house, which is still standing, and is close to the beach. It was kept by a Frenchwoman, who, in the day of desolation, is said to have been protected by her former servant. He was a perfect negro in appearance. His skin was very dark and coarse; his hair was short and woolly; his nose was broad and flat; his lips were large; his forehead was overhanging and scarred; and his eyes appeared strained and inflamed. His countenance was an index to the obstinacy and ferocity of his disposition; but still it possessed an expression of superiority which indicated that he was no common man. In person he was stout and powerful, and his deportment was free from that slothful motion which is often occasioned by the relaxing influence of a tropical climate. Education he had none. It was only when he became a general that he learned to sign his surname, and he had assumed the chief station before he had acquired the power of giving his entire signature. During the latter part of his life he conversed but little, especially before Europeans; and his reason is said to have been his own consciousness of the wretched *patois* in which he spoke. It was an almost unintelligible mixture of the French and English negro dialects, in their rudest forms. Throughout the revolution, Christophe was celebrated among the negroes, and dreaded by the French, from his incessant activity and daring courage. It was for himself, however, that he fought; and having acquired immense riches at the plunder of Cape François, and Dessalines being despatched, he found the consummation of his ambitious

hopes at hand. Although his authority was acknowledged only in a part of the island, he was crowned King of Hayti in June 1811. He at once created a nobility, consisting of no less than twelve dukes, fourteen counts, sixty-four barons, and forty chevaliers, "and surrounded himself with all the appendages of royalty."

"Vast sums of money were expended in support of an establishment such as Hayti had, in no period of its history, ever exhibited. The rich and splendid garments in which the sable monarch occasionally appeared on levee-days, and always on great and important occasions, could hardly be surpassed by those of the most wealthy and powerful rulers of civilized states. His palaces were prepared for his reception with all possible magnificence, and whatever the most unbounded passion for splendour could suggest was procured to decorate the habitations of—an uneducated negro. The number of his household corresponded with the magnificence of his palaces."

The "*Maison Militaire du Roi*" was on a no less pompous scale; and any one, merely judging from the "*Almanach Royale d'Hayti*," would have imagined that the arts and sciences, together with military splendour, commerce, and civilization, had attained the *acmé* of perfection. Christophe was now at the height of his popularity; but his severity increased daily, and his despotism soon became scarcely supportable. His aversion to the French continued so strong, that the schools he founded were all on the English system, and the use of the French language was discouraged as much as possible. He improved the discipline of his army, and formed several beneficial institutions; but it would be monstrous to suppose that the Haytians enjoyed liberty during the reign of Christophe. Every office and every individual in his dominions were entirely subject to his will. As a merchant, he claimed and possessed such peculiar advantages as raised him above the fear of competition; as a soldier, he was the colonel of all the principal regiments; as a judge he was supreme, for he modified or abrogated the decisions of the courts as he thought proper, while from his own decrees there was no appeal; and in the distribution of rewards and punishment, his injunctions were alone regarded. Those who possessed property, possessed it only by his sufferance or at his presentation; and even after he had made a gift, such was the extravagant extent of his power, that he could cancel his own act, however formally it had been declared. His power was, indeed, despotic, and he too often exercised it like a despot. Take, for example, the following facts; they occurred during the latter part of his reign, and at a time, therefore, when it might fairly have been expected, that the rights of individuals were at least beginning to be understood, if not fully appreciated:—

"The Duke of Marmalade, one of the most active and intelligent negroes in the Haytian court, was on one occasion charged with an important commission, and instructed in the manner of accomplishing it. He had no sooner entered on the business than he found that it might be more effectually and satisfactorily executed by varying in a few points from his master's instructions; and, either from inability or neglect, he ventured to do so, without previously obtaining his consent. Though he faithfully discharged the duty assigned to him, his omitting to follow the prescribed directions in every particular excited his majesty's highest displeasure; and he was instantly ordered to quit the palace, to leave the Cape the following morning, and to take up his abode in the citadel. Notwithstanding his being a duke, a member of the privy council, a knight of the order of St. Henry, and a general in the army, he was here compelled to associate with the workmen, and even to assist in their labour."

Again : the *Juges-de-Paix* of Gonaïves having been guilty of injustice, by no means a rare occurrence in Hayti, the same punishment was inflicted on them ; and Mr. Harvey further tells us :—

“ Another circumstance, connected with the punishment of these men, was said to have taken place ; but whether correctly or not, I am unable to determine. It was stated that Christophe caused them to sit round a room in his palace, and directed water to be poured on their heads till they were thoroughly drenched—frequently asking them, during this singular process, in the most sarcastic manner, *if their heads were yet cool ?* ”

But the restless and discontented disposition of his subjects, the nobles in particular, and the tyranny of Christophe, soon made a change desirable. His presence alone checked many from indulging in open disaffection ; and, in 1820, on his being seized with apoplexy, and confined to his palace at Sans Souci—so named from its impenetrable situation—frequent consultations were held respecting his removal. While this was in agitation, the troops at St. Marc’s murdered two of their officers, and Christophe ordered the ringleaders to be executed.

“ On the arrival of these orders at the Cape, one of the more powerful barons, addressing his associates, said, ‘ What commands are these ? Who has given him the right of condemning men to death, without ascertaining the nature and extent of their crime ? And why shall we go,’ at his command, and cut the throats of our brethren ? Let us rather go straight to Sans Souci, *and cut off the fellow’s head.* We shall then be delivered from tyranny, and shall have no more mutinies among the soldiers.’—‘ If you are disposed that way,’ answered the Duke of Marmalade, ‘ I am ready to join you ; and we had better lose no time in carrying the design into effect. What say you ? ’ added he, addressing the other officers ; ‘ shall we collect the troops, and proceed to his palace ? He has *nothing but his own guard to defend him.* ’ ”

The proposal was unanimously assented to, and measures were taken for carrying it into execution. Christophe’s race was run. After receiving largesses, and swearing “ to defend his person and authority ‘ *jusqu’à la mort,* ’ ” his own guards deserted him ; and Christophe, finding himself thus abandoned, “ seized one of the pistols with which he was always provided, and instantly shot himself through the head.” His son was murdered, and, after some further violence and bloodshed, Cape François and its districts were united to the republic of Port-au-Prince.

Such is the outline of the history of Hayti, from the commencement of the commotions in 1791 up to the death of Christophe ; and a view of the state of the two most important towns immediately previous to that event, will best shew what progress the Haytians had then made in freedom and civilization. To the picture given by Mr. Harvey of Cape François, we have no great objection, except its length ; but to Port-au-Prince he appears almost a total stranger. We must, therefore, have recourse to some other source ; and as the following notices, hitherto unpublished, were written on the spot, at the time Admiral Sir Home Popham visited the island, and are accurate as far as they go, they may suffice :—

“ On landing at Cape François, I was struck with the dilapidated state of the town. It must once have been very handsome ; but now the greater part is comparatively in ruins. The best range of buildings faces the sea, and in the upper part of the town there are some good houses. The great majority of the inhabitants are negroes ; and I frequently met with that immeasurable vanity, threatening obstinacy, low cunning, and apparent destitution of superior intellect which are commonly attributed to that people. From what I could see, I should say that

slavery is abolished only in name. Instead of many masters possessing this part of the island, it is in the hands of one. I endeavoured to enter into conversation with several respecting their condition, privileges, &c.; but they all seemed restricted by apprehension; and I was reminded more than once of the old adage, that *'walls have ears.'* The discontent was evidently great. They either want the means, or have not the inclination to be generous. Christophe certainly provided a good house and a well-stored table for the admiral; carriages and horses were in attendance early in the morning, and in the evening, for the convenience of Sir Home and of his friends; and, under the direction of Baron de Dupuy, who had served with a pastrycook in America, the arrangements were decently made; but I saw no other attempt at hospitality. The soldiers act as the police, and execute the office with more than sufficient severity. The curfew law seems to have been heard of: for, unless upon express permission, all must be silent after 9 p. m.; and the guards, if I may judge by their insolence, consider the streets as their own property. Drunkenness is more frequent among the higher than the lower classes; but it can hardly be said to be a prevailing vice. The blacks of both sexes are extremely fond of dress and dancing. Their extravagance in the former is highly absurd, and the appearance of one of their balls is singular enough. It resembles a Christmas negro ball at Jamaica—with this exception—the dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, are real. There is a Lancastrian school, which is admirably conducted by an English master. Several of the children, on passing me with their satchels, exclaimed in broken English, *'God save Georgee tray! Long him liv!'* I saw Christophe enter the town, and the exhibition was striking. His dress appeared to be exactly the Windsor uniform, and he had a small star on his left breast. He had a numerous escort, rode rapidly, and, till he stopped and alighted, no one knew whither he was going. He acknowledged the salute of our officers with marked civility; but the natives were hardly permitted to see him. Commerce is most irregularly conducted, and every thing is very dear. Money is scarce; and the European and American merchants, of whom there are about thirty, have much difficulty in transacting business. They are frequently compelled to threaten or actually to have recourse to Christophe, to overcome the knavery of their customers.

"Port-au-Prince presents a different scene. Here the inhabitants have a wider scope. There is much greater activity in commerce, and the whites and mulattoes especially are far more numerous. The President Boyer possesses more power than Petion did during the latter part of his life, and his chief endeavour seems to be to enrich his treasury. Nor is he scrupulous about the means he employs. For instance, he has fixed a nominal value to his coin, which is full four times its intrinsic value. If you change a doubloon, or any other piece of money, you have to take this coin; and it being worthless any where else, you are glad to get rid of it. Morals here are extremely loose. Petty thieving is so common, that were it not for the soldiers, who here also act as police, it would be almost impossible for a stranger to escape without being pillaged. Provisions and goods in general are not so dear as at Cape François—the town is less dilapidated—and the neighbouring country is beautiful in the extreme. In both towns, religion is very little thought of. On the whole, these places are worth visiting from the peculiarity of their condition; but once seen, the traveller will be satisfied."

These descriptions are brief—but they are just. The dilapidated state of the towns may be accounted for, in a great measure, by the apprehensions which the Haytians entertained of invasion; but there are other appearances which cannot be so satisfactorily explained. Had a salutary system of policy been pursued, and had the negroes been rendered really sensible of the nature and value of liberty, the continual dread of foreign foes would rather have purified than have relaxed their morals. It is also remarkable that, notwithstanding all the advice, instruction, and assistance furnished from England and the United States of America, no code of intelligible and consistent laws had been adopted either in the republic or in Christophe's dominions. From the close of the revolution up to the

period of which we are speaking, the power of the chiefs was absolute. Every individual who aspired to do more than exist soon became sensible of the impediments which opposed him. To the stranger, and even to the native, the interior was almost as a "sealed book." The European and American merchants felt the difficulties of their situation most keenly; but they consoled themselves, as they generally do in places where the principles of trade and civilization are not properly understood, with the expectation of realizing a profit proportionate to their annoyances; and their anticipations were sometimes fulfilled. Since this period, however, the condition and prospects of Hayti have altered. Her independence has been formally recognized by the mother country; and she is not the only land watered by the Atlantic which has recently assumed the title of a free state. Her natives have their right to liberty confirmed to them; but it still remains to be seen whether they set so just a value on the boon as to institute a permanent and well-regulated form of government. Hitherto they have only talked of freedom, and been subservient to those

"That palter with us in a double sense—
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope."

The following Sketch, by Mr. Harvey, gives an idea of the manners of the black and coloured population:—

"I had just finished my breakfast, when a mulatto entered the room, introducing himself *sans cérémonie*, by announcing, 'Monsieur, je viens vous rendre visite;'—and before I could ask his name, or the object of his visit, he had seized a chair, seated himself by my side, and begun his discourse. It would afford a very imperfect idea of his speech, to describe it in general terms: it should have been heard, delivered as it was, with an unceasing rapidity, accompanied by the most violent gestures, and a continual change of position.

"Drawing near me, and looking full in my face, he commenced,—'Sir, I am exceedingly happy to see you at Cape Henry; for I like all Englishmen. I hope you purpose making a considerable stay in the island: you will, I assure you, find it extremely pleasant.' Then, endeavouring to look very shrewd, though unfortunately his countenance hardly admitted of that expression, he proceeded,—'Sir, I have seen a great part of the West Indies, but have found no place comparable to this. All the other islands are disgraced by slavery. Here, Sir,' with an air of triumph approaching to the ludicrous,—'here we are *all free and equal*. Our king, Sir,'—rising suddenly from his chair, and striking the table violently with an old cocked hat,—'he is one of the best, as well as one of the greatest of men. The whites in the other islands laugh at him; but,'—he continued, throwing his hat, apparently in great anger, to the farther corner of the room,—'if they knew him, they would find him a superior man to the very best of them. As a proof of this, Sir,'—resuming his seat, and placing his fore-finger in a parallel line with his nose,—'see what he has done: I have never been in Europe; but from all I can learn, you are not better governed there, than we are. Cape Henry, for example,—where will you find a place in which order so strikingly prevails? I have no doubt, Sir, you will be highly gratified with your visit.—In short,'—again rising, elevating his voice as he rose on his feet, and stretching forth his hand, as though about to deliver some weighty saying,—'in short, Sir, this is the country of liberty, and independence:—Our motto is, *La Liberté, ou la mort*: and destruction to those who shall ever lift the sword against us. And now, Sir,'—once more resuming his seat, speaking in a half-whispering tone, with a look of great self-satisfaction,—'let me congratulate you on your arrival.'"

Mr. Harvey gives some account of the interior of the island, and seems to think that the condition of the negroes has been materially improved

since the revolution; but his statements hardly bear him out. The reigns of Dessalines and Christophe were dreadful scourges; and up to the death of the latter, Hayti had derived no advantages which compensated for the years of horror and destruction she had groaned under. Circumstances favoured the revolution; the treachery and subsequent imbecility of France prevented her from resuming her authority; and, as ignorance predominated, the most ferocious became the most powerful. It is to be hoped that the scene will now change, although it must be confessed that, under the government of Boyer, the Haytians are more free in name than in reality. And when the wealth which many of them possess, and the commerce carried on, are spoken of, it should be remembered that the first was, in a great measure, drawn from the coffers of their former masters; while the latter is the produce of little more than the wreck of French industry. In 1791, the value of the exports was 5,371,593*l.*; and, in 1822, it is said to have been about 2,000,000*l.* The Haytians have hitherto done but little for themselves, and time only can shew what capabilities they really possess.

Of the style in which Mr. Harvey's volume is written, and of his reflections, we cannot speak in very high terms. In his reasoning he frequently contradicts himself, and not rarely arrives at conclusions in direct opposition to his premises and arguments. Nevertheless, his pages are not uninteresting nor unimportant; and although the office of historian appears beyond his capability, his "Sketches" deserve perusal. He aims at impartiality, but is not always successful in observing it. Where, however, his statements are overcharged, the error is not difficult of detection; and, apparently from the author's desire to do justice, the bane almost invariably brings with it, or is followed by, the antidote.

"PAUVRE GENEVIÈVE:"

A CONTINENTAL ADVENTURE.

DURING a late visit to the Continent, I made it my object to pass by and inspect one of the most imposing and interesting, though not one of the largest chateaux, to be met with in France, which stands near the banks of the rapid Rhone, a few miles distant from the town of Pont-Saint-Esprit. It is built in the Gothic style of the seventeenth century, but has an air of greater antiquity. From the aspect of its towers, seen at a distance, as you enter a forest of primeval oaks connected with the domain,—besides its insulated situation, and the images rudely carved on its exterior, in imitation of

"The brawny prophets, who, in robes so rich,
At distance due possess the crisped niche,"—

it might be supposed to be a structure of the middle ages. By an aged domestic that I met with in keeping of the chateau, I was informed that the estate had not been occupied or visited for many years. Its former possessor having expatriated himself at the period of the Revolution, and dying abroad, the claim to the property fell into litigation, and had been but recently decided. I wandered a whole day, I remember, through its stately woods, traversed by glittering streamlets; after observing attentively its spacious halls and vaulted corridors, with an intricate maze of apartments hung with superb Flemish tapestry, whose depth and grandeur

reminded me so forcibly of those lordly times, for ever passed away from the world, which fancy delights to invest with such romantic reverence. The pleasure of the associations, however, which the appearances of the chateau were calculated to excite, was materially qualified in its tone by those moral conclusions, which the awful solitude that reigned throughout the edifice pressed upon my mind, in the triumph that time had obtained over the glory and grandeur of the past.

My object in visiting this chateau was for the satisfaction of a trifling curiosity, which I will account for in detailing an adventure connected with it, that befel a friend of mine some years since, and which I was informed of by himself.

In the year 1799, Eugene B——d, an officer in the French service, and a man of a lively as well as a generous and intrepid disposition, when on his way to visit a sick parent at Avignon, being fatigued with the diligence, which he had chosen as his conveyance, hired a horse within thirty miles of Pont-Saint-Esprit, with the intention of proceeding so far on horseback, and there resuming his seat in the lumbering vehicle. After pursuing the proper route, at a very leisurely pace, for the greatest part of the day, he unwittingly suffered his Rozinante to select his own path, and found himself at length, as the sun was descending, on the borders of a thick grove, and in a broken region, which exhibited no traces of a high road. He here paused for some minutes, shook off his reverie, examined his situation with an anxious eye, and then galloped forward at random, until, discovering neither house nor individual in the open country, he plunged into the wood. It was now twilight, and he began to entertain fears of being obliged to remain until morning under a canopy more suitable to the views and tastes of an astrologer, than to those of a hungry traveller, whose experience, as a soldier, of "lying out," had not endeared the practice to his fancy, although duty had rendered it familiar to him. He had not proceeded far in the entangled copse, when he descried, through the waving boughs of the forest-trees, the towers of the chateau in question; and in that direction he pushed vigorously on, so as speedily to reach the great lawn which stretches before the western front of the edifice, and to have as full a view of this side as the thickening shadows of the night would allow. No light appearing at any of the windows, he dismounted, fastened his horse to the shrubbery, and proceeding to the massy portal, which was just perceptible in the gloom of the scene, began to summon with his utmost strength, at its ponderous knocker, the inhabitants of the chateau (if any it contained) to speak with him. His first summons, which was long and loud, remaining unattended to, his hopes sank within him, as the hollow echo of the knocker died away in the halls of the chateau, that he should here meet with assistance; but, on attempting a second, it was not long before he distinguished the sound of voices and footsteps, and enjoyed the satisfaction of hearing from an elderly man, in the dress of a labourer, who carried a taper in his hand, and cautiously opened the smaller door in the middle of the archway, the inquiry, "What was wanted by the person without?" When our traveller explained his case, he was admitted at once, and saw himself in the midst of a group, consisting of several females and two or three men, of different ages, none of whom appeared to be above the condition of the upper peasantry. The oldest of the women, and apparently the superior, invited him, with a countenance of good-humoured civility, to enter the first apartment on the right, where she trusted he would

do them the honour to partake of a family supper, while one of the men present would lead his horse round to the stables in a distant part of the building. The whole party then followed her with the stranger, who had not long to wait before he was seated at a board covered with plain but palatable fare, and rendered doubly grateful by that easy, unaffected, alert hospitality which characterizes, in every part of France, the class to which his hosts belonged. They were the rustic tenants of a small part of the chateau, who were suffered, as is usual, to inhabit it free of rent, as a compensation for protecting it from depredation—the property being then in litigation between two families, owing to the death of its former possessor in England, as already stated.

Our traveller, though all his questions were answered readily and fully, could not but perceive a general gravity unusual at such repasts, and at intervals, indications of strong distress in the faces of some of the assemblage. As they conversed about the ravages committed on property in the course of the revolution, the depopulation of some of the neighbouring villages, and the butchery of numbers of the gentry, whom they had been accustomed to regard with reverence and love, and remembered as their guardians and benefactors, he ascribed to their melancholy recollections the appearances just mentioned. The weariness produced by the exercise of the day, united to an oppression of spirits, arising from the scene of horrors thus brought to his own memory, induced him to express a wish, rather early, to retire to the chamber which they might be pleased to allot him. His hostess immediately, and as if relieved by his suggestion, put a candle into the hands of one of the young men present, and directed that the gentleman should be shown to a room prepared for him in the other wing of this extensive edifice. He followed the man, whose physiognomy was too sluggish and unmeaning to invite any question, through long drawn passages, and ample saloons of high-pitched roofs, lined with fretted wood-work, until they reached a wide oaken stair-case leading to a gallery, with several chambers of the same exterior. Into one of these he was conducted, and found it provided with a crackling fire, and two large bedsteads, with closed curtains, made of that thick and coarser damask which was commonly so employed in the mansions of the seigneurs of the old regime. As soon as the guide had set down the candle, muttered his "*bon soir*," and left him, he closed the door, but without fastening it, and, undressing himself, put out his candle, and drawing back the curtains of the bed which was nearest the fire, only wide enough to admit his body, he took at once a fixed posture on his side towards the door. In the course of about twenty minutes, when his ideas began to cross each other, and all the images before his mind to mingle in confusion—a delightful state, as I have often experienced myself, after a long journey and a good supper—the deepening slumber was broken by a gentle noise like the cautious opening of the door. He retained his position, and dividing the curtains, merely so far as to perceive what passed, without being seen himself, he observed two young women enter the room, in the neat quaint attire of the female peasantry of the Rhone, one with a small basket, and the other with needle-work; and curiosity and surprise rendered him both motionless and silent, while they drew out the table, placed upon it what they carried, seated themselves near it, and stirred up the fire. This being done, one of the fair intruders took a part of the needle-work, and the other emptied softly a portion of the contents of the basket, which consisted of a couple of platters, knives and forks, a cold fowl, and some

fruit, with a small flask of wine. Then followed a smart conversation in an under-tone, of which the astonished traveller could catch enough to learn that they were far from suspecting any attentive ear to be by, and had made arrangements to perform a long, though a very comfortable vigil. His own eye-lids were too importunate to admit of this interruption, for more than a quarter of an hour after the regular dialogue had commenced; at length, overcome by a disposition to slumber, he turned in his place, so as to cause a rustling of the damask. One of the girls started, and stammered to the other, with a face of alarm, what had happened. He remained quiet as soon as he remarked this effect. They both gazed earnestly and fearfully at both beds, fixing their eyes, however, most attentively on the further one; but observing all to be still, they seemed to recover their confidence, and returned to their chat, though in a more subdued tone. Resolved upon making a further experiment, to ascertain the cause, if possible, of their untimely visit, he moved again; and when their eyes were again directed towards the curtains, with an expression of dismay, he opened them hastily, and protruded his head from the bed, cased in the long white night-cap, with which his hostess below had provided him.

In an instant, the women precipitated themselves from the chamber, and down the staircase, overturning the table and its contents in their flight, and making the vaulted gallery re-echo with their screams. His own astonishment was almost equal to what theirs might be supposed to be, and did not suffer him to fall back on his pillow. He rose, lighted the candle, which had been extinguished in the disaster of the table, collected the scattered provisions, and went to the chamber door, in order to know whether any thing more could be heard. But all was silent. Sensible of the difficulty of finding his way to the inhabited part of the castle, should he undertake to inquire further, and ascribing the affair to some mistake, which the affrighted damsels would discover as soon as they reached the other wing, he bolted the door, determined to prevent a recurrence of the interruption, and was about to retrace his steps to the bed, when he heard distinctly the noise of various persons tumultuously gaining the landing, and approaching the chamber. He turned, advanced to the door, and opened it, with the candle in his hand, and in the dishabille in which he had lain down.

As he presented himself, he saw the whole family group, with an addition to their number, struggling with each other, who should be, not foremost, but hindmost in their march, the two alarmists far in the back ground, and all in evident consternation. No sooner was the figure of my friend full in their view, than an universal cry of horror burst from their lips, and the whole party made a headlong retreat down the staircase. One only of their number pressed forward. This was a female, of strikingly handsome features, with an expression that spoke the operation of the strongest mingled emotions of terror, subdued grief, and the most wildly joyful expectation. She rushed on to catch him in her arms, crying out, "*Je veux le voir—Je veux l'embrasser—Il est revenu pour m'emmener avec lui!*" (I will see him—I will embrace him.—He has come back to take me away with him.) At the moment she had approached near enough to distinguish clearly his person and visage, she uttered a piercing shriek, with the exclamation—"Ah! non, ce n'est pas lui," (ah, no, it is not him), tottered and fell, swooning, into the arms of two of the fugitives, whose concern for her had given them courage to

return, and who were too much engaged in extricating her from her position, to note themselves the common object of the panic. So interesting and extraordinary was her whole appearance, her mien so wild and ardent, the transition from sudden elated expectation to profound despair, so rapid and marked in her eye and accent, and so piteous in their entire expression, that the captain, as he assured me, was transfixed and absorbed by this incident, till the companions of the fair one had disappeared with her; and in the action of a moment, he was again left alone in complete silence and solitude. As soon as he was able to rally his thoughts, under the bewildering oppression of his conjectures, he resolved to explore the chamber, imagining that he might discover something which would serve as a clue to the singular part he was playing in the enigmatical drama of the night. The taper being still in his grasp, he looked narrowly into the corners and closets of the apartment, under the bedstead, and at length, approaching the further bed in the room, which had hitherto escaped his notice, he opened the curtains, and there witnessed what solved at once a part of the mystery. It was a *corpse*!—the dead body of a man, in a cap and shirt resembling his own, and placed near the wall on the bed; and the business of the fair intruders who had roused him from his slumber, it now readily occurred to him, was, according to the custom of the catholic church, that of watching by the dead body till morning.

My friend confessed to me that, familiar as his profession had rendered him with this exhibition of mortality, the spectacle, under such circumstances, startled and even momentarily affrighted him. The cause of the alarm of the household, on seeing him, was then apparent: his candles bearer had conducted him to the wrong chamber, and he had been taken either for a ghost, or the re-animated frame of the defunct. It occurred to him, after he had meditated a little, and began also to comprehend the conduct of the distressed female, that he would throw on his clothes, and endeavour to find his way to the lodging of the family in the chateau, for the purpose of a mutual explanation. He had, however, scarcely dressed himself, before the old peasant and his wife, followed by two or three men, ascended the stairs, and though still quaking with fear, had no difficulty in recognising him. They, at first, eagerly demanded his assistance in this awful emergency; but contriving to obtain silence, he immediately made known to them the true state of the matter. In the reciprocal *éclaircissement* which ensued, he learned that the unfortunate girl who had so strongly excited his sympathy, and so much increased his perplexity, was the niece—Geneviève—of the old pair, and the corpse, the remains of a young soldier to whom she was betrothed, who had died that morning in the chateau, of a sudden illness. The blundering rustic, commissioned to lead the stranger to the chamber designed for him, had selected the first apartment in the same gallery in which he saw the glare of a fire, and which happened to be the one where the dead body was deposited.

Our traveller retired as quickly as possible, from the earnest apologies of the worthy pair, to indulge his returning drowsiness in the right chamber. He slept soundly, notwithstanding his adventure—rose early; and, after partaking of a homely but wholesome meal, mounted his horse, and under their instruction gained the turnpike of Pont Saint-Esprit; learning, however, before his departure, with unfeigned regret, that the bereaved niece had passed the night in alternate stupor and plerrenzy. A few months afterwards, on his return from Avignon, he was told by the master of an inn, in the neighbourhood of the chateau, where he stopped to refresh, that the

poor girl, Geneviève (whom he could not fail to remember, as well as the whole night scene) had survived her lover but a very short time, and was interred in the same grave with him, in the cemetery of a village, which lay at a little distance from the chateau. He was informed that she had become so disordered in her fancy, as to be unable to comprehend the explanation given, and to imbibe the strange and horrible impression, that the spirit of her lover had indeed moved from the bed, but being offended with her, had, on her approach, taken an unknown form, in order to escape her embrace and her intimacy. Her dying exclamation was to this effect:—"Dear Isidore, since in life you would not know me, perhaps in another world our spirits may be reconciled, and our loves re-united!"

Such was the account that my friend gave me of his singular adventure at the chateau in question; describing it to me, at the same time, as a structure worthy of inspecting, if ever chance led me in that direction. Three years since, on returning through the south of France, from the confluence of the Rhone, I found myself in the neighbourhood of Pont Saint-Esprit, and that name recalling the above circumstance to my mind, I resolved to pay the chateau du Vergney a visit. Twenty-five years had then passed away since the period of my friend's demanding its hospitable shelter for the night; but I had still sufficient curiosity to inquire of the old domestic, who conducted me over the domain, some particulars relative to the above occurrence. He, however, being the servant of another family, and having been but recently placed in care of the chateau, could give me no information; but my inquiries having been luckily made in the hearing of a dark-eyed lively girl, who had come to him on a message from a neighbouring farm-house, who, it appears, had heard her mother relate the circumstance a thousand times, with the most fascinating alacrity of manner she offered to gratify the object of my wishes, by conducting me over the fields to the church-yard, where the lovers had been interred, in the way to her own home. I need not here digress into any panegyric upon women, particularly young ones; and more particularly those who have dark eyes, delightful spirits, and obliging manners—suffice it that I felt the necessary gratefulness for the kind attentions of the fair little French girl, and she seemed amply repaid for her trouble in the pleasure she had occasioned me.

Our path lay through a few fields, and down a slight hill into the village of ———, whose name I forget. The church-yard in question lay at the side of it, adjoining a venerable dilapidated building, which had the appearance of an abbey. The lovers' grave was a little to the right of the foot-path which ran through it. I followed my fair conductor a few steps, and paused to decipher the inscription on a stone which she pointed to;—having been but rudely and slightly engraved, a great deal of it, from the effects of the weather, was effaced, or indistinct; but at the bottom the two words were singularly legible of "*Pauvre Geneviève!*"

B.

ON DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE.

THOSE people who are uncomfortable in themselves are disagreeable to others. I do not here mean to speak of persons who offend intentionally, or are obnoxious to dislike from some palpable defect of mind or body, ugliness, pride, ill-humour, &c.,—but of those who are disagreeable in spite of themselves, and, as it might appear, with almost every qualification to recommend them to others. This want of success is owing chiefly to something in what is called their *manner*; and this again has its foundation in a certain cross-grained and unsociable state of feeling on their part, which influences us, perhaps, without our distinctly adverting to it. The mind is a finer instrument than we sometimes suppose it, and is not only swayed by overt acts and tangible proofs, but has an instinctive feeling of the air of truth. We find many individuals in whose company we pass our time, and have no particular fault to find with their understandings or character, and yet we are never thoroughly satisfied with them: the reason will turn out to be, upon examination, that they are never thoroughly satisfied with themselves, but uneasy and out of sorts all the time; and this makes us uneasy with them, without our reflecting on, or being able to discover the cause.

Thus, for instance, we meet with persons who do us a number of kindnesses, who shew us every mark of respect and good-will, who are friendly and serviceable,—and yet we do not feel grateful to them after all. We reproach ourselves with this as caprice or insensibility, and try to get the better of it; but there is something in their way of doing things that prevents us from feeling cordial or sincerely obliged to them. We think them very worthy people, and would be glad of an opportunity to do them a good turn if it were in our power; but we cannot get beyond this: the utmost we can do is to save appearances, and not come to an open rupture with them. The truth is, in all such cases, we do not sympathize (as we ought) with them, because they do not sympathize (as they ought) with us. They have done what they did from a sense of duty in a cold dry manner, or from a meddlesome busy-body humour; or to shew their superiority over us, or to patronize our infirmity; or they have dropped some hint by the way, or blundered upon some topic they should not, and have shewn, by one means or other, that they were occupied with any thing but the pleasure they were affording us, or a delicate attention to our feelings. Such persons may be styled *friendly grievances*. They are commonly people of low spirits and disappointed views, who see the discouraging side of human life, and, with the best intentions in the world, contrive to make every thing they have to do with uncomfortable. They are alive to your distress, and take pains to remove it; but they have no satisfaction in the gaiety and ease they have communicated, and are on the *look-out* for some new occasion of signaling their zeal; nor are they backward to insinuate that you will soon have need of their assistance, to guard you against running into fresh difficulties, or to extricate you from them. From large benevolence of soul and “discourse of reason, looking before and after,” they are continually reminding you of something that has gone wrong in time past, or that may do so in that which is to come, and are surprised that their awkward hints, sly inuendos, blunt questions, and solemn features do not excite all the complacency and mutual good understanding in you which it is intended that they should. When they make themselves miserable on your account, it is hard that you will not lend them your

countenance and support. This deplorable humour of theirs does not hit any one else. They are useful, but not agreeable people; they may assist you in your affairs, but they depress and tyrannize over your feelings. When they have made you happy, they will not let you be so—have no enjoyment of the good they have done—will on no account part with their melancholy and desponding tone—and, by their mawkish insensibility and doleful grimaces, throw a damp over the triumph they are called upon to celebrate. They would keep in hot water, that they may help you out of it. They will nurse you in a fit of sickness (congenial sufferers!)—arbitrate a lawsuit for you, and embroil you deeper—procure you a loan of money;—but all the while they are only delighted with rubbing the sore place, and casting the colour of your mental or other disorders. “The whole need not a physician;” and, being once placed at ease and comfort, they have no farther use for you as subjects for their singular beneficence, and you are not sorry to be quit of their tiresome interference. The old proverb, *A friend in need is a friend indeed*, is not verified in them. The class of persons here spoken of are the very reverse of *summer-friends*, who court you in prosperity, flatter your vanity, are the humble servants of your follies, never see or allude to any thing wrong, minister to your gaiety, smooth over every difficulty, and, with the slightest approach of misfortune or of any thing unpleasant, take French leave:—

“As when in prime of June a burnished fly,
Sprung from the meads, o’er which he sweeps along,
Cheered by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng;
And oft he sips their bowl, or nearly drowned,
He thence recovering drives their beds among,
And scares their tender sleep with trump profound;
Then out again he flies to wing his mazy round.”

THOMSON’S CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

However we may despise such triflers, yet we regret them more than those well-meaning friends on whom a dull melancholy vapour hangs, that drags them and every one about them to the ground.

Again, there are those who might be very agreeable people, if they had but spirit to be so; but there is a narrow, unaspiring, under-bred tone in all they say or do. They have great sense and information—abound in a knowledge of character—have a fund of anecdote—are unexceptionable in manners and appearance—and yet we cannot make up our minds to like them: we are not glad to see them, nor sorry when they go away. Our familiarity with them, however great, wants the principle of cement, which is a certain appearance of frank cordiality and social enjoyment. They have no pleasure in the subjects of their own thoughts, and therefore can communicate none to others. There is a dry, husky, grating manner—a pettiness of detail—a tenaciousness of particulars, however trifling or unpleasant—a disposition to cavil—an aversion to enlarged and liberal views of things—in short, a hard, painful, unbending *matter-of-factness*, from which the spirit and effect are banished, and the letter only is attended to, which makes it impossible to sympathize with their discourse. To make conversation interesting or agreeable, there is required either the habitual tone of good company, which gives a favourable colouring to every thing—or the warmth and enthusiasm of genius, which, though it may occasionally offend or be thrown off its guard, makes amends by its rapturous flights, and flings a glancing light upon all things. The literal and *dogged*

style of conversation resembles that of a French picture, or its mechanical fidelity is like evidence given in a court of justice, or a police report.

From the literal to the plain-spoken, the transition is easy. The most efficient weapon of offence is truth. Those who deal in dry and repulsive matters-of-fact, tire out their friends; those who blurt out hard and home truths, make themselves mortal enemies wherever they come. There are your blunt, honest creatures, who omit no opportunity of letting you know their minds, and are sure to tell you all the ill, and conceal all the good they hear of you. They would not flatter you for the world, and to caution you against the malice of others, they think the province of a friend. This is not candour, but impudence; and yet they think it odd you are not charmed with their unreserved communicativeness of disposition. Gossips and tale-bearers, on the contrary, who supply the *tittle-tattle* of the neighbourhood, flatter you to your face, and laugh at you behind your back, are welcome and agreeable guests in all companies. Though you know it will be your turn next, yet for the sake of the immediate gratification, you are contented to pay your share of the public tax upon character, and are better pleased with the falsehoods that never reach your ears, than with the truths that others (less complaisant and more sincere) utter to your face—so short-sighted and willing to be imposed upon is our self-love! There is a man, who has the air of not being convinced without an argument: you avoid him as if he were a lion in your path. There is another, who asks you fifty questions as to the commonest things you advance: you would sooner pardon a fellow who held a pistol to your breast and demanded your money. No one regards a turnpike-keeper, or a custom-house officer, with a friendly eye: he who stops you in an excursion of fancy, or ransacks the articles of your belief obstinately and churlishly, to distinguish the spurious from the genuine, is still more your foe. These inquisitors and cross-examiners upon system make ten enemies for every controversy in which they engage. The world dread nothing so much as being convinced of their errors. In doing them this piece of service, you make war equally on their prejudices, their interests, their pride, and indolence. You not only set up for a superiority of understanding over them, which they hate, but you deprive them of their ordinary grounds of action, their topics of discourse, of their confidence in themselves, and those to whom they have been accustomed to look up for instruction and advice. It is making children of them. You unhinge all their established opinions and trains of thought; and after leaving them in this listless, vacant, unsettled state—dissatisfied with their own notions and shocked at yours—you expect them to court and be delighted with your company, because, forsooth, you have only expressed your sincere and conscientious convictions. Mankind are not deceived by professions, unless they choose. They think that this pill of true doctrine, however it may be gilded over, is full of gall and bitterness to them; and, again, it is a maxim of which the vulgar are firmly persuaded, that plain-speaking (as it is called) is, nine parts in ten, spleen and self-opinion; and the other part, perhaps, honesty. Those who will not abate an inch in argument, and are always seeking to recover the wind of you, are, in the eye of the world, disagreeable, unconscionable people, who ought to be sent to *Coventry*, or left to wrangle by themselves. No persons, however, are more averse to contradiction than these same dogmatists. What shews our susceptibility on this point is, that there is no flattery so adroit or effectual as that of implicit assent. Anyone, however mean his capacity or ill-

qualified to judge, who gives way to all our sentiments, and never seems to think but as we do, is indeed an *alter idem*—another self; and we admit without scruple into our entire confidence, “yea, into our heart of heart.”

It is the same in books. Those which, under the disguise of plain-speaking, vent paradoxes, and set their faces against the common-sense of mankind, are neither “the volumes

—“that enrich the shops,
That pass with approbation through the land;”

nor, I fear, can it be added,—

“That bring their authors an immortal fame.”

They excite a clamour and opposition at first, and are in general soon consigned to oblivion. Even if the opinions are in the end adopted, the authors gain little by it, and their names remain in their original obloquy; for the public will own no obligations to such ungracious benefactors. In like manner, there are many books written in a very delightful vein, though with little in them, and that are accordingly popular. Their principle is to please, and not to offend; and they succeed in both objects. We are contented with the deference shewn to our feelings for the time, and grant a truce both to wit and wisdom. The “courteous reader” and the good-natured author are well matched in this instance, and find their account in mutual tenderness and forbearance to each other’s infirmities. I am not sure that Walton’s *Angler* is not a book of this last description—

“That dallies with the innocence of thought,
Like the old age.”

Hobbes and Mandeville are in the opposite extreme, and have met with a correspondent fate. The *Tatler* and *Spectator* are in the golden mean, carry instruction as far as it can go without shocking, and give the most exquisite pleasure without one particle of pain. “*Desire to please, and you will infallibly please,*” is a maxim equally applicable to the study or the drawing-room. Thus also we see actors of very small pretensions, and who have scarce any other merit than that of being on good terms with themselves, and in high good humour with their parts (though they hardly understand a word of them), who are universal favourites with the audience. Others, who are masters of their art, and in whom no slip or flaw can be detected, you have no pleasure in seeing, from something dry, repulsive, and unconciliating in their manner; and you almost hate the very mention of their names, as an unavailing appeal to your candid decision in their favour, and as taxing you with injustice for refusing it.

We may observe persons who seem to take a peculiar delight in the *disagreeable*. They catch all sorts of uncouth tones and gestures, the manners and dialect of clowns and hoydens, and aim at vulgarity as desperately as others ape gentility. [This is what is often understood by a *love of low life*.] They say the most unwarrantable things, without meaning or feeling what they say. What startles or shocks other people, is to them a sport—an amusing excitement—a fillip to their constitutions; and from the bluntness of their perceptions, and a certain wilfulness of spirit, not being able to enter into the refined and agreeable, they make a merit of despising every thing of the kind. Masculine women, for example, are those who, not being distinguished by the charms and delicacy of the sex, affect a superiority over it by throwing aside all decorum. We

also find another class, who continually do and say what they ought not, and what they do not intend, and who are governed almost entirely by an instinct of absurdity. Owing to a perversity of imagination or irritability of nerve, the idea that a thing is improper acts as a provocation to it: the fear of committing a blunder is so strong, that in their agitation they *bolt* out whatever is uppermost in their minds, before they are aware of the consequence. The dread of something wrong haunts and rivets their attention to it; and an uneasy, morbid apprehensiveness of temper takes away their self-possession, and hurries them into the very mistakes they are most anxious to avoid.

If we look about us, and ask who are the agreeable and disagreeable people in the world, we shall see that it does not depend on their virtues or vices—their understanding or stupidity—but as much on the degree of pleasure or pain they seem to feel in ordinary social intercourse. What signify all the good qualities any one possesses, if he is none the better for them himself? If the cause is so delightful, the effect ought to be so too. We enjoy a friend's society only in proportion as he is satisfied with ours. Even wit, however it may startle, is only agreeable as it is sheathed in good-humour. There are a kind of *intellectual stammerers*, who are delivered of their good things with pain and effort; and consequently what costs them such evident uneasiness does not impart unmixed delight to the bystanders. There are those, on the contrary, whose sallies cost them nothing—who abound in a flow of pleasantry and good humour; and we float down the stream with them carelessly and triumphantly,—

“ Wit at the helm, and Pleasure at the prow.”

Perhaps it may be said of English wit in general, that it too much resembles pointed lead: after all, there is something heavy and dull in it! The race of small wits are not the least agreeable people in the world. They have their little joke to themselves, enjoy it, and do not set up any preposterous pretensions to thwart the current of our self-love. Toad-eating is accounted a thriving profession; and a *butt*, according to the Spectator, is a highly useful member of society—as one who takes whatever is said of him in good part, and as necessary to conduct off the spleen and superfluous petulance of the company. Opposed to these are the swaggering bullies—the licensed wits—the free-thinkers—the loud talkers, who, in the jockey phrase, have *lost their mouths*, and cannot be reined in by any regard to decency or common-sense. The more obnoxious the subject, the more are they charmed with it, converting their want of feeling into a proof of superiority to vulgar prejudice and squeamish affectation. But there is an unseemly exposure of the mind, as well as of the body. There are some objects that shock the sense, and cannot with propriety be mentioned: there are naked truths that offend the mind, and ought to be kept out of sight as much as possible. For human nature cannot bear to be too hardly pressed upon. One of these cynical truisms, when brought forward to the world, may be forgiven as a slip of the pen: a succession of them, denoting a deliberate purpose and *malice prepense*, must ruin any writer. Lord Byron had got into an irregular course of these a little before his death—seemed desirous, in imitation of Mr. Shelley, to run the gauntlet of public obloquy—and, at the same time, wishing to screen himself from the censure he defied, dedicated his Cain to Sir Walter Scott—a pretty godfather to such a bantling!

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qualified to judge, who gives way to all our sentiments, and never seems to think but as we do, is indeed an *alter idem*—another self; and we admit without scruple into our entire confidence, “yea, into our heart of heart.”

It is the same in books. Those which, under the disguise of plain-speaking, vent paradoxes, and set their faces against the common-sense of mankind, are neither “the volumes

—“that enrich the shops,
That pass with approbation through the land;”

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Some persons are of so teasing and fidgetty a turn of mind, that they do

not give you a moment's rest. Every thing goes wrong with them. They complain of a head-ache or the weather. They take up a book, and lay it down again—venture an opinion, and retract it before they have half done—offer to serve you, and prevent some one else from doing it. If you dine with them at a tavern, in order to be more at your ease, the fish is too little done—the sauce is not the right one; they ask for a sort of wine which they think is not to be had, or if it is, after some trouble, procured, do not touch it; they give the waiter fifty contradictory orders, and are restless and sit on thorns the whole of dinner-time. All this is owing to a want of robust health, and of a strong spirit of enjoyment; it is a fastidious habit of mind, produced by a valetudinary habit of body: they are out of sorts with every thing, and of course their ill-humour and captiousness communicates itself to you, who are as little delighted with them as they are with other things. Another sort of people, equally objectionable with this helpless class, who are disconcerted by a shower of rain or stopped by an insect's wing, are those who, in the opposite spirit, will have every thing their own way, and carry all before them—who cannot brook the slightest shadow of opposition—who are always in the heat of an argument—who knit their brows and clench their teeth in some speculative discussion, as if they were engaged in a personal quarrel—and who, though successful over almost every competitor, seem still to resent the very offer of resistance to their supposed authority, and are as angry as if they had sustained some premeditated injury. There is an impatience of temper and an intolerance of opinion in this that conciliates neither our affection nor esteem. To such persons nothing appears of any moment but the indulgence of a domineering intellectual superiority to the disregard and discomfiture of their own and every body else's comfort. Mounted on an abstract proposition, they trample on every courtesey and decency of behaviour; and though, perhaps, they do not intend the gross personalities they are guilty of, yet they cannot be acquitted of a want of due consideration for others, and of an intolerable egotism in the support of truth and justice. You may hear one of these Quixotic declaimers pleading the cause of humanity in a voice of thunder, or expatiating on the beauty of a Guido with features distorted with rage and scorn. This is not a very amiable or edifying spectacle.

There are persons who cannot make friends. Who are they? Those who cannot be friends. It is not the want of understanding or good-nature, of entertaining or useful qualities, that you complain of: on the contrary, they have probably many points of attraction; but they have one that neutralizes all these—they care nothing about you, and are neither the better nor worse for what you think of them. They manifest no joy at your approach; and when you leave them, it is with a feeling that they can do just as well without you. This is not sullenness, nor indifference, nor absence of mind; but they are intent solely on their own thoughts, and you are merely one of the subjects they exercise them upon. They live in society as in a solitude; and, however their brain works, their pulse beats neither faster nor slower for the common accidents of life. There is, therefore, something cold and repulsive in the air that is about them—like that of marble. In a word, they are *modern philosophers*; and the modern philosopher is what the pedant was of old—a being who lives in a world of his own, and has no correspondence with this. It is not that such persons have not done you services—you acknowledge it; it is not that they have said severe things of you—you submit to it as a necessary evil:

but it is the cool manner in which the whole is done that annoys you—the speculating upon you, as if you were nobody—the regarding you, with a view to an experiment in *corpore vili*—the principle of dissection—the determination to spare no blemishes—to cut you down to your real standard;—in short, the utter absence of the partiality of friendship, the blind enthusiasm of affection, or the delicacy of common decency, that whether they “hew you as a carcase fit for hounds, or carve you as a dish fit for the gods,” the operation on your feelings and your sense of obligation is just the same; and, whether they are demons or angels in themselves, you wish them equally *at the devil!*

Other persons of worth and sense give way to mere violence of temperament (with which the understanding has nothing to do)—are burnt up with a perpetual fury—repel and throw you to a distance by their restless, whirling motion—so that you dare not go near them, or feel as uneasy in their company as if you stood on the edge of a volcano. They have their *tempora mollia fandi*; but then what a stir may you not expect the next moment! Nothing is less inviting or less comfortable than this state of uncertainty and apprehension. Then there are those who never approach you without the most alarming advice or information, telling you that you are in a dying way, or that your affairs are on the point of ruin, by way of disburthening their consciences; and others, who give you to understand much the same thing as a good joke, out of sheer impertinence, constitutional vivacity, and want of something to say. All these, it must be confessed, are disagreeable people; and you repay their over-anxiety or total forgetfulness of you, by a determination to cut them as speedily as possible. We meet with instances of persons who overpower you by a sort of boisterous mirth and rude animal spirits, with whose ordinary state of excitement it is as impossible to keep up as with that of any one really intoxicated; and with others who seem scarce alive—who take no pleasure or interest in any thing—who are born to exemplify the maxim,

“Not to admire is all the art I know,
To make men happy, or to keep them so,”—

and whose mawkish insensibility or sullen scorn are equally annoying. In general, all people brought up in remote country-places, where life is crude and harsh—all sectaries—all partisans of a losing cause, are discontented and disagreeable. Commend me above all to the Westminster School of Reform, whose blood runs as cold in their veins as the torpedo's, and whose touch jars like it. Catholics are, upon the whole, more amiable than Protestants—foreigners than English people. Among ourselves, the Scotch, as a nation, are particularly disagreeable. They hate every appearance of comfort themselves, and refuse it to others. Their climate, their religion, and their habits are equally averse to pleasure. Their manners are either distinguished by a fawningsycophancy (to gain their own ends, and conceal their natural defects), that makes one sick; or by a morose unbending calousness, that makes one shudder. I had forgot to mention two other descriptions of persons who fall under the scope of this essay:—those who take up a subject, and run on with it interminably, without knowing whether their hearers care one word about it, or in the least minding what reception their oratory meets with—these are pretty generally voted *bored* (mostly German ones);—and others, who may be designated as practical paradox-mongers—who discard the “milk of human kindness,” and an attention to common observances, from all their actions, as effeminate and puling—

who wear a white hat as a mark of superior understanding, and carry home a handkerchief-full of mushrooms in the top of it as an original discovery—who give you craw-fish for supper instead of lobsters; seek their company in a garret, and over a gin-bottle, to avoid the imputation of affecting genteel society; and discard them after a term of years, and warn others against them, as being *honest fellows*, which is thought a vulgar prejudice. This is carrying the harsh and repulsive even beyond the disagreeable—to the hateful. Such persons are generally people of common-place understandings, obtuse feelings, and inordinate vanity. They are formidable if they get you in their power—otherwise, they are only to be laughed at.

There are a vast number who are disagreeable from meanness of spirit, from downright insolence, from slovenliness of dress or disgusting tricks, from folly or ignorance: but these causes are positive moral or physical defects, and I only meant to speak of that repulsiveness of manners which arises from want of tact and sympathy with others. So far of friendship: a word, if I durst, of love. Gallantry to women (the sure road to their favour) is nothing but the appearance of extreme devotion to all their wants and wishes—a delight in their satisfaction, and a confidence in yourself, as being able to contribute towards it. The slightest indifference with regard to them, or distrust of yourself, are equally fatal. The amiable is the voluptuous in looks, manner, or words. No face that exhibits this kind of expression—whether lively or serious, obvious or suppressed, will be thought ugly—no address, awkward—no lover who approaches every woman he meets as his mistress, will be unsuccessful. Diffidence and awkwardness are the two antidotes to love.

To please universally, we must be pleased with ourselves and others. There should be a tinge of the coxcomb, an oil of self-complacency, an anticipation of success—there should be no gloom, no moroseness, no shyness—in short, there should be very little of an Englishman, and a good deal of a Frenchman. But though, I believe, this is the receipt, we are none the nearer making use of it. It is impossible for those who are naturally disagreeable ever to become otherwise. This is some consolation, as it may save a world of useless pains and anxiety. “*Desire to please, and you will infallibly please,*” is a true maxim; but it does not follow that it is in the power of all to practise it. A vain man, who thinks he is endeavouring to please, is only endeavouring to shine, and is still farther from the mark. An irritable man, who puts a check upon himself, only grows dull, and loses spirit to be any thing. Good temper and a happy spirit (which are the indispensable requisites) can no more be commanded than good health or good looks; and though the plain and sickly need not distort their features, and may abstain from success, this is all they can do. The utmost a disagreeable person can do is to hope to be less disagreeable than with care and study he might become, and to pass unnoticed in society. With this negative character he should be contented, and may build his fame and happiness on other things.

I will conclude with a character of men who neither please nor aspire to please anybody, and who can come in nowhere so properly as at the fag-end of an essay:—I mean that class of discontented but amusing persons, who are infatuated with their own ill success, and reduced to despair by a lucky turn in their favour. While all goes well, they are *like fish out of water*. They have no reliance on or sympathy with their good fortune, and look upon it as a momentary delusion. Let a doubt be thrown on the question, and they begin to be full of lively apprehensions again: let all

their hopes vanish, and they feel themselves on firm ground once more. From want of spirit or of habit, their imaginations cannot rise above the low ground of humility—cannot reflect the gay, flaunting tints of the fancy—flag and droop into despondency—and can neither indulge the expectation, nor employ the means of success. Even when it is within their reach, they dare not lay hands upon it; and shrink from unlooked-for bursts of prosperity, as something of which they are both ashamed and unworthy. The class of *croakers* here spoken of are less delighted at other people's misfortunes than their own. Their neighbours may have some pretensions—they have none. Querulous complaints and anticipations of pleasure are the food on which they live; and they at last acquire a passion for that which is the favourite theme of their thoughts, and can no more do without it than without the pinch of snuff with which they season their conversation, and enliven the pauses of their daily prognostics. H. H.

THE FIRST OF SPRING.

To me how welcome are these vernal airs
Which bid long drooping nature bloom again,
For now in thought I tread my native plain,
And transient hope breaks through the cloud of cares,
Which years have wrapped around me, and repairs
In one bright moment half the wreck which time
Hath made of my enjoyments—ere my prime
I have been left without one breast that shares
With me a kindred feeling—but to-day
Nature seems full of social sympathies,
Twining around the heart a thousand ties,
And chasing all its loneliness away.—
I of creation seem a part once more,
While the glad spirit diffuses itself o'er,
And mingles with its kindred purities.
Mountain and valley, sun, and flower, and breeze,
Seem with fresh health impregnated, as if
The angel of life, with healing in his wings,
Had flown to day o'er all created things,
Making the reign of death and sorrow brief,
And pouring pleasure thro' a thousand springs.
For every wounded heart there flows a balm—
E'en sickly hues forsake the pallid cheek,
And half affection's anxious cares grow calm
At the bright promises these symptoms speak.
And shall I droop while all things round me flourish?
While even the very weed (which now is seen
Lifting itself, so stately and so green,
Above the earth) Heaven sends its breath to nourish—
Shall I not own to the bland influence,
And drink the health its healing powers dispense?
I have—and find my energies restored,
The brightness of my spirit which was blenched,
The ray which many clouds so long had quenched,
Revive again—and all that I deplored
As gone for ever, marshal thick around—
Poetic dreams and visions of delight,
Even forms which the dark grave long hid from sight,
Visit me spiritually pure and bright,
And I can smile to feel my long-lost peace is found.

R. B.

THE ADVENTURES OF NAUFRAGUS.

THERE are men enough in the world, and more than enough, whose written lives would make admirable romances, if it were not that few persons are able, and still fewer perhaps entirely willing, truly to relate all the adventure or misadventure which occurs to them; but, in despite of this difficulty, the sort of work (half historical, half fabulous) best described, perhaps, as "Personal narrative," which was begun by the military writers among our neighbours, the French, has lately been growing very popular in England. Among ourselves, however, as in France, it will have been observed, that most of the "adventures," and "experiences," and "eventful lives," have been those of soldiers; there has appeared hardly any thing in the same way from men connected with the sea. We have had the "journals" of serjeants and of private soldiers—very curious and valuable, as affording the best insight into the condition, and the only means of insight into the feelings and opinions of men in that situation of life; but we have never had the "log-book" (at least we do not recollect any such publication) of a fore-mast sailor, or of a boatswain. This open ground in our light literature, the book before us is extremely well calculated to fill up. The want of such a work for some years past, indeed, has something surprised us, since the blank is not at all to be attributed to any lack of interest in the subject. A sailor's life is not perhaps a pleasant one; but even landsmen will believe that it can scarcely be a life wanting in incident or excitation; and, for ourselves, we must decidedly deny the truth—whatever may be the wit—of Johnson's observation—that a ship "is a prison," in which you have the chance of being drowned. The distinguishing feature of a prison is, that the inhabitant of it is fixed in one place: its secondary attributes are, that he is scantily furnished, in all probability, with light and air, and that he is shut out from that which alone renders life endurable—the possibility of *event*: it is his misery to be so secure, that even the accidents and vexations which enliven existence, cannot reach him. Now the passenger who stands upon the deck of a noble vessel, which is dashing through a free and open element, faster than a horse can gallop, from one country to another, and who enjoys the free exercise of his limbs through the whole course of his travel, with the advantage of pretty nearly every convenience that man's necessities require at hand, and provided for his use—this man is scarcely so much "the inhabitant of a prison, with the chance of being drowned," as the tenant of the doctor's favourite vehicle, a post-chaise, is the occupant of a prison, with the chance of being overturned. Leaving this "unsavoury simile," however—which Johnson had probably been sea-sick for four days, or becalmed somewhere, when he hit upon—and which, indeed, as a simile, would be good for nothing if it were like—it is impossible that the life of a constant traveller, who has but a plank, at the best of times, between himself and destruction, and who averages an hourly liability to some situation of extreme peril, from which his own skill and activity alone can preserve him as part of his account in trade—it is impossible that the life of a man so professionally engaged, can be one of mere dulness or fatuity. On the contrary, the converse of this proposition will be found to be the fact: to be competent to the conduct of a vessel, a

sailor must be a man of some scientific acquirement; his hourly security depends only upon habits of the most acute observation—although confined, perhaps, within a somewhat limited sphere; and the records of some of the earlier voyages of the private traders to the coasts of India and Africa, not to speak of those who carried their commercial speculations to Mexico and Peru, display a spirit of enterprise, and a variety of incident, which, however, disfigured by traits of injustice, and even of barbarity, render them among the most interesting narratives that our literature affords. The author of the present work, as will appear in the course of our notice, writes from the experience of a sea life, passed chiefly on the coasts of India—a ground with which he is familiar in a very extraordinary degree; but his book contains the incidents and changes of a life, which, his profession apart, would, by no means, have been devoid of interest; and develops some facts and principles, which (to others than young men thrown upon the world in search of a livelihood) may not be without their utility. The preface states, that the narrative—names of parties, of course excepted—may be considered as founded strictly on fact; and, from the internal evidence, even in this book-making age, our decided belief is that it is so.

Naufragus [this title, of course, is assumed] is the son of a London merchant, who, after possessing considerable wealth, ends by becoming unfortunate in trade; and at an early age finds the somewhat stinted charity of an “uncle”—a gentleman of large fortune, who has married his father’s sister—pretty nearly his only dependence. After passing two or three years miserably at a Yorkshire school, he is sent to sea, at fourteen, as midshipman, on board an Indiaman—a situation of very abundant general discomfort; and, being recommended by his relative—according to the usage made and provided in the cases of children who are the objects of bounty—as “a lad who had nothing to look for,”—and who, therefore, was “not to be spared,” but to be “made a sailor of,” &c.—he is so harshly treated on board, that his patience fails; and, on his second voyage at Pulo Penang, he gives his last dollar to a boatman to convey him secretly on shore, and quits his ship. (It might be a nice point for the admiralty judges, perhaps, whether it ought to be written down “desertion.”)

“On the morrow the ship was to leave Pulo-Penang: the morrow then was to form an epoch in my life; my prospects were to change, possibly not for the better, since I was about to enter on a wide world, unknowing and unknown: driven to an act of such desperate resource, by the brutality of an enemy on the one hand, and on the other, by the inadvertence of my natural protector. During the night I slept but little, racked as I was with scorpion anxiety, and dreaming of appalling dangers; but the morning rays relieved me, and I then began my preparations by packing up my clothes, dressing myself, and pocketing all the treasure I had to begin the world with, and that was—one dollar.”

“At six in the evening I was ready: I went down on the gun-deck, and exchanged a farewell with Smith, who, actuated by friendship most sincere, invoked many a blessing on my head. The hoarse voice of my persecutor, bawling ‘Naufragus!’ summoned me before him. I surveyed him steadily, and with a calm look, though conscious that I stood before him whom I should never cease to execrate as the man who drove me friendless on the world—‘What!’ said he; ‘dressed so smart!—going on shore, I suppose? [ironically]. Here—give this receipt to the boatman who brought the cask of lime-juice, and tell him he may go.’”

“The shade of evening had but just spread round the vessel, when I went on deck; a fall of rain, with a distant roll of thunder, and a heavy gust of wind

from the shore, indicated an approaching storm. I hurried into the boat, and giving the receipt to the boatman, who was a Mahomedan, I desired him to shove me on shore, putting into his hand my all—the dollar, which worked a talismanic effect; for in five minutes I was, for the first time in my life, on the shore of Prince-of-Wales Island."

"The feeling of sailors on leaving their floating home, to which habit has reconciled them, has been often the subject of remark: thus, I once heard the sailors of a ship called the *Mary*, when she was in flames in the river Hooghly, exclaim, with the greatest tenderness, as they abandoned her to her fate—'Farewell, *Mary*!—poor old ship!—good by, old girl!' and some of them were seen to shed tears; and even I could not help, when the boat was conveying me on shore, taking a silent farewell of my ship—but especially of my friend Smith and the captain, both of whom I much esteemed—'Here I am,' said I to myself, when I touched the shore, 'left, with all the world before me; and be thou, kind Providence, my guide!'"

"The writer is, evidently (we should say), not an *author by profession*. He decidedly, indeed, wants the capabilities to sustain such a character. But, on this very account, the effect of some points in his narrative, is immensely increased.

The details of his school experience, and of his sufferings afterwards, on board the *India* ship, are given with the earnestness—here and there with the somewhat *unreasonableness*—which distinguishes a man who pleads his own cause. His description of his being sent for from school by his uncle, who looks at him for some time without saying a word, and then, at the same moment, dispatches a note off to a slopseller's, to get him fitted out with "necessaries," and sends him away ten miles into the country to wish his father and mother good-bye, will, at once, stamp the veracity of the tale with most of the "orphan nephews" that may happen to read it. After quitting his ship, he wanders in the woods of Pulo Penang for near three days, watching occasionally from a high hill, until he sees the vessel leave the port, and being amused, in the meantime—all which is described with great *naïveté*—at the tricks of the monkeys and the snakes, while almost starving for want of some better food than cocoa-nuts, and wild pine apples. At length, to his great relief, the ship actually gets under weigh, and "stands out by degrees," until she becomes "a mere speck in the horizon;" and now, being wholly destitute and friendless, he takes a course which none but a boy would have heart to take, but which nevertheless was not unlikely—as turned out to be the fact in the event—to prove successful:—

"Seeing a man in the dress of a native following me very closely, I ventured to ask him if he spoke English?—'Yes, my lord.'—'Well,' said I, 'tell me who is the greatest English merchant in Penang—I mean the richest'—'Ogilvie, sahib.'—'Good again,' I replied. 'Now then, my friend, pray take me to Mr. Ogilvie's house.' In a short time I was ushered into a princely mansion, and soon in the presence of Ogilvie, sahib, (or Mr. Ogilvie). I addressed him, saying that I presumed to call on him as a British merchant, to acquaint him with the step which I had taken, and the causes which had led me to adopt a scheme so desperate; and ended my tale, by requesting that he would either give me, or procure for me, employment on shore, in any industrious occupation; at the same time assuring him, that his aid would be found not to have been misplaced. He seemed perfectly astonished; and it was some time before he replied—'Young gentleman, I feel much for the unprotected state in which you are placed in this settlement; and, if I may judge from your appearance, you would not abuse any aid which I could afford you: but, indeed, you cannot remain in this island—the governor himself could not permit you to remain here: but if you will call—but no—here he comes—here he comes.'"

"The entrance of a stout short man, with a good-natured face, arrested the harangue of Mr. Ogilvie, who rose up and shook his friend by the hand most heartily.—'Captain Lambert,' resumed Mr. Ogilvie, 'here is a young midshipman, who has left his ship from ill treatment, it appears, and who wants employment: can't you take him with you as second mate? You want one, I understand.'—'The very thing, Ogilvie; and,' said Lambert, turning to me, 'you shall find good usage with me, however you may have been treated on board the Indiamen: I know well enough what they are, young gentleman.'"

"I assured him my endeavours should not be wanting to prove myself deserving of any encouragement I should receive. To Mr. Ogilvie I expressed my grateful thanks, and, pointing to blackee, who had introduced me to his presence, I expressed my regret at not having it in my power to reward him. The captain told me to go on board the brig Jane, and, with his compliments to the mate, to request him to receive me.—'You'll find,' he said, 'the Jane's boat at the jetty stairs;' and added—'I will take care of blackee.'"

"Upon this I retired, thanking God in my heart for this interposition in my behalf, and in a few minutes was on board the Jane, but almost famished, having fasted nearly four days, and without any clothes except those I had on; for, on inquiry at the British hotel for my box, I found that it had not been forwarded, doubtless in consequence of my friend Smith's want of opportunity."

"The first object that struck me on my arrival on board, was the odd appearance of the chief mate, whose name was Tassit: he wore a red cap, a full pair of silk sleeping trowsers, and a white jacket: his countenance was equally remarkable—a visage of dark complexion, with thick bushy whiskers, and long mustachios, high cheek bones, and large black eyes: he was a half-cast, or creole, of Bengal, but educated in England. Scarcely had I made my bow to this original, when a loud, confused jabber, proceeding from the main hold, of '*Marrega! marrega!*' attracted our notice; and, on looking down the hatchway, I beheld three or four lascars, with billets of wood, crushing a huge centipede, which twirled its long, elastic body round and round, in agony and rage, until killed. The jabber of the black sailors, and their naval costume, together with the heat of the hold, and the smell of the pepper and betel-nut, of which the cargo consisted, produced on my mind an impression unlike any I had ever before felt."

"All hands were busy receiving cargo, which we were to leave at Malacca for some China ship expected there; and all possible haste was made to sail immediately. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when I went on board, and at five Tassit very civilly asked me down to tea. I readily obeyed the summons, and followed him to the cabin. There I found the leg and wing of a cold fowl, toast, biscuits, butter, a piece of cold ham, and a smoking tea-kettle in the hands of a lascar. Down I sat, opposite to my new friend Tassit, and began upon the fowl and ham, which soon disappeared; the toast and tea also vanished, and with equal celerity, Tassit all the while ministering to my wants with much patience and good-nature; and when I afterwards told him that that meal was the only one I had had for four days, he laughed immoderately; but suddenly checking himself, said, in a serious tone—'By all that's wonderful, I thought you would have killed yourself!'"

"After tea, we chatted until eight, and I understood that my pay was to be eighty sicca rupees (£10) per month. This was, indeed, agreeable news, and, at Tassit's suggestion, I went to bed at ten; but scarcely had I got into a comfortable dose, when I was roused up to assist in getting the brig under weigh. This was done in about an hour; and with a full moon to light us, we sailed down the Southern Channel. The captain had not yet come on board, so it was agreed that I should take the morning watch, from four to eight, and to bed I went again."

"In this new situation, Naufragus prospers. European officers are scarce; and the knowledge which he has acquired at school, and on board the East-Indiaman—and to which the rough usage which he received had perhaps (though we hold it a perilous mode of instruction) something contributed—now stands him in good stead. With Captain Lambert he sails, on a coasting voyage, through the Straits of Malacca,

and towards the port called Pulo Lingin, to exchange dollars and broad-cloth for slabs of block tin; and the circumstances that arise out of this barter afford a curious view of the mode of dealing used, as well as of the personal dangers incurred, by the East-India "country traders."

"In about three weeks we reached Pulo Lingin. The lofty peak so called, as seen from the deck of our little bark, on a clear day, had a grand and imposing effect. We had not been long at anchor, before a canoe came alongside, with four Arabian chiefs, magnificently apparelled. The captain, suspecting them to be pirates in disguise, gave orders that the door of a cabin, in which was a large chest of treasure should be locked. They said that they came merely to see the captain and the ship. Being received on board, they scrutinized, with rather suspicious minuteness, every thing within their view. On coming to the cabin where the treasure was concealed, and finding the door locked, they expressed great anxiety to have it opened. The captain, whose presence of mind never forsook him, called to the *Cas-a-ab* for the key, telling them in Arabic 'there was only a poor Christian lying there, who had died the day before,' upon which they turned aside with symptoms of disgust, at the idea of seeing a Christian corpse, and precipitately returned on deck. One of the Arabs eyed me with expressive earnestness; which, indeed, was not to be wondered at, for a European lad had seldom, if ever, been seen in that part of the globe before. I was not more than fourteen years of age, with the glow of health on my cheek, and with long curly hair, as white as flax. The Arab then entered into conversation with the captain, expressing (as I afterwards learnt, to my no small astonishment) a wish to purchase me—nay, ventured so far, as to offer three hundred dollars for me. On being told that I was not for sale, he appeared much surprised, expressing, indeed, his wonder that the captain could refuse so large a sum for so young a boy; but endeavouring to account for the refusal, by observing—'He is perhaps some young prince, or a high cast Englishman, I suppose;' and after shewing off some consequential native airs, left us. No sooner were our visitors clear off, than the captain ordered all the small arms, and the four six-pounders, to be loaded, in readiness for an attack that night. No attack, however, was made, and the captain and myself went on shore the next morning.

"We first paid our visit to the king, or rajah of Lingin, who was seated, cross-legged, on a cane mat, in a large hut. We were not suffered to approach his august presence without taking off our shoes and stockings, and were ordered not to advance nearer to his majesty's person than fifteen feet. The captain and I now sat down cross-legged, on a mat facing the king. He was an overgrown savage-looking Malay, with fat cheeks, a short flat chin, and a large mouth, down the corners of which ran the juice of the betel-nut, of a deep red colour, which gave him an appearance, at least in my eye, both terrifying and disgusting. We were surrounded on all sides by Malays, armed each with a crease, or dagger, probably poisoned, and whose countenances were marked with a ferocity quite in keeping with the rest of the scene. The captain broke silence by a flattering encomium on the king's improved looks, since last he saw him, and requested his acceptance of some costly and choice presents, which were produced. His majesty having accepted them, made some inquiries respecting me; he first admired the colour of my hair, then asked how many brothers I had—how old I was—and if I would like to stop in his dominions? and seemed quite pleased with my complimentary answers. Upon my expressing some surprise at seeing an organ in a corner of the room, he beckoned to one of his attendants to play it. A more villainous compound of harsh sounds I never before heard, but they seemed to please the Malay monarch mightily. He then ordered a flute to be brought me, which, as well as the organ, had doubtless been given him by some European, who well knew their use. I immediately received it, and, still, in a sitting posture, played a few notes, to the surprise of the king and all the motley assembly."

The course of trading, indeed, in Malacca—like that of "true love" in Europe—"never," we believe, "does run smooth." At Pulo Minto, the next port which the navigators make, a more fierce dispute arises as to the delivery of some property upon which "advances" have been

made, and one which threatens loss of dollars, as well as of blood, to the European interest.

"We were on the point of departure, and, as we thought, had but to deliver over to the Malays a bale of piece goods, and five hundred dollars, due to them, when, to our dismay, we missed twenty-eight slabs of tin, represented to have been actually shipped on the preceding day, but which, as we afterwards found, had been very adroitly concealed by the Malays in the sand on the beach. No sooner had our captain made this discovery, than he ordered Tassit to go on shore immediately, and tell the Malay, that if the property was not given up, he would not only keep possession of the bale of piece goods, and the five hundred dollars, but report the case to the supreme government; and I was appointed to accompany Tassit. On rowing ashore, poor Tassit became more and more thoughtful, until a deep sigh would escape him, with—'Well, God knows how it will all end!' In the mean time, the brig got under weigh, and stood in shore as near as she could, her guns 'grinning horribly,' and the captain pacing the deck, with evident anxiety. We found the beach lined with Malays, and as our little boat crossed the surf, the countenance of Tassit assumed a most discouraging aspect. This, however, did not much intimidate me, for, armed as we were, each with two loaded pistols and a cutlass, I thought our boat's crew a match for them.

"It was about four o'clock in the evening, when the gentle surf bore our boat on the sand, and Tassit, with an unwilling step, landed; that instant, a number of Malays seized and hurried him to a hut on the beach, and there surrounded him, making use of all the outrageous epithets in broken English and Malay, and using the most violent gesticulations of defiance and derision imaginable; one drawing a crease across Tassit's cheek, others forming a ring, and seating him on a mat in the midst of them. At that instant, I, who with the boat's crew had followed him, came into the ring to speak to one of the chiefs, and to endeavour to release my mate: 'Look! my dear Naufragus, behold!' ejaculated Tassit, 'what a dangerous situation has the rashness of our captain placed me in!' He said this in a voice, and with a manner so deplorable, and at the same time so irresistibly droll, that I could not refrain from laughing, although there were, at that moment, twenty drawn daggers at our breasts. I comforted Tassit as well as I could, and told the Malays I would go on board, and make known to the captain their demands.—'Iss, tell im,' said one of the chiefs, 'he not pay my dollar, not give my bale of piece goods, I cut away this man's throat.' At this poor Tassit turned up the whites of his eyes, bellowing after me—'My dear Naufragus, make haste, or I shall be lost to you for ever. I made my boat's crew row with all their might, till, in a few minutes, I got on board. Never shall I forget the violent rage of the captain, when I told him what the Malays had done; he was as mad as the roaring sea—'Ah!' said he, 'if you could but have unfurled the union jack, I would have settled the business in an instant, but that was impossible. Go on shore, Naufragus; tell the Malays that I hoist my nation's ensign; shew it to them; tell them, if they insult that flag, by keeping a British subject prisoner, my countrymen will come and blow the town to atoms: tell them, too, I will have my twenty-eight slabs of tin.'"

Fortunately, a couple of balls fired from the ship, in aid of this second mission, produced the necessary effect: the twenty-eight slabs of tin are restored, and Tassit returns on board—the captain assuring Signor Tassit, that, "if his throat had been cut, he would have taken a signal revenge for the same." Tassit, however, appeared inclined to say with Othello, "Tis better as it is!"

The first view of Calcutta—to which he next sails—seems to have overpowered the senses of Naufragus (in the way of admiration) altogether. Even London sinks in the comparison. We venture a few disjointed paragraphs, that may give some idea of the enthusiastic approbation of the traveller; reminding our readers, that Calcutta was the first great city he had ever beheld out of England, and that he was not yet twenty years of age:—

"As evening drew to a close, we saw the 'Company's Gardens' to our left; and on our right 'Garden-Reach.' All at once, a scene of magic splendour, which took possession of my senses, burst upon my view, and astonished me: the gorgeous palaces, which were no more than the garden-houses of civil and military officers, and merchants, were on a scale of magnificence totally unexpected by me; never had I beheld, nor have I ever since beheld, the habitations of men so intensely grand and imposing: the banks of the river, for a distance of three or four miles, were studded with palaces, disposed in an irregular line, some of them having each a peristyle of twenty-four columns, producing an inconceivably striking effect; and the landscape seemed to vie in richness with the buildings."

"Tassit now proposed half an hour's recreation on shore, to which I joyfully acceded, being anxious to tread the land of Bengal. Scarcely had I time to look about me, on our landing, before my attention was arrested by a female form, of the middle stature, who walked by us with an air of elegance and dignity which surprised me. She was withal exceedingly lovely, and possessed, I thought, the finest form I had ever seen, set off to great advantage by her native dress, a fold of fine calico thrown loosely round her, yet gently compressing her waist, so as to display her shape to the utmost possible advantage; one end of the calico was fastened with a pin to her jet-black hair; her ears were ornamented with large earrings, and a profusion of trinkets; her fingers covered with rings, and her wrists with bangles; while her feet, and finely proportioned ankles, were left bare. The intensity of my gaze so far attracted her notice, that, to my delight, she smiled, but disappeared almost at the same instant. With ecstasy I turned to Tassit.—'Ah, my dear friend, did you behold that angelic figure?—tell me, what was she?—a native princess—perhaps the heiress of this princely mansion? I am sure she must be a being of some superior order.'—'Naufragus,' interrupted Tassit, 'you are young—have not yet entered the third age, that age which a poet of your country pronounces to be as baneful to youth as sunken rocks to mariners: no, Naufragus, she is no princess—nor is she the heiress of yonder palace—no, nor a being of a superior order, as you vainly imagine; but start not, she is neither more nor less than a *metrannie*.'"

"If I was pleased at the external appearance of the city, as seen from the river, how much was my expectation surpassed on beholding its interior! The superb buildings, the bustle of industry, the creaking of hackeries, or carts drawn by bullocks, the jostling of innumerable palanquins, the jabbering of the Bengallees and palanquin-bearers, the novelty of their dress (nothing but a fold of white calico thrown loosely over the body, and on the head a turban)—altogether composed a scene which so enchanted my imagination, that I could hardly divest myself of the idea that I was in fairy land; but my reverie was not long undisturbed, its charm being dissolved by a constant attendance at the side of my palanquin of importunate venders of books, sandal-wood boxes, bows and arrows, fans made of peacocks' feathers, and oriental curiosities.

"We alighted at the house of Tassit's friend, a Mr. Wetzler, who received him with open arms, and welcomed me most cordially, as his friend.—'But where, where is my Sarsnee?' said Tassit. A pair of folding-doors then flew open, and a very lovely brunette appeared, and threw her arms very affectionately round Tassit's neck. She was a sister of Mr. Wetzler's, and I heartily congratulated my friend on the prospect he had of possessing such a treasure. I wish I could gratify my readers by setting off Tassit's person and features to advantage; but in this respect he was inferior to the charming woman whom he had chosen for his wife. His good sense, however, and the excellence of his heart, made him entirely worthy of her, and she loved him with an ardour seldom equalled.

"As soon as the two lovers had exchanged caresses, and mutual congratulations began to give way to sober conversation, we sat down to a table richly spread with eastern and European delicacies, currees, hams, turkeys, and mellow East-India Madeira. These are things well calculated to promote cheerfulness and good humour; but we did not require any stimulus.

* "A female domestic employed to sweep the house. They are usually of the lowest cast, denominated 'pariahs.'"

My attention was almost wholly engrossed with the contemplation of the princely room we were dining in; it was open on every side, and had a large verandah, and extensive casements, shaded by venetians; the floor was of marble, the walls were decorated with glass wall-shades, chandeliers, and pictures; a punkah,* suspended from the ceiling, fanned us overhead, while a native at each corner of the table moved to and fro a large hand punkah, made of the leaves of the toddy tree, the end of which was fixed in a wooden socket, and the hookah emitted odoriferous spicy gales; crowds of Bengallee servants were in attendance. So enchanted were my senses, that I could not help observing to Tassit, that, much as I had heard of eastern luxury, the reality surpassed even the imagination.—‘Yes, Naufragus,’ resumed Tassit, ‘the luxury is certainly great, but it soon cloy; and then, my friend, the mind has not, as in England, any means of renovating its exhausted powers; the very climate tends but to smother energy, and lull the soul into a state of indolence and languor; and all the luxury which captivates your young imagination, affords not that substantial happiness, which, in your free and happy country, is enjoyed by a rustic at his homely board.’”

At this period of the narrative, the author’s feelings as a man—quite as much as his adventures as a sailor—come into play. But he does justice to the characters of his relatives, even when he fancies himself ill-used by them. He goes to England; but, finding an ill reception from his family, and no prospect of aid, contrives to obtain letters as a “free mariner,” and returns to India: sailing, on this (his third) voyage, in the first instance for Ceylon; where he again engages himself as mate of a coast trader, and soon acquires money to attempt a little “trading” of his own.

The purchase of a small vessel, through the agency of a *dubash*, or broker, and the business of fitting it up and obtaining freight, introduce some humorous notices of the habits and character of the native dealers of Calcutta. Naufragus, after some consideration, agrees that his purchase shall be a brig; and desires “Moodoosooden Chetarjee” to look out for one, the price of which should not exceed 500%.

“Moodoosooden Chetarjee was, as I before said, a sedate-looking youth; his gait and manner had even an air of sanctity, much heightened by his dress, a garment of fine linen folded loosely over him, and hanging down to his sandaled feet, his turban being of rich muslin. On his entrance he would make his *salam* by raising his hands, in a graceful curve, to his forehead, touching it three times.—‘Well, Moodoosooden,’ I would exclaim, ‘what news this morning?’—[With emphasis.]—‘All the best news, my lord!’—‘What is it, Moodoosooden?’—‘Nothing, my lord!’ This odd reply at first gave disappointment to inspired hopes; and it was not until I got used to Moodoosooden’s manner, that I could suppress the curiosity which his mode of answering was calculated to excite. In general, indeed, as may well be imagined, the natives puzzle Europeans, fresh from their native soil.

“One evening, Moodoosooden entered with a bearer† behind him, carrying a superb brass-mounted mahogany writing-desk, and requested my acceptance of it. Having presented it, he said he had succeeded in selecting a brig just then for sale, which he thought would suit me.—‘She was,’ he added, ‘registered at one hundred and twenty-five tons, Chittagong built; her price four thousand rupees (five hundred pounds), and was then lying in the river Hooghly. I have besides, my lord,’ resumed Moodoosooden, ‘engaged a rich freight for you for Madras, Pondicherry, and Ceylon, the produce of which,’ he added, ‘will more than defray the cost and outfit of the vessel and crew.’—‘Well, Moodoosooden, this is good news; to-morrow morning I will go with you to see the vessel.’—‘But that,’ Moodoosooden rejoined, ‘is not all; I have secured you a good syrang‡ and tyndal||—

* “A board, about twelve feet in length, three in width, and one inch in thickness, richly gilded and papered. It is fastened by ropes to the roof or ceiling, and kept in motion by means of a line attached to its centre, and pulled by a person who sits in a corner of the room.”

† “A palanquin-bearer, or menial.

‡ Boatswain.

|| His mate.

‘Stay, Moodoosooden,’ I replied; ‘first, let us purchase the vessel, then secure the crew.’ To the propriety of this Moodoosooden assented, observing—‘He was sure I should be a very rich man, for my fingers were unusually long.’

“Having engaged an experienced surveyor to accompany me, we repaired together on board the brig, and Moodoosooden joined us at gun-fire” the following morning. The vessel, on examination, being found well calculated, in every respect, for an eastern trader, an attorney was engaged to inspect the title-deeds, and draw the deed of sale. Having paid the purchase-money, I engaged my freight, and commenced receiving cargo the same week, with all the energy and spirit which the novelty of the undertaking could inspire me with. Night and day all on board was a scene of bustle and activity; we were taking in ballast, laying mats round the sides, and at the bottom of the hold; receiving rice, wheat, and bale goods, and stowing them away. Continually were we surrounded by paunchways,† until the brig was laden up to the very beams, and could receive no more. The freight paid at Calcutta cleared the cost and outfit of the vessel, as well as four months’ advance to the crew, which consisted of two Portuguese secunnies,‡ one syrang, who was a mussulman, two tyndals (Mahommedans), and sixteen lascars,§ of different castes. An European officer would, I considered, entail on me an expense beyond what my means were likely to afford, and on that account I declined receiving one: I was therefore the only European on board. My next object was to get the vessel insured. I found that, as she had only *one deck*, she could not be insured ‘free of average,’ but ‘against risk’ only; consequently, if she should be *totally lost*, I should recover, but not in the case of damage. I tried to reverse this usage, and to get her insured ‘free of average,’ but in vain: it was impossible under any premium. Nothing discouraged, I supplied myself with a good chronometer, (a quadrant I had), a chart of the Indian Ocean, Horsburgh’s Directory, with a compass or two; and thus equipped, I obtained my port-clearance, and received on board my pilot. All being now ready for sea, Moodoosooden Chetarjee, whose exertions on this occasion merited my warmest praise, received, with apparent satisfaction, a present of one hundred rupees, and accompanied me to the ghaut (or landing-place), invoking the blessings of the Prophet on my head, and praying that he would make me very rich.”

Notwithstanding the “weight of responsibility” attached to the command of a ship at sea, which he describes with some truth to be “so oppressive to the mind as scarcely to be conceived by those who have not felt it,” our author arrives safely in the harbour of Madras. The process of landing, however, at that part, is not always to be quite so safely effected.

“The difficulty and, not unfrequently, the danger of landing at Madras are great, from the tremendous surf, which, gathering strength as it approaches the beach, breaks, at the distance of a mile, and in boisterous weather, even a mile and a half, from the shore. Boats of a particular construction, called masoolah boats, are made expressly for this service; the parts connecting the sides and bottom of which are *sewed* together with coir|| yarn, not a nail being used. They are thus well adapted to their purpose, yielding to the violent shocks which they receive, both at sea and on touching ground. They are each about fifteen feet long, and seven wide, and manned by six Indians and a steersman. No sooner were we in the midst of the surf, than on looking behind, I saw a tremendous sea advancing, rising to a height which astonished me, and gaining strength every moment: before us appearances were equally threatening. We were soon overtaken by the wave behind, which lifted us up on its bosom to an immense height, roaring and sending us onward with the swiftness of lightning; the Indians jabbering all the while, as if they were alarmed—‘*Yeal-hee, yeal-hee! yeal-hee, yeal-hee!*’¶ This

* “i. e. At day-light.”

† Boats for the conveyance of cargo.

‡ “Quarter-masters.”

§ Sailors.”

|| “Coir, so called, is the husk of the cocoa-nut, which being cleaned, leaves nothing but fibres, that are made into rope, which is used as that of hemp, and in the dry season is little inferior.

¶ Words of encouragement, similar to our “hurrah!”

scene, terrific as it was, proved to the steersman but the scene of his vocation; and he did not forget the reward in prospect, but asked for a *box*, or present. This was perhaps his policy; he thought, that at such a moment, I could not refuse him. Another tremendous sea followed, lifting us up still higher, and impelling us forward with great velocity, until the fore part of the boat took the ground; she then swiftly wheeled round on her beam-ends. Then it is that the danger is most imminent, for the next sea almost instantly striking the side of the boat, perhaps upsets it, when it not unfrequently happens that one or two lives are lost. In our case, the boat, when struck, turned very nearly over; but being, though a young man, an old sailor, I held on by the weather gun-whale, until successive seas threw her 'high and dry' on the beach. Palanquins without number were ready to receive me, and stepping into one, I was in a few minutes at the Navy Hotel."

The residence at Madras introduces us to a lively account (which is resumed in another part of the volume) of the jugglers, snake-dancers, &c. of India. We leave our readers to find this out in the book for themselves; premising that it will repay their trouble. From Madras the author sails, with new freight, to Pondicherry, and from thence to Columbo in Ceylon, and thence to the Isle of France—making money rapidly—and marrying a young lady—and describing his ground, both by sea and land, occasionally with great spirit, all the way. In this prosperous state, he writes home to England, recommending that his brother should come out to India; a measure which, he says, he afterwards had deep cause to regret, though he meant it well at the time. He was now, however, in a train to perceive that every thing in the world went well, and rather to doubt whether his own previous annoyances had not arisen out of some mistake.

"My table (he says) being amply supplied with mutton and poultry, hams, wines, and liqueurs, how often would I inwardly rejoice when I compared my own successes and happy state with the condition of others! Nay I almost imagined that the loud complaints of poverty and misfortune were the outcry of the idle and dissolute alone; and came to the conclusion, that no art could be more easily acquired than that of becoming rich."

The whole of the wood scenery of India is described as of exquisite beauty. The Cingalese believes that it was in Ceylon that the Garden of Eden originally stood; and go so far as to shew in one place—"the print of Adam's foot!" The writer occasionally speaks too of the "curry" cookery, like a man who could distinguish between *eating* and the mere animal process of *swallowing food*. Some notices occur of the danger to be looked for from serpents, however, and tigers; and it is stated to be remarkable, that in India a tiger will never carry off a European when he can get a native;—a circumstance of etiquette, which the "natives" probably would feel at least as much "honoured in the breach as in the observance."

"Fortune, however—like a looking-glass—is constant to no man;" and the term of the prosperity of Naufragus was at this time approaching. The beauty of the India seas affords no warrant to the voyager that it may not be his fate to be swallowed up in them; and a single hurricane was fated to destroy all the fruits of the industry of Naufragus. From Port Louis, in the Isle of France, where he had married, having taken in fresh freight, and with his wife on board, our author sails to the coast of Sumatra, where he invests his whole fortune in a cargo of sugar to carry to Bengal, by which a large profit—a hundred or a hundred and fifty per cent.—is to be made. One or two singular accidents occur immediately on his quitting Tappanooly—the harbour where he had loaded—which

might have alarmed a man who was superstitious enough to believe in evil omens.

"On the morning previous to our departure, we were concerned to find that our boat, the only one we had possessed, had disappeared during the night: having been fastened by a rope to the stern, we concluded it must have been stolen. We were the more chagrined at this, because there was no possibility of procuring another at Tappanooly; and to sail without one, was at least a hazardous undertaking. After bidding farewell to Mr. Prince, who kindly loaded us with presents of fruit, we set sail for Hindoostan, with a pleasant breeze in our favour. We had not however proceeded far, scarcely indeed having cleared the land, before the wind began to fall off; and a strong current setting against us, we came, as we supposed, to an anchor for the night, about two miles distant from the shore, which was lined with a formidable nest of breakers; and after paying out eight fathoms of cable, squaring the yards, and setting the watch, we retired to rest. Scarcely had the midnight hour passed, all on board being asleep, except Thomson, who had just relieved one of the secunnies on the watch, when I was awoke by the voice of the former bawling down the companion—'Captain Naufragus! Captain Naufragus! we're out at sea, sir!'—'Indeed! how can that be?' True, however, it proved. Not a vestige of land did the moon gratify our gazing eyes withal, and we concluded that our cable must have been cut by the rocky bottom. I deeply lamented losing my anchor, so soon after my boat, and directed the lascars to haul in the slack of the cable; they did so; but instead of the cable's end making its appearance, a check was felt, which prevented their getting any more in. The serang then went over the bows to ascertain the cause, and discovered the anchor suspended by the buoy-rope; it had got entangled in the fore-chains, without having reached the bottom at all; consequently, while supposing ourselves to be safe at anchor, we were, in fact, at the mercy of the winds; but fortunate it was for us the wind was not from the sea, as in that case we must of course been blown on the rocks: as it was, I was delighted at recovering my anchor, and finding the whole property safe, as also our lives. By the next morning, we regained our situation on the coast, but the wind still failed us, and continued to fail for a whole week, so that we made but little way. At length a breeze sprang up, which wafted us onwards, sixty or seventy miles, and died away again, leaving us once more becalmed; and I began to suspect that, so far as the elements were concerned, my good fortune had deserted me. On the morning of the tenth day from our departure, I was again awakened by Thomson—'Captain Naufragus!'—'Hulloa!'—'Here is our boat; she is come back, and is just beneath our bows.'—'The deuce she is!' and true enough, there she lay, within ten yards ahead, as if expecting and waiting for us; but of her six oars, four were missing: glad enough, however, were we to see our old acquaintance, and she was soon hoisted up to her birth at the stern."

A third accident happens beyond this: a sailor falls overboard, and is drowned; and certainly, if a belief in ill omens had existed in any naval man on board, that which followed would have stamped it as prophetic. On a sudden, while the sun is "setting with even more than its usual brilliancy, and leaving its path marked with streaks of gold,

"A bird hovered over our heads, and suddenly alighted on our taffrail: it was one of 'Mother Cary's chickens,' which by mariners are considered as harbingers of ill, and generally of a furious storm. At a warning of this kind I did not then feel disposed to take alarm; but there were other warnings not to be slighted—the horizon to the east presented the extraordinary appearance of a black cloud in the shape of a bow, with its convex towards the sea, and which kept its singular shape and position unchanged, until nightfall. For the period too of twenty minutes after the setting of the sun, the clouds to the north-west continued of the colour of blood: but that which most attracted our observation was, to us, a remarkable phenomenon—the sea immediately around us, and as far as the eye could discern by the light of the moon, appeared, for about forty minutes, of a perfectly milk white. We were visited by two more chickens of Mother Cary, both of which

sought refuge, with our first visitor, on the mainmast. We sounded, but found no bottom at a hundred fathoms: a bucket of the water was then drawn up, the surface of which was apparently covered with innumerable sparks of fire—an effect said to be caused by the animalculæ which abound in sea-water: it is at all times common, but the sparks are not in general so numerous, nor of such magnitude as were those which then presented themselves. The hand too, being dipped in the water, and immediately withdrawn, thousands of them would seem to adhere to it. A dismal hollow breeze, which, as the night drew on, howled through our rigging, and infused into us all a sombre, melancholy feeling, increased by gathering clouds, and the altogether portentous state of the atmosphere and elements, ushered in the first watch, which was to be kept by Thomson.

“About eight o’clock, loud claps of thunder, each in kind resembling a screech, or the blast of a trumpet, rather than the rumbling sound of thunder in Europe, burst over our heads, and were succeeded by vivid flashes of forked lightning. We now made every necessary preparation for a storm, by striking the top-gallant-masts, with their yards, close reefing the topsails and foresail, bending the storm-staysail, and battening down the main hatch, over which two tarpaulins were nailed, for the better preservation of the cargo. We observed innumerable shoals of fishes, the motions of which appeared to be more than usually vivid and redundant.

“At twelve o’clock, on my taking charge of the deck, the scene bore a character widely different from that which it presented but three hours before. We now sailed under close-reefed maintopsail, and foresail. The sea ran high; our bark laboured hard, and pitched desperately, and the waves lashed her sides with fury, and were evidently increasing in force and size. Over head nothing was to be seen but huge travelling clouds, called by sailors the ‘scud,’ which hurried onwards with the fleetness of the eagle in her flight. Now and then the moon, then in her second quarter, would shew her disc for an instant, but be quickly obscured; or a star of ‘paly’ light, peep out, and also disappear. The well was sounded, but the vessel did not yet make more water than what might be expected in such a sea; we however kept the pumps going at intervals, in order to prevent the cargo from sustaining damage. The wind now increased, and the waves rose higher: about two o’clock *a. m.* the weather maintopsail-sheet gave way; the sail then split to ribbons, and before we could clue it up, was completely blown away from the bolt-rope. The foresail was then furled, not without great difficulty, and imminent hazard to the seamen, the storm staysail alone withstanding the mighty wind, which seemed to gain strength every half-hour, while the sea, in frightful sublimity; towered to an incredible height, frequently making a complete breach over our deck.

“At four *a. m.* I was relieved by Thomson, who at daylight apprized me that the maintopmast was sprung, and that the gale was increasing. Scarcely had I gone on deck, when a tremendous sea struck us a little ‘abaft the beam,’ carrying every thing before it, and washing overboard hencoops, cables, water-casks, and indeed every moveable article on the deck. Thomson, almost by miracle, escaped being lost; but having, in common with the lascars, taken the precaution to lash a rope round his waist, we were able, by its means, to extricate him from danger; at the same time the vessel made an appalling lurch, lying down on her beam-ends, in which position she remained for the space of two minutes, when the maintopmast, followed by the foretopmast, went by the board, with a dreadful crash; she then righted; and we were all immediately engaged in going aloft, and with hatchets cutting away the wreck, each of us being lashed with a rope round the waist; ropes were also fastened across the deck, in parallel lines, to hold on by; for such was the violence of the vessel’s motion, that without such assistance it would have been impossible to stand. As for my Virginia, she was in her cot, hearing all that was going forward on deck,—sensible of her danger, and a prey to the apprehension of meeting a death similar to that of her prototype, and equally dreadful.

“A drizzling shower now came on, and having continued for some time, was at length succeeded by heavy rain, which having been converted into sleet, was carried in flakes swiftly along the tops of the towering mountains of sea; while the cold sensibly affected the already exhausted lascars, at once disinclining them from exertion, and incapacitating them from making any; some of them even sat down

like inanimate statues, with a fixed stare, and a deathlike hue upon their countenances: the most afflicting circumstance was, their being destitute of warm clothing, which they had neglected to provide themselves with, as they ought to have done, out of the four months' advance they received in Calcutta. All that I could spare was given to Thomson; but unable to endure the sight of their misery, I distributed among them many articles which I could ill spare,—sheets, shirts, and blankets; except one of the latter, which I had reserved as a provision against any further extreme of suffering which might yet await us. There was one poor lascar, a simple inoffensive youth, about nineteen, who was an object of the liveliest commiseration: he was nearly naked, and in that state had been continually drenched by the sea and rain, during the whole of the day and night; he was holding his hands up to heaven in a supplicating attitude, and shaking in an aguish fit; the tears fell in torrents down his cheeks, while he uttered his complaints in loud and piercing lamentations: unable, at last, to witness his misery any longer, I rushed down to my cabin—'Can you, Virginia, spare me this blanket, without feeling the cold too much yourself?—it is to save the life of a fellow-creature.'—'Yes, take it; but stay with me, or, under the horrors I feel, I shall die in this cabin, and alone. I know we must perish, and why not die together?' I entreated her to support herself with all the fortitude she could collect, urged the impossibility of my keeping her company, as every moment called for my assistance; and assuring her there was no real danger, I hurried on deck with the blanket, and wrapped the poor wretch in its folds. I thought he would have worshipped me.

This miserable condition needs but one circumstance to increase its distress: at one in the morning, on the fifth morning of the hurricane, it is found that there are five feet water in the hold.

"It was about four o'clock, on the fifth morning that I ventured into my cabin, to repose myself on my cot until daylight, more with the persuasion that my presence would inspire Virginia with fresh hopes, and, in consequence, better spirits, than that the storm had in the least abated, or that the peril had become less imminent. At six, Thomson, whom I had left in charge of the deck, aroused me by bawling, in a voice necessarily raised to the highest pitch, to make itself heard amidst the howling, or rather screaming of the elements—'Naufragus!' I instantly jumped up, without waiting any specific communication, and, on reaching the deck, found the pumps at work, and was informed that we had five feet water in the hold, and that the water was gaining upon us fast, notwithstanding the pumps had been kept constantly going.—'Well,' said Thomson, in a low tone, not to be heard by the crew, 'we'll do our best, as long as she floats, but that cannot now be much longer—it's all over with us, depend upon it!' There was no time for argument: the pumps were now the chief object of our attention; and Thomson and myself, with the secunnies, plied them incessantly, until we were ready to drop down with fatigue.

"In a short time we found that the water brought up by the pumps bore a brownish colour, and, on tasting it, that it was sweet; so that it was evident we were pumping up the sugar, which being contained in baskets, was but ill protected against water. Such is the fondness for life, that on the appearance of any sudden or immediate cause of dissolution, any consideration unconnected with the paramount one of preservation, is set at nought; thus, although I was sensible that my valuable cargo was momentarily diminishing, and my property wasting away, I then felt no disposition to regret my loss, the powers of my mind, and the affections of my heart, being all engaged on higher objects.

"Those lascars who could at all be brought to the pumps, were in so wretched and debilitated a state, as to require constant reliefs. For one day and two nights, except a few short intervals, Thomson and myself, with the secunnies, were at the pumps: at the end of that time, our hands were blistered to such a degree, that the skin having peeled off, the raw flesh appeared; our arms, thighs, and legs, were so dreadfully swelled, and our loins in such tormenting pain, as to make it impossible for us to continue the exertion, without suffering extreme agony; and nothing but the melancholy conviction that we must continue our labour, or perish, could possibly have sustained us under such hardships—hardships, however,

which we had the heartfelt satisfaction to find, were so far from being useless, that on perusing the sounding-rod, when pulled up from the well (which we did under feelings of extreme anxiety and eagerness), we were convinced that the water did not gain upon us. Our spirits, however, received no encouragement from the appearance of the elements; the clouds were black and frowning, and all around still bore a threatening appearance, the hurricane indeed having rather increased than in the slightest degree abated.

"The circumstance of our having on board so perishable and light a cargo as soft sugar, it is remarkable, was the very means of our preservation. Had it consisted of almost any other article, either of pepper or of dead wood, we must inevitably have perished. To have thrown overboard any heavy cargo, would, from the constant and heavy breaches which the sea made over us, have been impossible. Neither could the masts have been cut away, for the purpose of lightening the vessel, in consequence of the imbecile condition of the crew; a recourse to so hazardous a measure would, under our circumstances, most likely have proved the cause of our destruction. As it was, from constant pumping for three days, we found our vessel as light and buoyant as a cork, and, with the exception of the baskets in which the sugar had been stowed, as empty as when I first purchased her.

"Night approached, bringing with it additional horrors. The secunnies, who had hitherto borne their hardships with admirable fortitude, now began to droop, and to express a violent inclination for more rum, although as much had been given them as they could possibly bear; indeed, rum, with dough, half-baked, had formed their only sustenance during the whole period of our sufferings. As for the pumps, we were now so lightened, they did not require to be worked at all; but the greatest dread we laboured under was from the dangerous condition of the main and fore masts, that tottered to and fro, threatening to go by the board every minute. Before the hour of sunset, a large bird, called the albatross, with wings the length of four to five feet each, skimmed along the surface of the waves, close to and around us: this inspired the crew with hopes, as they supposed it to be a good omen. It remained hovering near our unfortunate wreck for some minutes, until it alighted on the waves, where it was seen riding perfectly at ease, and with the majesty of a fine large swan, now on the summit of a tremendous mountain of waters, and now in the ravines of a wide and deep abyss. At length darkness once more encompassed us around, and seemed to shut us out from even a ray of hope; the desponding few, whose senses were still left them, apparently felt with more acuteness than before, the desperation and horrors of their condition. At the hour of eight *p. m.* however, the wind suddenly changed from south-east to south-west, and soon appeared to be dying away. At this happy circumstance, whereby a prospect of deliverance from the very depths of despair was opened to us, the feelings manifested by the crew were as singular as they were various; some shouted for joy—some cried—others muttered prayers—while a few were still despondent, presenting wild and savage-looking features, and seeming to regret that the billows had not swallowed them up."

Life, however, is pretty nearly the only property with which the travellers do escape; and from this moment the tide of success appears to have deserted the bark of Naufragus. The toils and sufferings of his voyage bring on an attack of "deafness," from which he never recovers, and which unfits him for the sea; and the whole wreck of his vessel and cargo sells for a sum under 400*l.* In the mean time, "the trade to the East-Indies had been thrown open," and the high profits were not to be made, nor the high wages to be obtained, any longer. Freights had gone down from 24*l.*, 26*l.*, and 30*l.* per ton, to 19*l.*, 16*l.*, 12*l.*, and 7*l.*; and European sailors, being in plenty, were of course no longer in request. His fortunes after this are various, but never highly prosperous. For some time he resides in the interior of the country, at Chandernagore; and the account which he gives of the various scenes and wonders which he beheld here—the legends, creed, and ceremonies of the natives—is vivid and interesting; but our

limits compel us to pass it over. The story of his connexion with his false friend Dennison, too, though a painful one, is very simply and unaffectedly told; as well as the incident of his seeing the "apparition"—a delusion not at all wonderful (even supposing the appearance *not* to have been really the *living man* that it seemed to be, and *no* "apparition")—in the then inflamed and harassed condition of his mind; and as to which he may plead, at least, that he is not the first man of creditable intellect by many, who believes that he has seen a ghost; although some other men of creditable intellect may believe that the first believers may have been mistaken.

From Chandernagore, we proceed to Batavia—the "princely and luxuriant city," as the traveller calls it—but "the most unhealthy in the universe." The country seats about it are "superb"—the gardens "tastefully laid out"—the "roads are on a scale to astonish an European fresh from his native soil;" but—"a fever carries off a whole family in a morning, and they are buried in the evening." This is unlucky; and, moreover, those whom the fevers do not carry off are carried off by the tigers. In this new situation, as before, the author goes on to relate all that he heard, and describe all that he saw, easily and colloquially. Quitting the ship in which he sails, at the mouth of a river about two miles from the town of palaces and fevers,—

"On entering the river, a Javanese on horseback, who was waiting for us on its bank, threw us a rope, which being fastened to the bow of our boat, he trotted off, towing us along at a rapid rate, until we reached the city. I then landed, followed by a lascar, carrying my trunk, my thirty dollars being wrapped carefully in paper, and placed with extraordinary precaution in my pocket. The first human beings I beheld were European soldiers, and their appearance instantly warned me of the unhealthiness of the spot I had landed in. They looked more like skeletons than men:—each the 'grim tyrant' personified; and on the visage they bore a pale yellow tinge, which, together with the 'lack-lustre eye' sunk deep in the socket, gave them an appearance, absolutely appalling: I involuntarily shuddered at the sight of them, reflecting on the probability of my soon being in the same state. To these crawling emblems of death, however, I advanced, and requested to know the direction to a tavern. The vacant stare—the shrug of the shoulders—brought to mind the singular predicament which Goldsmith must have found himself on his arrival in Holland to teach the natives English, on discovering that he must first learn to speak Dutch.

"Onward, however, I advanced, until at length I beheld before me, to my infinite delight, a sign, 'The Dutchman's Head,' suspended in front of a splendid hotel; thither I bent my steps, and found the landlord seated in front of the house, and he invited me, (to my agreeable surprise in broken English), to 'volk in.' My primary object was to agree for my board; this was soon settled, at the rate of three dollars per day; a sum, however, which placed my little stock of cash in jeopardy of soon disappearing altogether. Having placed my trunk in a bedroom allotted to me, and discharged the lascar who carried it, I strolled into the billiard-room, the dining-room, and coffee-room, all of them on a scale of splendid magnificence, and full of Dutchmen, one Englishman only, besides myself, being in the hotel, and he, I understood, labouring under a derangement of intellect. Observing a number of Dutchmen standing in an ante-room, waiting for the welcome announcement of 'dinner,' I bent my steps thither, in the hope of meeting with one who could speak English; nor was I disappointed; a middle-aged military officer accosted me, and in broken English, inquired as to the then state of Europe; then spoke of Buonaparte, and informed me that he himself had fought and bled on the field of 'Vaterloo;' speaking of which, he observed—'De Duke of Vellington's army was all in confusion: de Duke was all in de wrong! and he would lose de battle, if von vary clever Hollander had not come in de vey, and told him vat to do; if it was not for dis man—dis very clever man,

Vanderbenholderstein, de Duke of Vellington would have lost every ting in de world ! At that instant dinner was announced, and I bent my steps towards the dining-room, marvelling greatly at the profound wisdom of the said *Vanderbenholderstein*, but still more that I had never before heard mention even of his name."

A tavern riot occurs here, which is laughably related ; but we like the quarrels of the little French landlord at Serampore, Monsieur Darlow, better :—

" This singular character was so very irascible, as to be continually fighting, chiefly with Englishmen. In one of his contests, which were usually pugilistic, he had the ill luck to lose his right eye, and in another, the whole of his front teeth ; but still he remained as untameable as the hyæna ; and seldom did he leave his billiard-room when any English officers were there, without having to endure the inconvenience of a temporary loss of his other eye. On these occasions he was not idle in his execrations of the '*diable Anglais* !' in which he indulged until his recovery was complete, when he would content himself by seizing the first opportunity of having another set-to, and, in all probability, a fresh beating. His disputes usually arose from espousing the cause of Napoleon, of whom he was an ardent admirer. To me, however, he was remarkably assiduous, from the circumstance of my having a French lady for my wife ; but not unfrequently would I find him beginning on his weak point—politics, and then Napoleon ; and when he did so, as I knew his real temperament so well from report, I did not feel at all disposed to argue the matter. When he found I did not dispute, or contradict his rhapsodies, he was in an ecstasy of joy ; and hugging me in his arms with all the fervour of a polar bear, declared—' I was, be Gar, de best Anglais dat he ever before see—a very proper Anglais ! and dat he would give me is leetel finger,' holding it up at the same time, ' vit all de pleasure in de world !' Telling him I did not require such abundant proofs of his regard as that which he proposed, but would prefer a bottle of his claret, he immediately ran down stairs, soon returning with one under each arm, and one in each hand ; the contents of which always proved so delicious, that I have sat enjoying myself very contentedly, while he began upon the achievements of Napoleon, the whole of which he used to rehearse from the beginning of his career, to the end, speaking very loud, in broken English, and with a volubility that produced an effect extremely ludicrous. To all his discourse I listened attentively, nodding occasionally a sort of affirmation, and with as much patience as if I had been in the hands of my hairdresser. At last, however, his wife supposing, from the noise he made, and guessing also from the subject of his dialogue, that he was going to fight, gently tapped at the door, and in a shrill tone of voice called out, *Monsieur D.* ! These mellifluous tones no sooner saluted the sensitive ear of Monsieur, than he started, paused, and turning suddenly pale, rose up ; and after apologizing for his abrupt departure, at the same time reminding me of the precise situation in which he left Napoleon, he glided quickly down stairs. I afterwards understood that he actually lived in constant terror of this lady (his wife), a little delicate Hindoo girl, and the only person in Serampore who could manage him. I was not sorry for having got rid of my troublesome companion ; but reserving what remained of the wine for another occasion, I retired to rest."

The cup, however, of the afflictions of Naufragus is not yet full. Failing in his expectations of employment at Batavia, he sails for Padang, where he arrives—as he had arrived at Pulo Penang, seven years before—with *one* dollar in his possession !—but, less fortunate now than on the former occasion, he brings one possession beyond his single coin along with him—the very *fever* which has struck him with so much horror in Batavia, and which in six weeks reduces him to the verge of the grave. To tell the story in his own words—he had found a friend, who was ready to assist him ; his situation had been considered and canvassed ; and the words of his patron were, " Cheer up, Naufragus ! *Nil desperandum*, and all may yet be well."

"I was about to reply, when a cold aguish fit set my teeth chattering. I found, too soon, it was the Batavia fever, the latent cause of which I had unconsciously brought with me from that pestilential place, and which had now broken out upon me. Endtfield instantly hired a bungalow, and procured me every requisite assistance; but, for the space of six weeks, I was totally unconscious of surrounding objects. The only sensation I was susceptible of, was that of burning with thirst, and being stretched on a mossy bank beneath a waterfall, gaping wide to catch a drop to cool my parched tongue,—but the tormenting liquid rolling down, turned aside, and still deceived me. My constitution got the better of the disease, and the first day I was able to walk, I attempted to reach the habitation of my friend Endtfield; but, on my way, a Malay horseman, at full speed, knocked me down, and galloping over me, continued his course. The natives flocked round, and assisted me with the feelings of true Samaritans; but so great was the injury I had sustained, that it was not until the expiration of another month, that I could again venture abroad, when my appearance exactly resembled that of the Europeans I had first seen on landing at Batavia."

At this point, the great length to which our review has gone compels us to quit Naufragus; who, after a series of disappointments and miseries, suddenly and unexpectedly acquires a competence—(not, he informs us, from any kindness on the part of his relations)—upon which he is content to live in England, and tempt fortune and the sea no more.

Whoever he is, and who he is, we don't at all know: he has written a very curious and interesting work—which, moreover, he very unpretendingly prints in one volume—while works of not a tithe of its value walk about the world in three. There are some errors in the descriptions which he gives of places and objects, and some statements he has taken too hastily upon trust; but the wonder rather is, in such a multiplicity of transactions as he records, that he should have kept his account so evenly as he has done. Our decided belief is, that the relation is a genuine one: there are facts contained in it which an author, making a book, would not have introduced; and some even which a man who was varnishing a real tale would perhaps have been inclined to suppress. Over a great deal of entertaining matter we have been obliged entirely to pass; but the accounts of the chase of the elephant and the tiger—of the impostures of the Indian magicians—of the marriage-ceremonies of the Hindoos—of the victims left to perish in the Hooghly—the tales of Kishen Doss—"The Story of the Skull"—"The Deaf Indians"—and "The Sailor of all Work"—with many other notices, to which want of space prevents our even referring, will be found acceptable to readers of all tastes and classes. On the whole, we consider the book to be one which, as it becomes known, will certainly be popular. It contains a great deal of information relative to India—mixed, as we have before observed, with some error, but never with offence—and always given in a style that pleases, because it is easy and unpretending. It is a book particularly suited to be put into the hands of young persons; they will derive a great deal of instruction from it, and will be very nearly as much amused as in reading Robinson Crusoe.

VILLAGE SKETCHES:

No. VIII.

Our Maying.

As party produces party, and festival brings forth festival in higher life, so one scene of rural festivity is pretty sure to be followed by another. The boy's cricket-match at Whitsuntide, which was won most triumphantly by our parish, and luckily passed off without giving cause for a coroner's inquest, or indeed without injury of any sort, except the demolition of Amos Stokes's new straw-hat, the crown of which (Amos's head being fortunately at a distance), was fairly struck out by the cricket-ball; this match produced one between our eleven and the players of the neighbouring hamlet of Whitley; and being patronized by the young lord of the manor and several of the gentry round, and followed by jumping in sacks, riding donkey-races, grinning through horse-collars, and other diversions more renowned for their antiquity than their elegance, gave such general satisfaction, that it was resolved to hold a Maying in full form in Whitley-wood.

Now this wood of our's happens to be a common of twenty acres, with three trees on it, and the Maying was fixed to be held between hay-time and harvest; but "what's in a name?" Whitley-wood is a beautiful piece of green sward, surrounded on three sides by fields and farm-houses, and cottages, and woody uplands, and on the other by a fine park; and the May house was erected, and the May-games held in the beginning of July; the very season of leaves and roses, when the days are at the longest, and the weather at the finest, and the whole world is longing to get out of doors. Moreover, the whole festival was aided, not impeded, by the gentlemen amateurs, headed by that very genial person, our young lord of the manor; whilst the business part of the affair was confided to the well-known diligence, zeal, activity, and intelligence of that most popular of village landlords, mine host of the Rose. How could a Maying fail under such auspices? Every body expected more sunshine and more fun, more flowers and more laughing, than ever was known at a rustic merry-making—and really, considering the manner in which expectation had been raised, the quantity of disappointment has been astonishingly small.

Landlord Brown, the master of the revels, and our very good neighbour, is a portly, bustling man, of five-and-forty, or thereabout, with a hale, jovial visage, a merry eye, and pleasant smile, and a general air of good-fellowship. This last qualification, whilst it serves greatly to recommend his ale, is apt to mislead superficial observers, who generally account him a sort of slenderer Boniface, and imagine that, like that renowned hero of the spiggot, Master Brown eats, drinks, and sleeps on his own anno domini. They were never more mistaken in their lives; no soberer man than Master Brown within twenty miles! Except for the good of the house, he no more thinks of drinking beer, than a grocer of eating figs. To be sure when the jug lags he will take a hearty pull, first by way of example, and to set the good ale a going. But, in general, he trusts to subtler and more delicate modes of quickening its circulation. A good song, a good story, a merry jest, a hearty laugh, and a most winning habit of assentation; these are his implements. There is not a better companion, or a more judicious listener in the county. His pliability is asto-

nishing. He shall say yes to twenty different opinions on the same subject, within the hour; and so honest and cordial does his agreement seem, that no one of his customers, whether drunk or sober, ever dreams of doubting his sincerity. The hottest conflict of politics never puzzled him: Whig or Tory, he was both, or either—"the happy Mercutio, that curses both houses." Add to this gift of conformity, a cheerful, easy temper, an alacrity of attention, a zealous desire to please, which gives to his duties, as a landlord, all the grace of hospitality, and a perpetual civility and kindness, even when he has nothing to gain by them; and no one can wonder at Master Brown's popularity.

After his good wife's death, this popularity began to extend itself in a remarkable manner amongst the females of the neighbourhood; smitten with his portly person, his smooth, oily manner, and a certain, soft, earnest whispering voice, which he generally assumes when addressing one of the fairer sex, and which seems to make his very "how d'ye do" confidential and complimentary. Moreover, it was thought that the good landlord was well to do in the world, and though Betsey and Letty were good little girls, quick, civil, and active, yet, poor things, what could such young girls know of a house like the Rose? All would go to rack and ruin without the eye of a mistress? Master Brown must look out for a wife. So thought the whole female world, and, apparently, Master Brown began to think so himself.

The first fair one to whom his attention was directed, was a rosy, pretty widow, a pastry-cook of the next town, who arrived in our village on a visit to her cousin, the baker, for the purpose of giving confectionary lessons to his wife. Nothing was ever so hot as that courtship. During the week that the lady of pie-crust staid, her lover almost lived in the oven. One would have thought that he was learning to make the cream-tarts without pepper, by which Bedreddin Hassan regained his state and his princess. It would be a most suitable match, as all the parish agreed; the widow, for as pretty as she was, and one shan't often see a pleasanter, open countenance, or a sweeter smile, being within ten years as old as her suitor, and having had two husbands already. A most proper and suitable match, said every body; and when our landlord carried her back to B. in his new-painted green cart, all the village agreed that they were gone to be married, and the ringers were just setting up a peal, when Master Brown returned alone, single, crest-fallen, dejected; the bells stopped of themselves, and we heard no more of the pretty pastry-cook. For three months after that rebuff, mine host, albeit not addicted to aversions, testified an equal dislike to women and bracelets, widows and plum-cake. Even poor Alice Taylor, whose travelling basket of lolly-pops and gingerbread he had whilome patronized, was forbidden the house; and not a bun or a biscuit could be had at the Rose, for love or money.

The fit, however, wore off in time; and he began again to follow the advice of his neighbours, and to look out for a wife, up street and down; whilst at each extremity a fair object presented herself, from neither of whom had he the slightest reason to dread a repetition of the repulse which he had experienced from the blooming widow. The down-street lady was a widow also, the portly, comely relit of our drunken village blacksmith, who, in spite of her joy at her first husband's death, and an old spite at mine host of the Rose, to whose good ale and good company she was wont to ascribe most of the observations of the deceased, began to

find her shop, her journeymen, and her eight children (six unruly obstreperous pickles of boys, and two tomboys of girls), rather more than a lone woman could manage, and to sigh for a help-mate to ease her of her cares; collect the boys at night, see the girls to school of a morning, break the large imps of running away to revels and fairs, and the smaller fry of birds'-nesting and orchard-robbing, and bear a part in the lectures and chastisements, which she deemed necessary to preserve the young rebels from the bad end which she predicted to them twenty times a day. Master Brown was the coadjutor on whom she had inwardly pitched; and, accordingly, she threw out broad hints to that effect, every time she encountered him, which, in the course of her search for boys and girls, who were sure to be missing at school-time and bed-time, happened pretty often; and Mr. Brown was far too gallant and too much in the habit of assenting to listen unmoved; for really the widow was a fine tall, comely woman; and the whispers, and smiles, and hand-pressings, when they happened to meet, were becoming very tender; and his admonitions and head-shakings, addressed to the young crew (who, nevertheless, all liked him) quite fatherly. This was his down-street flame.

The rival lady was Miss Lydia Day, the carpenter's sister, a slim, upright maiden, not remarkable for beauty, and not quite so young as she had been, who, on inheriting a small annuity from the mistress with whom she had spent the best of her days, retired to her native village to live on her means. A genteel, demure, quiet personage, was Miss Lydia Day; much addicted to snuff and green tea, and not averse from a little gentle scandal—for the rest, a good sort of woman, and *un très-bon parti* for Master Brown, who seemed to consider it a profitable speculation, and made love to her whenever she happened to come into his head, which, it must be confessed, was hardly so often as her merits and her annuity deserved. Loveless as he was, he had no lack of encouragement to complain of—for she “to hear would seriously incline,” and put on her best silk, and her best simper, and lighted up her faded complexion into something approaching to a blush, whenever he came to visit her. And this was Master Brown's up-street love.

So stood affairs at the Rose when the day of the Maying arrived; and the double flirtation, which, however dexterously managed, must have been, sometimes, one would think, rather inconvenient to the enamorado, proved on this occasion extremely useful. Both the fair ladies contributed her aid to the festival; Miss Lydia by tying up sentimental garlands for the May-house, and scolding the carpenters into diligence in the erection of the booths; the widow by giving her whole bevy of boys and girls a holiday, and turning them loose on the neighbourhood to collect flowers as they could. Very useful auxiliaries were these light foragers; they scoured the country far and near—irresistible mendicants! pardonable thieves! coming to no harm, poor children, except that little George got a black eye in tumbling from the top of an acacia tree at the park, and that Sam (he's a sad pickle & Sam!) narrowly escaped a horse-whipping from the head gardener at the hall, who detected a bonnet of his new rhododendron, the only plant in the county, forming the very crown and centre of the May-pole. Little harm did they do, poor children, with all their pilfery; and when they returned, covered with their flowery loads, like the May-day figure called “Jack of the Green,” they worked at the garlands and the May-houses, as none but children ever do work, putting all their young life and their untiring spirit of noise and motion into their

pleasant labour. Oh, the din of that building! Talk of the Tower of Babel! that was a quiet piece of masonry compared to the May-house of Whitley Wood, with its walls of leaves and flowers—and its canvass booths at either end for refreshments and musicians. Never was known more joyous note of preparation.

The morning rose more quietly—I had almost said more dully—and promised ill for the *fête*. The sky was gloomy, the wind cold, and the green filled as slowly as a balloon seems to do when one is watching it. The entertainments of the day were to begin with a cricket-match (two elevens to be chosen on the ground), and the wickets pitched at twelve o'clock precisely. Twelve o'clock came, but no cricketers—except, indeed, some two or three punctual and impatient gentlemen; one o'clock came, and brought no other reinforcement than two or three more of our young Etonians and Wyckhamites—less punctual than their precursors, but not a whit less impatient. Very provoking, certainly—but not very uncommon. Your country cricketer, the peasant, the mere rustic, does love, on these occasions, to keep his betters waiting, to shew his power; and when we consider that it is the one solitary opportunity in which importance can be felt and vanity gratified, we must acknowledge it to be perfectly in human nature that a few airs should be shewn. Accordingly, our best players held aloof. Tom Copes would not come to the ground; Joel Brown came, indeed, but would not play; Samuel Long coquetted—he would and he would not. Very provoking, certainly! Then two young farmers, a tall brother and a short, Hampshire men, cricketers born, whose good-humour and love of the game rendered them sure cards, had been compelled to go on business—the one, ten miles south—the other, fifteen north—that very morning. No playing without the Goddards! No sign of either of them on the B— road or the F—. Most intolerably provoking, beyond a doubt! Master Brown tried his best coaxing and his best double on the recusant players; but all in vain. In short, there was great danger of the match going off altogether; when, about two o'clock, Amos Stokes, who was there with the crown of his straw hat sewed in wrong side outward—new thatched, as it were—and who had been set to watch the B— highway, gave notice that something was coming as tall as the Maypole—which something turning out to be the long Goddard and his brother approaching at the same moment in the opposite direction, hope, gaiety, and good-humour revived again; and two elevens, including Amos and another urchin of his calibre, were formed on the spot.

I never saw a prettier match. The gentlemen, the Goddards, and the boys being equally divided, the strength and luck of the parties were so well balanced, that it produced quite a neck-and-neck race, won only by two notches. Amos was completely the hero of the day, standing out half of his side, and getting five notches at one hit. His side lost—but so many of his opponents gave him their ribbons (have not I said that Master Brown bestowed a set of ribbons?), that the straw hat was quite covered with purple trophies; and Amos, stalking about the ground, with a sly and awkward vanity, looked with his decorations like the sole conqueror—the Alexander or Napoleon of the day. The boy did not speak a word; but every now and then he displayed a set of huge white teeth in a grin of inexpressible delight. By far the happiest and proudest personage of that Maying was Amos Stokes.

By the time the cricket-match was over, the world began to be gay at

Whitley-wood. To Carts and gigs, and horses and carriages, and people of all sorts, arrived from all quarters; and, lastly, the "blessed sun himself" made his appearance, adding a triple lustre to the scene. Fiddlers, ballad-singers, cake-baskets—Punch—Master Frost, crying cherries—a Frenchman with dancing dogs—a Bavarian woman selling brooms—half-a-dozen stalls with fruit and frippery—and twenty noisy games of quoits, and bowls, and ninepins—boys throwing at boxes—girls playing at ball—gave to the assemblage the bustle, clatter, and gaiety of a Dutch fair, as one sees it in Teniers' pictures. Plenty of drinking and smoking on the green—plenty of eating in the booths: the gentlemen cricketers, at one end, dining off a round of beef, which made the table totter—the players, at the other, supping off a gammon of bacon—Amos Stokes crammed at both—and Landlord Brown passing and bustling every where with an activity that seemed to confer upon him the gift of ubiquity, assisted by the little light-footed maidens, his daughters, all smiles and curtsies, and by a pretty black-eyed young woman—name unknown—with whom, even in the midst of his hurry, he found time, as it seemed to me, for a little philandering. What would the widow and Miss Lydia have said? But they remained in happy ignorance—the one drinking tea in most decorous primness in a distant marquée, disliking to mingle with so mixed an assembly,—the other in full chase after the most unlucky of all her urchins, the boy called Sam, who had gotten into a *démêlé* with a showman, in consequence of mimicking the wooden gentleman Punch, and his wife Judy—thus, as the showman observed, bringing his exhibition into disrepute.

Meanwhile, the band struck up in the May-house, and the dance, after a little demur, was fairly set afloat—an honest English country dance—(there had been some danger of waltzing and quadrilling)—with ladies and gentlemen at the top, and country lads and lasses at the bottom; a pleasant mixture of cordial kindness on the one hand, and pleased respect on the other. It was droll though to see the beplumed and beflowered French hats, the silks and the furbelows sailing and rustling amidst the straw bonnets and cotton gowns of the humbler dancers; and not less so to catch a glimpse of the little lame clerk, shabbier than ever, peeping through the canvass opening of the booth, with a grin of ineffable delight over the shoulder of our vicar's pretty wife. Really, considering that Susan Green and Jem Tanner were standing together at that moment at the top of the set, so deeply engaged in making love that they forgot where they ought to begin, and that the little clerk must have seen them, I cannot help taking his grin for a favourable omen to those faithful lovers.

Well, the dance finished, the sun went down, and we departed. The Maying is over, the booths carried away, and the May-house demolished. Every thing has fallen into its old position, except the love affairs of Landlord Brown. The pretty lass with the black eyes, who first made her appearance at Whitley-wood, is actually staying at the Rose Inn, on a visit to his daughters; and the village talk goes that she is to be the mistress of that thriving hostelry, and the wife of its master; and both her rivals are jealous, after their several fashions—the widow in the tantrums, the maiden in the dumps. Nobody knows exactly who the black-eyed damsel may be,—but she's young, and pretty, and civil, and modest; and, without intending to depreciate the merits of either of her competitors, I cannot help thinking that our good neighbour has shewn his taste. M

THE CABINET NOVEL.

I.

TORY LAND.

TORY LAND used to be situate between fifty-one and fifty-two degrees of north latitude, and quoted its meridian from its own capital. It was a cheerful little island, with plenty of ships and seamen, which its best rulers took particular pains to encourage. I was born in it, and as I advanced in years, found (as may be supposed) that it was very thickly peopled by Tories, whence, indeed, the name originated. Yet, as far as relates to me, I am the last person who would desire a prominent place in the narratives which follow; and as the Duke of Wellington observed in the House of Lords, would never adventure myself at the head of affairs. But I am dragged in here to give a sort of identity to the place, and a colouring to the representations designed. This having done, *exeo*, like Wall, in the Midsummer Night's Dream—

"Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so,
And being done, thus Wall away doth go."

A few years ago, after the general riot which took place in Europe, for fear of a Corsican, who proposed to engross an infinitely larger share of the world than he was entitled to, there lived and flourished a most smooth and subtle minister. He was the very carnation of courts and drawing-rooms, and was wont to attend all the great meetings of those kings and emperors who were kind enough to point out the particular states which belonged to each of their contemporaries, and to suggest the most acceptable method of enjoying them—whether he was repaid merely by *bijouteries* for the pains he took in making his countrymen known to the most elevated and sanctified of the earth, or reaped a glorious harvest of applause from his fellow-citizens, cannot now be remembered; for, to hasten on, he had one day the misfortune to hurt his throat, by which he was laid aside, and soon forgotten. The Lord Wilderness was another great minister of the day. He was an exceedingly learned lawyer, but so irresolute, that he seldom came to a decision upon any subject. Sometimes, however, all the suitor's money would be in danger of evaporating, and this being duly manifested, might produce an occasional determination. An everlasting calculator, with a long Dutch name, formed another grand pillar of Tory Land: he had the care of the exchequer—a sort of sinecure by the way—but his mode of catering by ways and means, shewed him in the light of a very industrious leech.* The nominal chief of these great personages was a man who need not have lived so far back as the days of Chaucer, to have been in mortal peril, as a very wight and wizard. He and his disciples were for ever dwelling upon rents, values, population, and labour; and very zealous they were to afford the world a new science before they died. Well—things went on passing strangely, sometimes there was a cry for bread in the land, sometimes provisions were abundant; and then other people cried out, till accident brought a new actor on the stage, who was destined, on a sudden, to perform the principal character: yet he was no Tory-lander, though he was born in the Tory

* He was by far too witty a man, who denominated the process of raising government money—ways and means.

country; but he had such a cunning way with him, that his commonest household words would draw down thunders of approbation. One would think that his tongue had been tipped with silver, so brilliant was his fluency, and that it was anointed with honey, so sweet were his accents. This person, who had managed to make fourteen thousand pounds in Portugal in a year, more truly than will ever be made there again by one man, found himself adulated, homaged, and fawned upon by all ranks, insomuch that there went forth a serious apprehension lest the land should lose its name.

There was, moreover, a remarkably ticklish subject, which hindered the counsellors from being so unanimous as those could have wished who desired to hold their places in perpetuity; and according to the well-known language of the press, upon that matter, there was a division in the cabinet. . . . Before tailors made leather-breeches quite so strong as they do at present—some three or four hundred years ago it was—a few unfortunates, who declined agreeing with the religion of the times, were very improperly destroyed in Smithfield by fire; and it is not less remarkable than true, that the wisest ministers of Tory Land have ever had this lamentable conflagration before their eyes. The particular religionists who occasioned these burnings, were never since permitted to sit in the great councils of the kingdom; and whenever it was proposed to allow them that privilege, these *ignes fatui* were always remembered against them as keenly as though a new faggot pile was in the act of being kindled. The Right Honourable George Thundergust, the last minister spoken of, considered this a very unpleasant and unbecoming prejudice, so much so, that he felt an anxiety to undertake the chief toils of the government himself, in order to promote so laudable an undertaking. But as it had always been understood, that the minds of all the great officers were quite free upon this question, nothing decisive took place till a very serious illness overcame the chief counsellor, and then it was that the brittleness of the Tory cabinet became painfully manifest; indeed, it threatened to shiver in pieces, and then—"My native land—good night."

II.

"The Dog's a Whig."—JOHNSON.

GEORGE THUNDERGUST—*solus*.

Most fortunate!—let me congratulate myself:—but a very few years since and, my carriages and wine being sold, I was about to try a distant burning clime, where death, in the shape of cholera morbus, might ere long have blasted my condition. Now, to bask in the sunshine of royal favour, the joy of the people, the hope of my country—the thought is overpowering. That was a lucky whim which seized poor Derriton, when he pierced his artery; after that, they could'nt do any thing without me, nor can they now. And whatever the ignorant public or calumniating press may say, I have the merit of consistency. What? at the French Revolution did I not write that celebrated sapphic, the Knife Grinder. "Greedy Knife Grinder, whither dost thou wander?" And have I not always set my face against unsightly inroads on the constitution? Do I not denounce Parliamentary Reform? Do I not repel the ridiculous phantaisies of ballot and universal suffrage? I went to Portugal, and in the moment of her distress, I have moved the mighty legions of my country to her aid;

and I am right in my bold uncompromising policy. Have I coveted office? When that unfortunate exquisite woman was brought before a whole nation to bear her terrible ordeal, I acted as my heart dictated, and left my place upon it. But I was courted back again; that genius which gave me rank and estimation in my boyish days, among my beloved Etonian-co-mates, was the talisman which demanded and ensured my triumph. By that power I tame the fury of multitudes, repel the autocrat scorner, and delight the careless listener. Thus it is, that, well crammed, I discuss the more subtle questions of the state, whether they be on currencies, on trade, or on population. And now—but softly—true it is that I have promoted her ladyship's child, but these men of Tory Land—they dwell like fierce animals sternly and angrily in their dens—who shall root them out? It were far better to shew a mind to act in concert with them, and catch them tripping afterwards. Yet will I meet the business like a man, and yield the point, if they will content themselves to serve under me. Will they consent to that?—to obey me, who, by my single talent, have surmounted wealth, prejudice, and power? It will be seen.

[Allons GEORGE THUNDERGUST.]

III.

[From the Court Circular of No-Man's-Land, lately called Tory-Land.]

The Lord Wilderness visited Mr. Antipope yesterday.

The Right Hon. George Thundergust had an audience of a Great Personage yesterday, which lasted nearly an hour.

Sir Francis Burr, Mr. Sergeant Shufflebottom, and Mr. Ecarlat visited Mr. Thundergust on Tuesday.

Mr. Thundergust was seen riding in Jacobus Park yesterday morning as early as six o'clock.

Sir Thomas Leathers arrived in town yesterday.

LIES OF THE DAY.

"A lying press."—COBBETT.

It is rumoured that an order for an immense quantity of leather breeches has been given by many persons who are apprehensive of fire.

The Duke of Generales is certainly to be at the head of the Administration.

It is said that a certain Attorney General is to be Master of the Rolls.

Many persons are said to have declined great posts which have been offered to them.

IV.

———"Dux foemina facti."—VIRGIL.

———"Ehem!"—DR. PANGLOSS.

Scene—A Street.

Enter Two Gentlemen, meeting.

1st Gent.—Just from the west-end; and let me tell you that Thundergust is prime minister.

2nd Gent.—The talk in the city has been that the Marquis of Whig-chief was to be premier. For mine own part, I expected no less.

1st Gent.—You mean then what has happened; what can we do without the women?

2nd Gent.—And our country-women have shewn themselves very able of late, in their choice of governors.

1st Gent.—The other ministers go out now?

2nd Gent.—Surely they will serve under their new lord?

1st Gent.—You may take my word, they will do no such violence to themselves; their's is no policy for this day; and if they can distress Thundergust, they will do it. They differ *toto cælo* from the principles which actuate that great man.

2nd Gent.—Lord Wilderness will never resign, rely on it.

1st Gent.—I should not be surprised if he did.

2nd Gent.—Impossible! But see who runs this way!

Enter a Third Gentleman.

3rd Gent.—Well, my friends, they have all turned out.

2nd Gent.—What, all the cabinet?

3rd Gent.—All, except two or three, and contrary to the wishes of the highest individual of the realm.

1st Gent.—Whatever difference of feeling they may have on certain subjects, I think it is rather too bad to desert their colleague at this very perilous time. But come, let us adjourn to the restaurateur, and talk the matter over.

V.

CORRESPONDENCE IN HIGH LIFE.

No. 1.

My Dearest Duke of Generales: *April —, 18—.*

It has been the pleasure of the greatest Personage whom we know to entrust me with the care of forming an administration upon the ancient understanding, unworthy as I am of such unbounded confidence. For your pre-eminent talents and singular judgment I entertain a respect, which induces me without delay to supplicate very earnestly that you will continue to assist the crown with your great abilities.

I remain, my dear Duke,

Your very faithful servant,

GEORGE THUNDERGUST.

No. 2.

My Dear Mr. Thundergust:

The wonder and admiration which your predominant attainments have excited cannot be justly depicted; you are, in fact, the eighth marvel of the world, if your eloquence, your address, your classic learning be weighed for an instant. I am not surprised at the high distinction which has been assigned you of forming an administration upon the ancient understanding; but before I give my final decision, may I be permitted to inquire the name of the chief cabinet minister?

I remain, my dear Thundergust,

Your's, very faithfully,

GENERALES.

No. 3.

My dear Duke of Generales:

I most ardently hope, from the attachment which all your colleagues bear towards you, that your determination will be favourable to the request

which has been made. It is not, however, the intention of the great individual I alluded to in my last note to depart from the usual course pursued upon these occasions.

I am the person upon whom the choice has fallen—quite undeserving as I necessarily must be of so high a promotion—and

I remain, my dear Duke,

Your's, very faithfully,

GEORGE THUNDERGUST.

No. 4.

My dear Mr. Thundergust,

Although all who know your surprising powers must almost worship their fortunate possessor, yet, as I am quite assured that the political objects you intend patronising are quite incompatible with the career I have proposed myself, I must decline to act with you upon any occasion; and I sincerely regret my inability to benefit my country, or oblige my Sovereign in this respect.

I remain, dear Mr. Thundergust,

Very faithfully your's,

GENERALES.

VI.

THE SOIRÉE.

"A—a—a—Sir Michael," said Richard L'Elegant, of Mount's Cottage, at my Lady Cunningtongue's party—"a—who is our new premier, that is to say, a—what is he? any body we know?"—"Why," returned the person to whom this was addressed, "every body knows George Thundergust." "The son of a wine merchant"—"Oh!"—"They made out Wolsey to be the son of a butcher, and Thomas Cromwell a descendant of the same trade, with much the like veracity," said an elderly man, who happened to overhear, and thought it becoming to take up the conversation.—He then passed on—"Who is that?" inquired L'Elegant, of his *tête-à-tête* acquaintance.—"I don't know," was the answer.—"A—he looks like a man who never opened a general post letter in his life—ha!"—"But, L'Elegant—the premier—he is a connection of the Duke of Oporto; I was a schoolfellow of his eldest son, the poor man who died; and he told me that his uncle, Thundergust, would, most assuredly, be at the head of every thing, and this was five and twenty years ago."

"A charming person that Thundergust, upon my soul; my dear," said the Countess St. Elio to Lady Laura, "the soul and saviour of the country, beyond a doubt."—"Poor Lord Wilderness!" returned the Lady Laura; "Poor jackanapes, my dear; hear what my Lady Cunningtongue will say of him." At these words a most reverend person near uttered a very deep sigh.—"Aye, there now—there is a—fellow preaching about learning and integrity."—"If—a—what is that?" said L'Elegant, who had lounged to the spot—"Nothing that we have any concern with, Marplot," returned the lady, and she flirted off.

"He must be kept up to the mark," said a dignified woman, in a half whisper, to a gentleman, with just sufficient jocosity to denote a grandee; "highly irritated you see, and circumbendibus no part of his family doctrine—very wrong of these big wigs to desert Rex—mind that, mind that."—"But I don't know whether we are right in going such lengths—the liberal policy of the country—the temper of the times"—and she touched the

nobleman's buttonhole.—“George is an inimitable person—a most shrewd clever being—[the Lord High Navigator was announced]—only these—people who are so hot about the poverty.”—“A few more gudgeons and —.”—“Hish! hish!—stupid—we're overheard.”—“No, we're no said the peer, with the most horrible consciousness, at the time, that the room was a whispering gallery.—“A—a—what is that,” said L'Elegant, strolling up.—“Then I'm sure all is safe,” said my lady, “or that busy fellow would have found it out.” He was soon rumped, and the evening stole away with much *éclat*.

VII.

GLEE.

“We'll all get drunk together.”—*Old Glee.*

Lord WILDERNESS, Mr. ANTIPOPE, &c. &c.

1.

Antipope.—The days have got too mellow
For us, my good Chancellor;
To wit, the lost umbrella!*
Sing heigh, sing ho, sing heigh.

CHORUS (*pointing to each other*).

You're a Tory fellow—
And you're a Tory fellow—
And you're a Tory fellow—
Sing, &c.

So we'll all go out together—
We'll all go out together—
We'll all go out together:
Sing, &c.

2.

Generales.—I wish some Colonello
Would mildly please to tell her
She'll kill the good Chancellor:
Sing, &c.
And you're a Tory fellow, &c.
So we'll all, &c.

3.

Antipope.—Blue's better now than yellow:
Generales.—I wish he was in —ll O!
Lord W. — I'll go roar and bellow;
Sing heigh, &c.
But you're a Tory fellow, &c.
And we'll all go out together, &c.

* The recovering one's umbrella from the officer of a certain great place is in a fair way of being deemed a breach of privilege.

VIII.

EXTRACTS FROM A SERMON,

Preached at St. Peter's Parish, by the Rev. DOMITIAN DRIBBLE, LL.D. F.R.S.A.S. S.A. L.S. H.S., Rector of Pillar-cum-Steeple; Vicar of Twaddle Town; Perpetual Curate of St. All Good; Evening Lecturer at St. Everlasting's, Old Road; Alternate Morning Preacher at Lazy Lazar House; Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl Capital; Member of all the Philosophical Societies at St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, Paris, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Brethren, I earnestly exhort you to give heed to my sayings. The pulpit is not a place for mere religious instruction: it is meet that we occasionally address you on the subjects of a good government and wise politics. We live in most dangerous and unknown times, amidst shoals and quicksands. We can scarce trust our nearest neighbour, or our dearest friend. But we have a constitution handed down to us by our ancestors, whose purity and excellence we ought ever to hold inviolate. Against innovation of any kind, my friends, let us hold up our hands. When the axe is once put to the tree, how know we but that it will fall—aye, and very suddenly? You have visionaries in your houses, in your parishes, in your country at large; they are of all men the most desperate, and most to be eschewed. Nay, but for the liberality of our church, I would scarcely say that they were within the protection of our sacred rites. My friends, beware of them. Let me not astonish you; but I tell you that the people whom it is proposed to introduce into our legislative assemblies are men to be suspected. I would almost look down to their feet, lest I kept company with a cloven emissary.

Think, my hearers, of that misfortune which has deprived us of our best and most established counsellors—how will not the sons of anarchy rejoice! Our land will become a Babel—each doing that which he thinks right in the wickedness of his heart. Already I see the encroaching papacy stamp upon our sacred shrines! Already I behold the Smithfield fires kindled—our most honoured pastors martyred—and our ecclesiastical liberty extinguished! Wretched, wretched day! You will have a petition left to-morrow in the vestry of your parish, against these rude removals of our ancient land-marks. Go, my brethren—go to a man—and sign your testimony, that the constitution of church and state, as by law established, may remain unimpaired.

IX.

DIALOGUE.

Mr. HODGE HOCK, and his Companion, JOHN OLD BULL.

Old B.—What are we going to sign, Hodge?

Hodge.—Dom if I know. Parson said as how we ought to sign; I'm no great scolard, neither.

Old B.—I won't sign what I don't know, if you won't.

Hodge.—Parson be angry, John. Howsomever, it is an odd fancy. I think our parson loves the loaves as well as any one; for he has got several plural—latities.

Old B.—Plural—latities! Um!

Hodge.—Ah, and he loves change too, when it comes to do him good; for d'ye mind how he bothered the vestry till they built him a new church in the parish, and then he got his son made parson on it.

Old B.—Ah, but what d'ye think of the ministry, Hodge?

Hodge.—What do I think of the ministry? Why, I think they be all pretty much alike. But what d'ye think of them rum letters in the *Observer*, between George Thundergust and the great Duke?

Old B.—What of them?

Hodge.—What of them! Why, if I didn't like my master, d'ye think I should go about with all that flummery, and make him believe as I'd like to serve him all the days of my life?

Old B.—Ah, ah! But that is the way, man, with them quality-folk. It is what they call genteel, d'ye see.

Hodge.—And what language they give each other at that great meeting there! I could talk as well as that—I can abuse as well as any o'em.

Old B.—Aye, that you can, Hodge—but that there's a way of doing that too, d'ye see.

Hodge.—Well, I shall never have such an opinion of them big gentry again.

Old B.—You forget *Jemmy Jumps's* song, Hodge—

“Sure an honour much greater no mortal can know,
Than receive from a prince both a word and a blow.”

Hodge.—That mought do well enow for the last century; but we know more now a vast deal. [They come to the Vestry.]

Churchwarden.—Come, gentlemen—come in and sign.

Hodge.—We've been a-thinking, your honour, as we won't sign anything as we doesn't know nothing about.

Churchwarden.—You rogue, I'll tell your rector what a pretty Protestant you are.

Hodge.—O Lord!—Sir—don't tell the rector. Give me the pen.

Churchwarden.—What's this? Oh! “Hodge Horlay—his mark.”—Very well—you may go about your business.

X.

DIALOGUE.

Chaplain POUNCE, and the Marquis of DERRITON.

Chaplain.—Your Lordship seems warm.

Marquis.—No man shall put me down—no living soul should dare to control my speech.

Chaplain.—I'm fearful that your Lordship's agitation may affect your health.

Marquis.—Tell me, doctor—now honestly—do you think I went too far?

Chaplain.—I confess, my Lord, your Lordship was rather warmer than usual; but it is a long time since Sacrament Sunday; and there are excuses for your Lordship's zeal and energies on behalf of your country.

Marquis.—Then you really believe, Pounce, that I said too much?

Chaplain.—Moderation, my Lord, is the lot of few. Perhaps, in your Lordship's case, it might have been even blameable; but not having been present, I cannot form any very accurate judgment.

Marquis.—Pounce, I hate your creamy, slipslop, flattering ways; I care for no man on earth; I shall give that living I talked to you about to Zachariah All-Lengths, I think.

Chaplain.—Pray, my Lord, don't be angry. I think the good of the country must justify any expression. Besides, your Lordship was not intemperate.

Marquis.—Yes, Mr. Pounce, I was intemperate; and I asked your opinion whether I was right or not.

Chaplain.—Why, my Lord, as far as Christian feeling is concerned—

Marquis.—Pshaw! Mr. Pounce! [Exit with some violence.]

XI.

SAPPHICS.

"Story—God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir."—*Knife-grinder.*

1.

Story—why bless you, I have one to tell, Sir,
Of ruined chiefs and cabinets deserted,
And of one George—*qui micat inter omnes**—
Actor of all work.

2.

Down, Tory down, thou minister dejected—
Sensitive, trifling baby of the last age!
People for change are clamorous, and eager
For a reformer.

3.

And beware you too, Protestant, my friend, who
Lord'st it in wealth, and pomp, and pride, and High Church;
May be you'll bend, and homage sadly pay th' Arch-
Bishop of All Souls.

4.

Johnny, d'ye think, you'll get a jolly change in
Parliament? Pray now, do ye really think so?
Principle—and virtue—are they all to thrive now?
John, you've a gullet!

5.

Fishes, and loaves, and novelties so tasty,
Kindle great zeal in such as are without them;
But let 'em eat, and see how easy all's for-
-got in a giffey.

6.

Counsellors take as many fees as ever;
Clergymen their tithes very smoothly finger.
Gentlemen, much joy of the New, I wish you,
Administration.

* *Micat inter omnes*—or My Cat—means eclipsing every body.

NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

THERE has been very little beyond "Domestic intelligence" for public curiosity to lay itself out upon, during the last month; and even that information has not been of a very decidedly original or interesting character. The lovers of the horrible have had a "Murder," at Huntingdon; but the scene lay over-far off; our London sympathy, as to "police" cases, seldom extends farther than the twelve miles limit of the two-penny post. And the action of Mrs. Scott against the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, revived the affair of Mrs. Bligh and Mr. Wellesley; but of that the people believed they knew all the *facts* before, and they never care to be troubled with the argument. Foreign news, and state affairs in general, have been hardly more lively. The letters from Portugal contain nothing but long explanations as to which of the royal asses in *that* country is entitled to the supreme rule—a matter about which the people of *this* country care entirely nothing. The treaty of the European powers with reference to Greece, has been published; but the people of Greece—like those of Ireland—have been so long in the habit of being ill used, that a sort of feeling rather obtains as if—it was "all right" that they should be so—or at least that they must be used to it. Some changes have taken place in our home administration; but they are not important, as they constitute no change from the principles of the newly adjusted system. And public questions generally are as completely lost sight of, until the next session of parliament, as if, until that period arrived, the country had no interest in them.

"*March*" of Impertinence.—Every soul that one meets with in society now-a-days, seems to be only intent upon perpetrating some coxcombry that has not yet been committed by other people! There is nothing on earth that Mr. and Mrs. Fig will not do—even to the parting with their precious money—to get the start in absurdity of Mr. and Mrs. Wick. Thus the last impertinence of making a mystery of "leap frog," and fetching "professors" from Switzerland and Germany to teach it—it is not enough to tack this folly, as a "science," to the education of boys, or "hobadehoys"—where, nevertheless, one would think it was sufficiently ridiculous? but the same precious mountebankery is trying to work its way into female schools, under the high sounding denomination of "Female Gymnastics," or "Calisthenics;" and we have an overflowing of at least half a dozen "treatises" in octavo, with tom-boy figures in mad attitudes, stuck in pictures in the front, assuring the world—*ex uno disce omnes*—we take that before us (the publication of "Signor Voarino") which is perhaps among the least absurd—that "*nine tenths* of the diseases under which females suffer are brought about by *want of exercise*"—that "*this is proved* by the superior health, &c. of females of the *labouring* classes, to whom *illness is comparatively unknown*"—that nothing is so common as to see, in the same family, "the *boys* ruddy, healthy, and vigorous, the *girls* pale, sickly, and languid," &c. &c.—together with an endless outpouring of more of the same sort of Bedlamite trash, extracted piece meal out of medical books, written for the circumstances that existed half a century ago, at a time when some mischief perhaps was done in the bringing up of young girls, by a superfluous devotion to the study of sewing samplers, and embroidering hearth rugs; but which devotion, with

many other of the whims and fancies of our grandfathers and grandmothers, has long since been out of date, and disused, and forgotten."

As regards the application of this foolery to boys' schools, perhaps it is not worth talking about. Those who think it necessary to pay for having their sons taught to turn head over heels, probably, if they did not employ their money in that way, would apply it to some other purpose equally useless—perhaps have "professors" to teach the "young gentlemen," after their small clothes had been put down in order that they should be whipped, the fittest and readiest manner of buttoning them up again. But the quackery of attempting to extend the same description of humbug to female schools, is mischievous as well as impertinent; and people who do happen to possess a single particle of brains, ought to resist it—in plainer terms, to kick it out of doors.

By what process, for example, it would be pleasant to know, did Signor Voarino discover—"That the *labouring* classes of society are superior in general health and bodily conformation to those of a more fortunate position in life?" Or how, supposing him to be even as guiltless of science as those who would listen to him must be of common sense—how is it that he has contrived to keep himself ignorant that the fact is directly *the reverse*? and that any thing like "labour," or violent exertion—more especially when resorted to *at an early age*—tends directly to the deformity and distortion of the human frame, rather than to its improvement? One would think there was nobody that walked about the streets of town with his eyes open could fail to have perceived, that almost every species of labour, and *every* species in which *children* are employed—produces, instead of improvement, its peculiar and distinctive deformity. That bakers are knock-kneed; butchers round-shouldered; post boys diminutive; chimney sweepers (who begin their exertions the youngest) crooked and dislocated in every limb, almost without an exception; and the tumblers and jugglers, who perform feats of activity at shews and fairs, the most rickety and unhealthy people in the community. The labour which females perform, being of a more varied character, does less mischief; while the garb which they wear, prevents any deformity of shape from being so readily perceived; but where is it that we find handsome limbs or well formed figures among the females who live by hard labour?—or who in his senses, in this country, or, as a result of bodily labour, in any country, would think of looking for such a thing?

But the best answer, as far as science is concerned, to this description of rubbish, appears in Mr. Shaw's paper [the surgeon of Middlesex Hospital] on "Gymnastics," published in the last number of the *Quarterly Journal of Science and Literature*; and as the essay (which is of considerable length) has abundant entertainment as well as instruction to secure, from whoever once takes it up, an entire reading for itself, we shall venture to fortify ourselves with a few paragraphs from its pages.

Mr. Shaw begins his argument by a reference to the known effect of early exertion upon labouring animals.

"The bad effects of working a young horse too early, and so as to call for occasional violent exertion, are so generally known, that a valuable animal is seldom put to a trial of its powers before it has attained *its full growth*. But *children*, and especially those of the poor, are often put upon tasks beyond their natural powers; and the *bad consequences* are soon apparent; for children who are thus treated, seldom grow up vigorously, but are *stinted in their growth*, and often

have some *bodily defect*, or the elasticity and tone of their muscles are lost, long before the period at which they would have attained their full strength."

In Portugal and Spain, where the lower classes of people are compelled to work their ponies and mules very early, and the load is not drawn, but carried upon the back, the animal is constantly seen walking with the back of the fetlock joint almost resting upon the ground.

"When muscles are *gradually* increased in strength, the ligaments become strong in proportion; but the ligaments are as likely to be *hurt* from the muscles being *suddenly* called into violent action, and at an early age, as by any accidental twist or strain. They are in this way liable to become *spongy* and *relaxed*, so as to produce *weakness*, or a condition similar to the joints of a young horse which has been galloped hard, or obliged to take great leaps, before he has acquired his full strength. Indeed there is much resemblance in the condition of a joint with the ligaments strained, to that of a horse which is broken down or hard galloped. Small bunyons or ganglions, which are similar to what the farrier calls wind-galls, are sometimes found about the ankle joints of delicate girls, who have over exerted themselves in dancing."

We have seen the same affection upon the wrists of girls, who were the pupils of professional musicians, and passed a great portion of their time in practising the piano-forte.

"If any exercise, however good, be continued for a long time, and regularly repeated while a young person is growing, certain ligaments may become *unnaturally lengthened and elastic*. As for example, we may observe, that in the bolero dance upon the stage, some of the performers can nearly touch the floor with the inner ankle, which no person with a fine and strongly formed ankle can do.

"The ligaments of the foot, and especially the lateral ligaments of the ankle, become so *unnaturally long*, that the foot may be turned in every direction as easily as the hand. The bad consequences resulting from this looseness of the joints, do not appear when the performer is dancing, or strutting along the stage; but the effect is quite obvious when the dancers are walking in the street, for then, while attempting to walk naturally, they have a shuffling gait. This is particularly the case with *old dancers* who have retired from the stage; for the muscles having by disuse lost their tone, the bad effects of lengthening and straining the ligaments are then distinctly marked. Indeed these evils are not confined to a peculiarity of gait, for the feet of almost every opera dancer are *deformed*; and even some of the dancers, while in full vigour and most admired, are actually *lame*. This seems a bold assertion; but, if a high instep be important to a well-formed foot, these dancers' feet are deformed; for, with few exceptions, they are quite *flat*; and that they are lame cannot be denied, as they have, almost all, a *halt* in their gait."

We rather doubt whether the disposition which the ancles of girls have (too generally) to bend inwards, does not often proceed from a less violent operation of the same cause. But the fact is, that all the lament about a "want of exertion," and "superior advantage of labour—as females are educated now—is miserable nonsense: the milliner's girls of London, who sew muslin for fourteen hours a day, in shops and back rooms, are pretty nearly the finest women in Europe; and the girls who work at farming labour in the country—both here and in France—notwithstanding the superiority of the atmosphere in which they live—are uniformly among the homeliest and the most clumsy. And, even assuming a greater quantity of exercise to be desirable than girls at school actually take,—where is the necessity for making the taking exercise a "science?" Where is

the value of such senseless gibberish as what here follows—even after we admit that it is beneficial that a girl should run upon a grass plat?

“FIRST EXERCISE.—*Movements of the Arms.*—At the word ATTENTION, the pupil must lay the *left hand* on the *chest*, the thumb and fore finger *spread*, and the three others *shut*; the *right arm* is to be turned *behind the back*; she must afterwards bring it in *front*, and extend it at the height of the shoulder; then turn it behind again, changing hands, the *right* on the *chest*, and the *left arm* is to perform the same movement as the *right*; she must do the same with the right and left alternately, and lastly with both together!”

What human creature can discover any meaning or utility in this, or in the trash that follows?

“TENTH EXERCISE.—*High Step complicated.*—The pupil placed with the heels on a line, the body erect, and the arms a-kimbo, must execute this by *hopping* twice on the toes of the *left foot*, raising the *right leg sideways* as high as possible; then *hopping* twice on the *right foot*, raising the *left leg* in the same manner, she must bring the heels on a line; the same is to be done by raising the *right leg forward* and the *left behind*; and by a *double hop* change legs, bringing the *left before* and the *right behind*; then return to the *walking pace*. This exercise is to be performed *without stopping*!”

With a hundred and fifty pages more of mountebankery about—“Simple pace jumping”—“Forward and Backward”—“Skipping, and touching behind”—“Crossing legs in place”—“Zig-zag step”—“High step”—“Double step”—“Galloping pace”—and “Flying round!”

There can be no doubt that children, left to themselves, and with opportunity for exercise allowed to them, will always be inclined to take as much exercise as is necessary or advantageous for their health; but the fact is, that the whole system of our “Female Boarding School” education—excepting that followed in the very highest class of establishments, which are about as one to twenty in the whole number—is of the very worst possible description. A wretched and insufficient stipend only is charged for the (*censé*) maintenance of the children, and for all the useful or necessary instruction which is to be afforded to them; the consequence being that they are ill fed, ill lodged, and their health, or moral guidance—except so far as consists, for the first, in their being dragged along the dusty streets or roads, in ranks, for what is called a “walk,” three times a week; and for the second, carried twice to church—they go and return, and that of course is all that can be desired—on a Sunday; and the subsistence of the mistress—for “subsistence” it is barely—she gets no profit—is made out of her per centage upon the teaching of a long list of useless and affected “accomplishments,” of which the nominal learners, notoriously, never acquire even the first rudiments, but which serve to extract some species of payment from the parents’ pockets which otherwise could not be obtained—by setting up their vanity and insolence in opposition to their avarice and rapacity.

Here is, for example—“At Birch Grove”—crammed among the soap manufactories at Clerkenwell—or among the new buildings, where not a breath of air is to be obtained since the “improvements,” were made, in the Regent’s Park—“a limited number of young ladies are received”—who are “boarded, and instructed in English, writing, arithmetic, and needle-work, for *twenty-two guineas* per annum!” Here is all that the creatures need learn, and a great deal more than, properly and completely, they do learn, offered, with maintenance and lodging—to “young ladies,”

for a little more than half the charge per head that would give entertainment to an equal number of scullery-maids! And, directly afterwards, comes upon us a list of charges of double the same amount, for fopperies, of which the students never acquire half so much as a parrot gets of languages by living three months in Paris.—“Music, six guineas per annum!”—“Dancing, six guineas per annum!”—“French, six guineas per annum!”—“Drawing, six guineas per annum!” Here is more than the price of all the meat and drink, including the honest reading and writing, summed up already! And we have not got a word in yet about—“Italian, six guineas!”—“Use of the Globes” (Lord defend us!) six guineas!” or “Fancy works,” or “Elocution,” or “Singing,” or a hundred more enormities, which we absolutely have not paper to enumerate—not including the newest novelty of “Calisthenics!” with a note at the end of the advertisement, that “any young lady, the daughter of a butcher or tallow-chandler, will find an advantage in coming to learn all these fine things, as the parents will be dealt with to supply the establishment!”

“Good Christian women!” as *Duretete*, in the play, says,—Do forbear these absurdities!

The escape of the atrocious culprit, Sheen, upon “a point of form,” from the indictment for the murder of his infant child, has excited a good deal of discussion in the country, and some dissatisfaction. We think the dissatisfaction is unfounded. Sheen is acquitted, not on account of any verbal or technical error apparent in the pleadings in his case, but simply because there has been an omission on the part of his prosecutors to bring forward that evidence which was necessary to convict him. The culprit stands charged before the court with having killed a particular individual—A. B. This is the charge that he is brought into court to meet. If the evidence then does not shew that he *has* killed this individual A. B., that charge fails; we cannot convict the prisoner of having killed A. B., because we have evidence that he has killed Y. Z. This is the history of Sheen’s first indictment. The second falls to the ground; because, if it is to be supported, it must be supported by evidence which *might* have been tendered under the first; and because if it were competent to go on re-indicting a man, and adding fresh evidence, from time to time, for one and the same offence, that practice would speedily become an engine of the most atrocious oppression and tyranny.

Still it is a strange, and a horrible consideration, that a man known to be a murderer, and one of the most savage character, should be walking about at large—perfectly secure from molestation or punishment!

A curious instance, too, of the difference of feeling which prevails, as to the necessity for this extreme nicety of proof, where the question is not one of life and death, but of property only, appears in a case in the Court of Common Pleas a few days subsequent to the first trial of Sheen. A tobacconist in the Borough, being prosecuted under a particular act of parliament, for sending out a pound of segars without the payment of a stamp, pleaded that the statute spoke of “a pound of tobacco”—and therefore he was not guilty; for that the segars were *not* a pound of tobacco; every *segar* had a *straw* in it; so that the weight of tobacco was not equal to a pound. The judge in this cause, summed up against the dealer, and told the jury that a pound of segars must be taken to be a pound of tobacco; a *dictum* which seems a little

surprising; for certainly, to be taken to be so, they must have been taken to be what it was shewn that they were not. The jury, however, who probably had the nice distinction taken in Sheen's case immediately before their minds, refused this interpretation of his lordship, and acquitted the defendant.

The first volume of the French General Foy's posthumous work, the "History of the War in the Peninsula," from which we gave several extracts in our Magazine two Numbers back, has been published in the course of the last month, and will lead to some sharp recrimination between the "liberals" of the two countries. The General, who courted English society, and paid great attention, and seeming respect, to English institutions during his life, appears, in this book, published after his death, to have abused them most unsparingly. The whole work, however, it is but fair to admit, bears marks of having been written with extraordinary carelessness, as well as haste; and the author, over and over again, involves himself in wild assertions, and even self-contradictions, which the most moderate share of caution would have enabled him to avoid. For instance, in the latter part of his work, treating of the condition of Spain, and of the character of the Prince of Peace, the *same* page (page 396) contains the two following very irreconcilable paragraphs.

Speaking of the country, the general says:—

"Of all the great European nations, *Spain* is that in which there still exists the largest portion of those *morals and habits of private life*, which are the basis of public virtue."

This is the assertion. Now we will give the general's instance of the fact. He is describing the conduct of the "Prince of the Peace,"—who, in this most "moral" country, was already—to begin—the *avowed paramour of the queen*, and the *husband*, at the same time, of the *king's niece*, Maria Theresa de Bourbon. But, besides this, the author goes on telling us:—

"He *lived publicly* with Donna Peppa Tudo, by whom he had two children, and whom he made Countess of Castellapel. He married another of his mistresses to his *uncle*, a major in the army. Public report too, accused him of having before been privately wedded, and consequently of having *committed the crime of bigamy*, when he received the hand of a grand-daughter of Louis the XIVth.!!!"

And yet it is in the "most moral country of Europe," that, for a long term of years, this pleasant person was first minister! It is not that M. Foy could ever think, or mean to say, that in a country where any thing like free or moral feeling existed, such a man's power could have been tolerated for a week; but that he is habitually very careless of the effect, both of the terms and of the assertions which he uses.

A riotous sort of Masquerading festival, which was got up some days since in the King's Bench prison, and checked (upon symptoms of contumacy displayed by certain of the merry-makers) by the summary process of calling in "the aid of the military" on the part of the marshal, has set all the people that are confined in prisons throughout London, in arms about "the liberty of the subject!" Whether there was a necessity for having recourse to the aid of the military on this occasion—that is to say, whether the application of the civil power might not have been sufficient to accomplish the object desired—may, perhaps, be a subject for question; but, as regards the merits of the parties in the case who complain, we

take it to be quite clear that the keeper of a prison—subject, of course, to responsibility if he errs—so long as he continues in office, is entitled to implicit obedience from the parties in his custody; and it is equally clear that the power of the marshal, in the present case, was resisted and defied. There is no necessity for going at all into the merits or demerits of the merry-making in question. It might be—as it is said to have been—perfectly decent, and sober, and harmless; and if it was so, it was very unlike the revels which take place in prisons ingeneral, and those of the King's Bench in particular. But, at least, it appears to be agreed, that the marshal did not exercise his authority to put a stop to it very pettishly or hastily, for he did not interfere until the third day; and it is scarcely two months ago since the keeper of another debtors' gaol—Whitecross-street prison—was most severely and justly censured, for having *failed* to check a filthy and disgraceful riot—perfectly sober and regular, no doubt, in the view of all the parties concerned in it—but in which one prisoner, if our memory does not deceive us—an old and infirm man—probably not given to revelling—was so unfortunate as to lose his life.

This affair of the King's Bench, however, is over, and would scarcely be worth noticing, if it were not that it has elicited a great number of very pathetic protests and declaration from the inhabitants of various debtors' prisons in the metropolis, who are pleased to treat themselves as an extremely ill-used set of persons, in being subjected to confinement, and to suppose that the occasional condemnation which some writers and politicians have given to the system of imprisonment for debt, proceeds out of compassion for their sufferings, or at least, from a sympathy upon *their account*. Now this is a great mistake, and the sooner it were set right the better. Who the particular indebted gentlemen concerned, or damnified, in this late proceeding of Mr. Marshal Jones's are, we don't at all know; and, perhaps, it will leave us more at liberty, if we dismiss their personal claims entirely, and forbear to inquire. But the fact is that there is, in the situation of the great mass of persons who are imprisoned for debt—as in that of the majority of the parties to whom they are indebted—very little ground for sympathy on one side or the other; and the only object of those persons who have advocated the getting rid of the system of confinement for debt, has been to get rid of a system which produces evil, rather than advantage, to the *common welfare*.

The stock inhabitants of prisons, in general, however dignified by red slippers and laced coats, or adorned by mustachios and expertness in playing rackets, are—with exceptions of course, but with exceptions which are very few in number—the locusts or caterpillars of the commonwealth—people of idle and pilfering habits, and of depraved moral character. Mitigated as the law of imprisonment for debt now is in principle, and still more in practice, the cases must be very few in which an honest man can be compelled to remain in gaol. The Insolvent Court, and the bankrupt laws, afford the means of speedy and certain freedom to every debtor who is disposed to satisfy his creditors by giving up his property—or shewing that he has no property to give up—and whose course has been anything short of that of a professional swindler. No honest man, who has encountered misfortunes in trade, or whose carelessness out of trade (although reprehensibly) has led him merely to out-run his income, can be detained in prison. On the contrary, knaves who have incurred debts upon debts, which they knew they had no moral prospect—not the most

instant—of paying; an spendthrifts who become “traders,” or assume the title for a week, merely to be enabled to liberate themselves from their obligations by an act of bankruptcy; are set free, by course of law, every day. It is therefore, only those who either possess property, which they prefer enjoying in prison, to paying the obligations which they have contracted; or fellows whose constant course of life it is, to obtain the property of others by every means short of those which would place their lives in danger, and who are afraid to meet the inquiry of an Insolvent court, or the punishment that it would apportion—these are the only persons who can be placed under the necessity of spending any considerable length of time in the King’s Bench. That this should be the state of things, as regards the quality of the people who live in prisons, there can be no question; and the slightest examination will shew that it is the state. Let any one look at the locality called the “Rules of the Bench,” in St. George’s-fields, and say if there is a vicinity in London, in which vice, disorder, dirt, and idleness, and every quality that is contrary to usefulness and respectability in society, are so distinctly apparent. The people whom you meet in the “Rules” look like no other people in town. The quarter displays a strange mixture of the fopperies of Bond-street, with the filth and larcenous aspect of St. Giles’s; and, in point-of-fact, whether with reference to riot and brawl, or to common robbery and plunder, it is notorious that there is not a suburb about London after nightfall, so dangerous, to pass through.

It is not, therefore, that the punishment of imprisonment is very harshly or cruelly inflicted upon persons like these. Or perhaps that their confinement, or non-confinement—for the sake of the immediate parties concerned—is much worth caring about: for the fact is, that between the confiners and the confined—debtor and creditor—there is seldom a great deal of substantial justice (of justice in which the interests of *society* are concerned) to do. Three fourths of the debt—let the fact be inquired into—for which persons are now lying in the gaols of the King’s Bench, the Fleet, and Whitecross-street—will be found to be debt contracted, not for the *necessaries* of life, even although indulged in at a rate beyond that which the circumstances of the debtor would authorise, but for sheer impudent, vagabond luxuries and impertinences.—For articles of needless and often senseless cost—for the accounts of horse-dealers—tailors—coach-makers—hotel-keepers—wine-merchants—jewellers—and gun-makers—for commodities which the venders utter at a profit, with which the course of fair trade has no feeling in common, and the prices of which the law, in the ordinary course of its arrangements, will permit them to recover, but will not travel out of its way to assist them in doing so. A gun-maker, who sells a gun (to a fool) for sixty guineas, which should be sold for twenty—a tailor, or a toyman, who parts with his wares to noodles, whom he knows cannot pay for them, in the hope that some one else, who takes interest in the fate of the pinny, will; these dealers, generally, whose cupidity makes them sometimes run into traps, when they think they are only going to bait them, are a sort of persons whom justice will not arm with any extra violent authority for the recovery of their claims—although it may have very little sympathy for the fate of those who stand within the scope of their danger. But the view which politicians have taken—in some instances—has been this—The great mass of the people who want to *confine* debtors in our prisons, are worth considering very little; the debtors themselves

who are confined are not worth considering at all; but still it is inexpedient to uphold and continue a system which sets even two rogues constantly together by the ears; and ends always in leaving one of them rather more a useless, unproducing, burthensome, vicious, consuming canker upon the community than it found him.

If there were ten thousand prisoners confined in the various debtors' prisons of England, the whole list *would produce nothing*, and must be *maintained* by the labour and capital of *somebody*. A number of idle, and probably depraved persons are brought together, in a state of living, and society, which perfectly well suits their inclinations; to form an eyesore to good taste and judgment, and an ill example to all about them; and to be supported in idleness and merriment by the labour of *some* of the more industrious members of the community more industrious than themselves! Now this is wrong; and it is to get rid of this state of arrangement, which is wrong—and not at all to assist, or sympathise, with the generality of rogues who happen to be shut up in prisons—that some legislators have been desirous to abolish the practice entirely of imprisonment for debt.

Except so far as it may go to induce persons to pay their obligations, who would not otherwise be compelled to discharge them, although they possess the means, the practice is one which cannot operate beneficially for society. As a punishment for having contracted debts which the party cannot discharge, it is objectionable—not merely because it will operate unequally, but because, if it does operate, it must operate unfairly. It will press heavily upon the poor debtor, who has not money to purchase the “Rules of the Bench,” and the rest of the exemptions; and is a feather to the more fortunate rogue, who can levy contributions upon his friends, or who has plundered sufficiently to be able to carry into prison with him the means of alleviating its inconvenience.

How far it may be possible to devise any method which shall secure to the creditor—meritorious or otherwise—the same control over his debtor's property, under a new system, which he has now (slight as it is), by being enabled to lock up his person, it would occupy us at present too long to determine. But we have not a doubt that any act which at once took away the power of imprisonment for debt altogether, would be viewed with the *most* alarm by the *least* respectable part of society; and least of all, with satisfaction by the description of persons—careless or dishonest—who now make three in four of the inhabitants of our gaols; because it would cut off, or abate most materially, their chance of obtaining credit. In this view, therefore, we should be pleased to see an end to the system of imprisonment; but for any sympathy with the great mass of debtors, we cannot justly lay claim to it. We have heard persons talk of “the hardship of making a man suffer the same punishment for the *misfortune* of being in debt, that we inflict upon a felon!”—but certainly never without suspecting that the moral criminality of the debtor, is, at least ten times in twenty, the greater of the two. A poor wretch who, pressed by want, steals a piece of cloth from a mercer's counter—this man is treated as a felon, and (necessarily) transported for a term of years, or perhaps for life. A rogue who is not suffering under privation, but has sufficient means to command the outward semblance of wealth and respectability, lives in luxury, for which he knows he has not the means of paying; and, having used every description of fraud and misrepresentation, without the pale

which would bring him within the jurisdiction of the Old Bailey, speaks of himself as a hardly-used person by confinement, and talks of the "casualties from which no man is exempt!" The truth is, both parties have committed a robbery; but the last, by his position in society, has been able to do it *à meilleur marché*.

Prisoners, although faulty, should receive all such means of air and exercise as their confinement will admit; and in all those advantages our King's Bench prison—to say the least of it—is liberal. But gaols are not places for revels or masquerades; or at least not places in which any claim can be set up as a matter of right to the enjoyment of them; and the immunities afforded by the King's Bench prison, in particular, are stretched very far already; it will not be for the advantage of those who occupy it to provoke their discussion. For the necessity, in the late dispute, of calling in the military—that is a point, perhaps, as far as it goes, which may admit of doubt. But for the instant visitation of force, which the marshal applied to the persons of those who resisted his commands—it is necessary, that, in places to which men certainly are not sent for their merits, some ready and decisive means should be at hand of controlling the refractory.

Of all the qualities with which a traveller in foreign countries requires to be gifted, a temperament of extreme caution is unquestionably the most valuable. It saves a man's leading his readers into error very often, and sometimes it keeps him out of error himself. For example—of the importance of the endowment, by the want of it—all our late readers of books about South America, will be familiar with the *biscacho*; an animal about as large as a badger, which burrows in the vast plains of the Pampas, for the particular purpose, it should seem, of rendering the riding on horses back there, very especially difficult and unsafe. One recent voyager, however, Captain Andrews, seeing these creatures in such abundance, and never conceiving that they could exist for no end but to make holes for horses to get their feet into, was amazed at the stupidity of the natives, that they did not catch them to roast and eat. Being desirous, therefore, of some little variety at his table, in a country which afforded scarcely any flesh meat beyond lean beef, the captain determined to secure a *bon bouche* out of the neglected biscachos, and, with a good deal of trouble, obtained his wish.—

"With some difficulty (he says) after many trials in vain, by stealing behind trees and banks, I succeeded in killing one of these animals, which in size and weight was at least equivalent to a couple of our largest rabbits. The flesh was *delicious eating*! and would be highly esteemed in England, though *here* they turned up their noses disdainfully at it."

Now the captain's surprise at the disgust of South American noses to any dish that he found so delicate, may not, perhaps, be astonishing; but still the natives had a reason (of their own) it would appear, for the dislike;—or may have had—judging from a notice touching and concerning the murder of a courier, contained in the pages of Captain Andrews's cotemporary voyager among the Pampas, Captain Head. This last traveller came, in a remote locality, upon the bodies of two men who had been murdered by the "*salteadores*" or robbers—a courier and a postilion—and left, with their horses, which were also killed, and a dog that was with them, on the spot where they were destroyed. And he says, in the course of a rather impressive description of the scene—

"Close to us there was a well, into which the salteadores had thrown all the bodies—first the courier and postilion, then the dog, and then the horses. The carcasses" (they had been drawn again out of the well by some passing travellers) "lay before us. They were nearly eaten up by the eagles and *biscachas*. The dog had not been touched; he was a very large one," &c. &c.

South America is certainly a dangerous country for a stranger to indulge his gastronomic propensities in. This discovery of Captain Andrews's of the excellent fitness for a dinner service of the *biscacho*, was even more unlucky than the breakfast made in the same region by Mr. Miers—a particularly "delicious" one Mr. M. describes it—upon a quantity of delicate "*veal* sausages," which turned out to have been made out of part of an old mule.

Another "Gymnastic" disquisition—in the shape of a description of a "Gymnastic festival," held in imitation of "the Greeks and Romans," at the "Sir Hugh Middleton Tea Gardens," by Sadler's Wells—appears in the *Examiner* newspaper, of Sunday, the 22d instant. It is recorded that some of the "gymnasts" leaped most admirably with poles; clearing—(now God pardon this reporter)—twice their own height!" and that they were "*crowned*" by some "young ladies," "whose names the writer is not fortunate enough to be acquainted with," &c. &c.

Now, the only consolation we feel in this narrative, is that the evil, if it must happen, happens in good time and place. There has been a parliamentary commission on the state of the Lunatic asylums lately sitting, and the scene of action—Sadler's Wells—is not far from Hoxton and St. Luke's. But what a wonder it is that while we have people brought from foreign parts to teach us here in England, how to put one leg before the other—that so many other material branches of domestic education—such as combing our heads and blowing our noses, for instance—should go on being neglected! Surely the science of Shaving ought not to be left, as it is, to be acquired, absolutely and entirely, *au naturel*! What an opportunity is lost to some (that might be) instructor! and what advantage to the public which should learn! What lectures might not be delivered at a mechanic's institute, on the subject—say of weekly, or of third day shaving! And what heads of chapters might be made of it in a treatise—"Of opening the razor!" "of shutting it again!" "of stropping!" "of soap and water generally!" "of shaving by the straight stroke!" "of the diagonal stroke!" "of passing a pimple!" "of cutting, with the use of sticking-plaister!" Decidedly there ought to be a professorship of "shaving" in the Gower-street University.

The first effect of competition, in most trades, is to raise the quality of the articles produced, and to diminish the price. Very soon after, however, we begin to lower the quality—and the price—both together. The object of every man who wants to *sell*, is to keep down the *nominal* cost of what he offers. The degree to which this kind of delusion—no matter how coarse—operates with the multitude, might be deemed incredible, if we did not see people every day complaining that they have bought articles of *gold*, at a price under that which they know to be the worth of *silver*. In fact, there is a very general, though tacit agreement, as it were, running through society, to keep calling our guinea, a "guinea," even while both giver and receiver know perfectly well that it is clipped, and sweated down below twelve shillings. Our wine bottle is called a "quart:" and if it holds a pint and a half, it is a reasonably

good one. The size of the measures of ginger beer, soda water, &c.—trifling as the original cost of these compositions must be—has also been silently lowered by the dealers within the last year. And a correspondent of the *Times* takes notice—with great truth—of another little piece of jugglery—even the baskets called “pottles,” which the gardeners sell their fruit in, have been considerably reduced in capacity during the present summer. There is a semblance (more indeed than a reality) of petty fraud about this system, which is not pleasant. The style of France has more shew of fairness and liberality. Whatever the traveller pays for, he may pay highly for it, but he receives it in proportion. The waiter who pours out your *tasse de café* fills the saucer half full, as well as the cup; and the glass of *liqueur* is not merely brimmed to overflowing, but a certain quantity is always, and almost ostentatiously, spilled upon the plate to waste. But the guilt of “short measure,” we regret to say, has extended itself in England, even beyond the traders. We have seen Champagne glasses of late—and that in the houses of respectable persons—that were a shame to be drank out of!—That’s base! and shews a most pitiful economy in the host that uses it.

An unlucky Beginning.—A steam carriage upon a “new construction,” which has been long in preparation by two engineers, Messrs. Burstall and Hill, was considered a few days since entirely completed, and brought out (to destroy the “occupation” of hackney coach horses for ever), by way of experiment, opposite New Bedlam, in the Westminster Road. Unluckily, almost at the very moment that it was brought into the street, it blew up; tossed a boy who was riding it (the only passenger) into the air; wounded the engineer in the thigh; and slightly scalded an immense crowd of persons who, probably, having nothing better to do, were assembled to look at it. The name of *Burstall* seems almost ominous for a manufacturer of steam boilers: but the newspaper that notices this accident, adds that the projectors are “still sanguine of success.”

A party of liberal and wealthy individuals have set on foot a subscription for the relief of Mr. Haydon, the painter, who among other attributes of genius, unfortunately possesses that of being very much too careless and inattentive to his personal and pecuniary affairs. We have never agreed with Mr. Haydon that he has been an ill-used man, because the public did not buy his pictures; because we thought that the same remedy was open to him which belongs to other people—if the public did not like the ware which he produced, it was his business—if he wanted the money of the public—to produce some article which it should like. There has been a custom, however, and an honourable and a humane one, among those who can afford to themselves the luxury of benevolence, to look with an eye of excuse upon the eccentricities of talent; and Mr. Haydon is confined in a prison, with a numerous and helpless family dependent upon him for support.

“Doing” the Mosquitoes.—Mr. Cunningham, in his “letters from New South Wales,” says—

“The South-Sea islanders clear their cabins of mosquitoes at night in a very simple way. They dim the light of their lamp by holding a calabash over it, and walk two or three times slowly round the room with it in their hand. The mosquitoes collect quickly about the light, when the bearer thereof slips gently out of doors, puffs out the lamp, and jumps back into the apartment, shutting quickly the door after him, and leaving thus all the troublesome guests on the outside.”

Mutatis Mutandis.—Would it not be possible for persons troubled with fleas in hot weather in Europe, to get rid of their annoyance by some sort of process analogous to this? People who live in England—even those who live in Edinburgh, and in London—have no idea of the real horror of being bitten by fleas. We have been attacked in a Spanish *posada* in such force as to have been absolutely compelled—and in foul weather too—to evacuate the dwelling. We had a servant once, indeed, that took it upon his “corporal oath” that he felt himself bitten through the upper leather of a strong jack boot. The black ants, which swarm occasionally in the Spanish cottages and farm-houses, are desperate enemies to deal with; but these may be kept off by the precaution of placing the feet of the table or bench on which you sleep in pans or saucers of water; by which, as by a wet moat, the besieging army is kept off, or drowned. But this won’t do with the fleas, who leap—higher than the “gymnasts” of the *Examiner*—and without “poles”—coming literally, *per saltum*, to the attainment of their ravenous intent. In the long rooms, that have five or six beds in a row, they jump thirty feet at a time, from one victim to another. So that, if it were possible in any way to do any thing—suppose by getting a spaniel dog to the foot of one’s mattress for twenty minutes, and then suddenly turning him out?—We think the South Sea suggestion may be turned to some account, with consideration.

An ill name, or any thing that approaches to an ill name—when once we have it—sticks to a nation almost as inveterately as it does to an individual. We can’t go back to the time (it is so long since) past, nor see a prospect of its re-appearance in the future, when England was, or shall be, any thing but the country of bears, and France that of macaronies. General Foy, in the year 1826, after coolly narrating, as matters of course, ten thousand enormities daily committed by the French, characterizes the *English* as “cruel in their diversions;”—“devoted to the rude exercises which distinguished their barbarous ancestors;”—and “incapable of making any distinction between the huzza! with which they greet a commander in the field, and that which they utter when a boxer strikes a successful blow in the prize-ring. *En revanche*—taking the vengeance, however, a century beforehand—in the year 1745, a challenge, dated from Broughton’s Amphitheatre, and sent by that hero to a boxer of the name of Smallwood, adds the following sneer at the bottom of the bill of fare for the day.—“N. B. As this contest is likely to be rendered terrible with blood and bruises, all *Frenchmen* are desired to come *fortified with a proper quantity of hartshorn*.”

Returning a Civility.—The dispute which the *titles in partibus* raised between some of the French marshals and the German nobility, a short while back, seems to have been forgotten. But some writer, we recollect, at the time (we are not quite sure that it was not ourselves) advised the settling the difficulty by a series of counter creations, and that the continental powers—Austria, Prussia, and others—should create some of their chief generals “Duke of Paris”—“Prince of Versailles”—“Marquis of the Loire,” &c. &c. This course, indeed, it appears, or one analogous in principle to it, was actually taken once by a Spanish prince (of more humour than Spaniards are usually supposed to possess) by way of returning, (or quizzing) an honour conferred upon him by the Pope, who was the first great dispenser of titles in the clouds. “The Infant Don Sancho, son of Alfonzo

of Castille," says an old historian, "being in the year 1630, at Rome, Pope Boniface, by way of marking his estimation of the Prince's visit, and of his great qualities, created him "King of Egypt." The Infant was not aware of the compliment intended to be paid to him; and only learned it by hearing the sound of the trumpets, and of the populace shouting, when the heralds made the proclamation. Upon which, inquiring what was the reason of so much noise abroad, and being told that it was the order of the Pope, who had caused his Highness to be proclaimed "King of Egypt."—"Well, we must not be outdone in courtesy," he replied, turning to his own herald.—"Do you go forth, in return, and proclaim his Holiness, Caliph of Bagdad!"

A horrible mischance befell an actor at one of the smaller theatres of Paris, in the representation of a new melo-drama, in the course of the last week! The performer in question, though not destitute of intellect, is particularly unfortunate in his physiognomy; and he had to play the character of a *Sultan*, who in the course of the piece reads a letter, in which he finds the news of some great calamity. Unluckily, the author at this juncture had put into the mouth of the chief *Sultana*, who is present, and has to exhibit great sympathy for the trouble of her consort; the words—"Sire! vous changez de visage?" The words, addressed to any other man, would have been perfectly harmless; but to M. P.—, the personal application was irresistible; and—"Eh laissez le faire!" exclaimed, at the same moment, *two* wags from the pit. There was an end of all hopes for the author—as well as for the actor—of serious attention that night. * an old joke.

Convict Wit.—In the towns of Botany-bay, it may be supposed, from the nature of the population, that robberies are not unfrequent. There is *one* street, however, "Goulburn-street"—in the map of the town of Sidney, which is pointed out to strangers as "remarkable, from the fact, that no burglary ever was committed in it! Upon examination, the traveller is informed of the cause of this mystery—which is, that the street in question does not contain *any* houses: it being, like many streets in the towns of the colony, and of America—a street only in *anticipation*.

New books have been more lively than public events during the last month. Voyages and travels have poured in upon us in profusion, and some have been entertaining and instructive. General Foy's work—though not very flattering to English feelings—is, in many points, a spirited and an interesting production. Captain Andrews's *South America*—somewhat similar to that of Captain Head—is a book not without information. And Mr. Cunningham's "*Two Year's in New South Wales*," though the author states his facts (as it seems to us) sometimes upon rather slender authority, is the best book of general information that has been written upon that interesting country, and one which will be popular.

Equivocal Evidence.—Speaking of the extremely salubrious climate of New South Wales, and the advantages attending a settlement in different parts of it, Mr. Cunningham says—"No better proof can be given of the healthfulness of Bathurst, than that there was but one *natural* death in it up to the year 1826, in twelve years." Considering the peculiar circumstances of the locality, one feels it just *possible* that something more than the *healthfulness of Bathurst* may be wrapped up in the fact here stated. Indeed, it is a singular apparent disposition of events—if one were disposed to be superstitious—to fulfil a well-known, though not uni-

formly trusted proverb—that Mr. Cunningham, in two other places bears witness to the extraordinary freedom of the “government settlers” from ordinary hazards of bodily harm.—“No ship,” he says, “was ever yet lost that went out with convicts to New South Wales!” And again—“In four voyages,” he observes, “that he made, personally, he has carried out six hundred convicts, male and female, without ever losing (*by sickness*) a single individual!”

A curious admission, and one which, though it was unavoidable, will grate, we suspect, a good deal upon the ears of our scientific countrymen, was made a few days since at a meeting of the United Mexican Mining Company, held at the London Tavern. The Chairman of the Company declared, upon the authority of the last reports received from South America,—that the *superiority* which we expected our “English knowledge” to give us in mining affairs over the ignorance of the Mexicans, could no longer rationally be expected. That, in truth, there was scarcely any part of the business of mining in which we could materially improve upon the old South American system. That the mines of the Company were placed, now, in every case—as the best means of making them productive—under the guidance and administration of *native Mexicans*. And that the chief real advantage which the Company might look to possess over the people of the country, would lie—not in the superiority of English skill, but in the employment of English capital. It is something to have any point of advantage at all; but this is a terrible blow—to be convicted of not knowing more about what was fit and suitable in Mexico, than the Mexicans themselves!

A German newspaper contains a strange account—avouched with as much apparent accuracy almost as those which concerned the mermaids lately seen off our own coast, or the sea-serpent that visits the shores of America—of a conversion lately worked upon the morals of a famous robber, by a supernatural visitation in the forest of Wildeshausen. The hero of the tale, whose name is Conrad Braunsvelt, but who was better known by the cognomen of “The Woodsman,” was drinking one evening at a small inn on the borders of the forest of Wildeshausen, when a traveller, well mounted, and carrying a portmanteau on his horse behind him, came up by the road which runs from the direction of Hanover. The stranger, after inquiring if he could be accommodated with a bed, led his horse away to the stable, and in doing this, left his portmanteau upon a bench within the house—which Conrad immediately, as a preliminary measure, tried the weight of. He had just discovered that the valise was unusually heavy, when the return of the traveller compelled him to desist; but his curiosity, without any farther effort, was not long ungratified; for the stranger soon opened it before him, as it seemed, to take out some articles which were necessary for his use at night; and displayed in the process several large bags—larger almost than the machine would have seemed able to contain—which were evidently full of gold or silver money. The cupidity of Conrad was excited by this view, and he would gladly have at once secured the prize even at the hazard of a personal struggle with the stranger; but the people of the inn (according to his account afterwards) were such as would have expected a portion of the spoil. For this reason, although unwillingly, and trusting himself to sleep little, lest by any chance the prey should escape him, he abandoned his design of robbery, for that night; and on the next morning, having learned which way

the stranger travelled—for the latter exhibited no suspicions or apprehension of those about him, but spoke freely of his intended road, though he never mentioned any thing of the charge he carried—having ascertained this fact, he allowed the rider to depart, and after a short time, followed by a shorter track through the forest, which was practicable only to persons on foot, and which would enable him, had he even started later, easily to overtake the mounted traveller. Now, knowing that his nearer road saved, as has been noticed, full a league of ground, the “Woodsman” moved on slowly; and accounted that, when he reached the point at which they were to meet, he should still have some time to wait for the stranger; on emerging, however, into the high road, he found him to his surprise *already* approaching; and, what was still more extraordinary, mounted upon a *black* horse, when that on which he had left the inn, had certainly seemed to be a brown. The portmanteau, however, which was all that Conrad looked to, was still behind the traveller, and on he came riding as if nothing at all was the matter: the “Woodsman” never hung back, or staid to reflect, but levelled his rifle, and called upon him to “Stand and deliver,” or his next moment was his last. The traveller upon this pulled up his horse with an air of great coolness; and, looking upon Conrad, said something, which, as the robber since says, he verily believes was—“That he hoped he had not kept him *waiting*!”—or words to that purpose; but he was too busy at the time to pay much attention to discourse. “Do you know who it is you are going to rob though?” asked the stranger, addressing the “Woodsman,” directly. “Not I,” replied the latter, boldly: “but, if you were der Dyvel himself, descend from that horse, and deliver the bags of money that you have on you, or you shall die!” Upon this, the black rider said no more; but dismounted quietly, although he had pistols in his holsters; and Conrad, immediately taking the portmanteau from the horse’s back, was so eager to be sure of the contents, that he drew his knife, and cut the fastenings on the spot. In the meantime, the traveller might have fallen upon him unawares, and to advantage, but the “Woodsman” endeavoured to keep an eye upon him, while he went on forcing the valise open as well he could. At length the straps were all cut, and the robber thrust his hands in eagerly, making sure to find the bags which he had seen the preceding evening, for he had distinctly felt them from the outside. But, when he drew out his hands, there was in one only a *halter*, and in the other a piece of brass in the shape of a *gibbet*! And, at the same moment, a gripe was laid upon his arm; and a deep low voice, which seemed to be close beside him, pronounced the words—“*This shall be thy fate!*” When he turned round in horror and consternation, the horse, and the rider, and the portmanteau, all were gone; and he found himself within a few paces of the inn door which he had quitted in the morning, with the halter and the brass gibbet still remaining in his hand. The narrative states farther, that this horrible rencontre so affected Conrad Braunsvelt that he forthwith delivered himself up to the rangers of the forest, and was sent to Cassel to await the pleasure of the Grand Duke. He is now confined in an asylum for repentant criminals, desirous of being restored to society; and his miraculous warning is noted in the records of the institution.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

A History of the Right Hon. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; containing his Speeches in Parliament, Official Correspondence, &c.; by the Rev. Francis Thackeray, A. M. 2 vols. 4to.—Looking back upon the commanding talents of the Earl of Chatham as we do with deep respect, we scarcely think any farther details of his life were called for, even if farther details were really within our reach. But when, in fact, nothing farther seems obtainable, this new attempt, though his former biographers were but anonymous ones, or mere collectors of anecdotes, must appear to most persons quite superfluous. Though a successful minister, his reign was of short duration; and if his political life was a long one, his efforts were, by much the greater part, spent in opposing the measures of the crown; and such efforts, though never perhaps without their influence, leave behind them few permanent or tangible traces. Lord Chatham's best fame—at least his fame most generally recognized in our days—rests on his eloquent and perhaps unrivalled speeches; and they have been long collected and justly appreciated. All that the present writer has been able to add of novelty is his official correspondence with the French and Spanish ambassadors, and the governors and commanders in America. The narrative is, however, a very respectable one. The ability of the writer is pretty much of the same calibre with that of Mr. Archdeacon Coxe; and his books will very conveniently and properly range on the same shelf with Marlborough and Walpole.

The volumes before us contain all the printed speeches interwoven in the narrative. The reader will recollect that, in 1738, about three years after Mr. Pitt came into Parliament, the Commons forbade the publication of their debates. They continued, however, to be given in the periodicals of the day—the Gentleman's Magazine and the London—under anagrams and Roman names. Of these, many were written by Dr. Johnson, and might or might not have been heard by him. Anything like accuracy nobody will expect, who recollects the doctor's own declaration, that he was resolved the Whig-dogs should not have the best of it. The Whigs were then in power; and Mr. Pitt, though himself a Whig, yet acting at the time with Tories and Jacobites, had of course the benefit of the doctor's Tory resolution. From these trustworthy sources are again re-printed Mr. Pitt's speeches up to 1751, excepting the outlines of some from 1743 to 1745, preserved by the Hon.

M.M. New Series.—VOL. IV. No. 20.

P. Yorke. The speeches from 1751 to 1760 are taken from Horace Walpole's Memoirs; and very animated and characteristic sketches they are. The remainder—the most eloquent and most memorable—are extracted from the Parliamentary History, of which many appeared originally in Almon's Anecdotes of Lord Chatham's Life, and some were reported by the late Sir Philip Francis. Sir Philip's are by far the best; and by that standard has Mr. Thackeray corrected the phraseology of the rest, where it appeared to him too vulgar or too extravagant. Mr. Thackeray defends himself on the ground that he has done no more than "modern reporters do, who clothe the thoughts of the most inaccurate speaker in grammatical language."

To glance over Lord Chatham's career may bring upon ourselves the complaint we have just made of superfluity; but glances, brief as ours, are not without their use. They freshen the memory at a small expense: and by bringing together all into the narrowest compass, and condensing the several objects, facilitate comprehension and assist comparison; and thus pave the way for more correct judgments, and occasionally lead to new and useful deductions.—Allons! then.

He was born, in 1708, of a good but not an opulent family—educated at Eton—and resided at Oxford a short time without taking a degree. What became of him for some years after quitting Oxford, is not known. In 1735 he came into Parliament, representative of Old Sarum, by his brother's appointment, and immediately joined the ranks of Opposition. About the same time, he obtained a cornetcy in the Blues. His family connexions, which were very numerous, were all Whigs. Though Walpole was a Whig, and headed a Whig ministry, there were of course many disappointed persons of that party, and these were headed by the heir apparent. Mr. Pitt was groom of the chamber to the prince. His opposition to Walpole was not merely unceasing, but vehement and galling; and Walpole took the unmanly revenge of depriving him of his commission, which naturally infused a little venom in the after-struggle. On Walpole's unwilling retirement, Pitt was one of the most strenuous in urging an inquiry. He was one of the committee of secrecy, and even voted for the bill of indemnity to protect the witnesses against the fallen minister; because, says Mr. Thackeray, by way of palliation, "he believed the truth of the charges against the minister."

Against Walpole's successor, Lord Car-

teret, Pitt was equally violent; but when the Pelhams came in, we find him the silent approver, or the talking advocate, of the very measures which, under their predecessors, he had so loudly condemned. To what are we to attribute this change? To connexion, to be sure—not patriotism. The Pelhams were his friends; and soon after, in 1746, they made him paymaster of the forces. Mr. Thackeray labours hard, if not to disprove the inconsistency, at least to justify it. What are the charges?—First, his acquiescing in the continental measures—the Hanover politics—under the Pelhams, which he denounced under their predecessors. And what the defence? Why, Mr. Pelham, it seems, himself disapproved of the system, but was unable to prevent it. What better, then, could Mr. Pitt do than follow so experienced a guide?—The second charge was his anxiety—though none of its objects had been gained—to put an end to the war, into which he had been among the most eager to precipitate the nation. The justification is, that we were unable to enforce our claims, just as they were; and, therefore, it became a wise statesman to “advise peace.”—The third was his defence of an extended standing army; to which it might perhaps justly be said, that the peril into which the nation had been recently thrown by the invasion and rapid advance of the Pretender’s son, proved such an extension to be imperative. But the fact is, that Mr. Pitt was of an ardent and impetuous temperament, and of course often overshot his mark. In arguing a point, he did not always—or rather never—stop at the limit of cool propriety; and, therefore, all his life long he was exposing himself to the charge of verbal, and frequently of essential contradictions.

As paymaster of the forces, he was pure in his trust, and refused to soil his fingers with the dirty tricks of office. It had been usual—often to the injury of the public service—to keep £100,000 on hand, which sum was vested in government securities, and put into the paymaster’s pocket £3,000 or £4,000 a year; and, besides this, he received one-half per cent. upon subsidies. Of neither of these perquisites did Mr. Pitt avail himself; and subsidies were pretty frequent and considerable in his time.

On Pelham’s death great confusion followed. Pitt was personally offensive to the king, and gained nothing immediately by the changes. The Duke of Newcastle, Pelham’s brother, became chief; and Pitt, whose temper could not long brook the slight, quickly quarrelled with him, and lost the paymastership. Now followed a deadly struggle for superiority. Fox was in office, but with little influence; Newcastle’s government was unfortunate—the

loss of Minorca filled the nation with complaints. To escape the growing odium, Fox suddenly threw up, and endeavoured to effect a coalition with Pitt; but his overtures were treated with contempt. There was personal pique in this. Fox had once meanly disavowed to the king any communion with Pitt, and Pitt was not a man who could forget it. Besides, he knew Fox’s close connexion with the Duke of Cumberland, whose influence was overpowering; and he must thus be subordinate; and, at all events, he did not choose to owe anything to Fox. Thus deserted by Fox and his friends, Newcastle made an effort to unite again with Pitt; but with him also Pitt had his revenge to take, and he haughtily and peremptorily refused even to confer. The duke’s resignation followed; and, in November 1756, Mr. Pitt, with some of his friends, came in, in spite of the king, secretary of state.

But short was this his first triumph. He was surrounded by difficulties. He had neither the confidence of the crown, nor the friendship of many of its servants; nor had he always temper to conciliate, though his observance of the king was even servile; when unable to stand, he refused to be seated in the presence, and actually kneeled on a stool while receiving the king’s communications. Nothing, however, daunted him—neither the cruel torments of the gout, with which he was afflicted through the whole winter—nor the calumnies of Fox and Newcastle—nor the intrigues of his associates—nor the alienation of the king—nor the disastrous condition of public affairs. His first object was to provide for the security of America; and the measures he took were of the most active and decisive kind. But Germany was the main point; and he was often twitted with his German measures. Maria-Theresa considered her interests betrayed by England at the peace of Westphalia, and was now in alliance with France, and Prussia with England. The Duke of Cumberland’s influence was silently paramount. He was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces in Germany, and stipulated, on his departure, for the dismissal of Pitt. In April accordingly Pitt was dismissed, but only within three little months to return in undisputed triumph.

Never was minister more popular or perhaps more deservedly so. The new ministry was a coalition of Pitt, Newcastle, and Fox; but Pitt had at last got the upperhand of his rivals and foes, and he kept it for a time, though not without the full exertion of his might. His was the mastermind, and managed all: he even deprived the Admiralty (Lord Anson) of the correspondence.

But we must draw in our sketch. For

the next four years—the years of his glory—or at least till the accession of George III. and the ill-boding influence of Lord Bute, Pitt was the idol of the nation; but, by the end of 1761, he was no longer able to resist the overpowering weight of the favourite. He retired on a pension of 3,000*l.*, and a peerage for his wife. For a month or two, he was assailed with every species of virulence and malignity, and upbraided with the cry of pensioner and apostate; but the tide of public favour quickly began to flow again; and joining, soon after, in the mayor's procession, he was hailed by the people with the warmest tokens of affection and admiration, as the man who alone deserved the confidence of the nation, and could alone restore its renown on the Continent.

Lord Bute, in his turn, was soon compelled to quit the helm, but retained all his private influence. He invited Pitt to negotiate; and interviews and discussions with the king followed, which were, however, suddenly broken off; and the Bedford and Grenville ministry, under the secret auspices of Bute, was made up—quickly again to give way to the Rockingham. The Rockingham ministry proved unyielding and unaccommodating, and the favourite had no better resource at last than to suffer Mr. Pitt to come in on his own terms. This advantage—either resenting the treatment he had met with, or conscious of superior power and popularity—he did not use with much temper; he carried himself not only haughtily, but at times insolently; and consulting his caprices, or at least his predilections, more than his own power, or their merits, he filled his offices with a set of persons so utterly unconnected and uncongenial with each other, that even he, in his best strength, would never have been able to bind them together. He himself took the privy seal, with the title of Earl of Chatham. But his health utterly failed him, and his spirits sank within him—till, at last, he was compelled to send the king a verbal reply to a letter, that his majesty must seek advice elsewhere, for he was no longer able to give it.

The Grafton and North administrations followed in succession. Lord Chatham no more returned to office; but, on the recovery of better health, he resumed his parliamentary attendance, though with frequent interruptions from relapses till his death, and never was more eloquent, energetic, respected, and truly respectable. He took an active part against the Commons in the case of Wilkes, and condemned the ministry with all the severity of his invective for taxing America—making a very nice distinction, which could not hold, between legislating and taxing. He insisted upon the right of England to make

laws for her colonies, but not to impose taxes; and when the government charged the Americans with aiming at independence, he strenuously declared that, if it were so, he would strip the shirt from his back to oppose them. Yet when that independence in 1776 was actually proclaimed, he was their apologist, and an advocate for peace. But again, in 1778, when America was supported by France, we find him as resolute for prosecuting the war. This, indeed, was his last noble effort: he fainted in the house from exertion, and died a few weeks after.

The author's attempts to apologize for what he manifestly feels to be an alarming inconsistency in Lord Chatham's conduct, with regard to America, might very well have been spared. To the ministry who imposed the tax he was in opposition. That ministry taxed the unrepresented, and of course offered an obvious point of attack. The distinction he made between legislating and taxing was merely rhetorical—it served the purposes of debate; or, if we suppose him to have been convinced by his own distinction, we may conclude his sound sense soon detected the fallacy; and as to his language on the subject of independence, doubtless long before that independence was proclaimed, he felt it to be one thing to speak in anticipation of an event, and another when that event actually occurs. But when the colonies linked themselves with foreigners, they became national enemies; the honour and safety of the country were at stake, and they were at all events to be resisted.

Of the general execution of the biography, we have before spoken; and we may add, that, though there is little vigour of thought in the work, the tone is generally fair and moderate, and the language felicitous enough. Superfluous expressions of loyalty occur, and here and there, with excessive admiration of the Duke of Wellington, and, in the dedication, of Mr. Peel, who seems, in his estimate, at least equal to Lord Chatham; and now and then appear devout phrases, just to mark the writer's profession. Lord Chatham is said to have died with the resignation which is the peculiar characteristic of a christian—the mere language surely of habit, or of want of observation. A disposition frequently peeps out to give facts and opinions the full weight and advantage of his own authority. For instance, speaking of Chatham's quick eye, and speculating on his career had he pursued the profession of a soldier, he adds, in a note,—“*It is my opinion*, that no man who does not possess eminent quickness of sight is capable of becoming a perfect general.—History shews many errors of the most fatal description, which have resulted from a defect in this organ. Tallard from this

cause committed a tremendous oversight in the battle of Blenheim; and all men know that the eagle-eye of the Duke of Wellington has given great effect to his other astonishing military powers."

Personal Narrative of Travels in the United States and Canada in 1826, by Lieut. the Hon. Frederic Fitzgerald de Roos, R.N. 1827.—Mr. de Roos is a young man, a lieutenant in the navy. He was on the Halifax station in May 1826; and his "kind friend," Admiral Lake, gave him a month's leave of absence. What should he do with it? He hesitates between the Falls of Niagara, and a visit to the cities and dock-yards of the United States; and determines on the latter. He sails in a packet for New York, where he stays only one night, and pushes on, the next morning, for Washington, by Philadelphia, Baltimore, &c., making his way by stages and steam-boats. At Washington, his first point are the dock-yards—an area of about forty acres, and much of it unoccupied—and finds only two frigates on the slips, and a smaller vessel afloat; looks over the works, but the whole falls far below his expectations, after hearing so much of American superiority in naval matters; perambulates the town, and is amazed at American want of foresight—to build a metropolis in a spot possessing neither facilities for commerce, nor fertility for agriculture; canvasses the subjects which occupied Congress the previous session; and speculates on the probable duration of the republic. In the evening he goes to the French ambassador's tea-party—meets with a number of pretty women—does not like their drawl, but thinks they matched their European entertainers in dress, beauty, and conversation. The women of the southern states, he says, are generally pale; but this paleness is regarded by the possessors as a mark of high breeding. The manners of the highest classes he considers to be those of the middling classes of England; but, as he proceeds, particularly at Boston, the women improve upon him, not only in manners, but in beauty—he is quite a connoisseur in beauty—and ultimately he is more than half disposed to be pleased with the very drawl that at first so much offended him. Major Denham, we remember, got to admire the Jetty skins of the Africans, and more than once caught himself exclaiming, "What a charming girl!"

After babbling a little about the glorious capture of Washington, and our humbling the pride of America—and quoting a speech of some Indians then at Washington, soliciting from the President the restoration of some lands, and deprecating the institution of schools among them, on the ground that the Great Spirit never meant red men should read and write,

or they would have been before-hand with the whites—Mr. de Roos returns to Baltimore. This he thinks the prettiest town in the Union. The port is chiefly frequented by the French; and the ladies—he never forgets the ladies—consequently dress in the Parisian taste—or style, rather, we suppose. Here he dines at the same table with Mr. Carrol, the grandfather of the Marchioness of Wellesley, and now the sole survivor of those who signed the original deed of independence;—visits the docks, of course, where he sees a schooner building for the purpose of smuggling on the China coast, in which every thing was sacrificed to swiftness—the loveliest vessel he ever beheld. In the yards he meets with a builder, who had a book of drafts of all the fast-sailing schooners built at Baltimore, which had so much puzzled our cruisers, he says, during the war. "It was the very thing," he adds, "I wanted; but, after an hour spent in entreaty, I could not induce him to part with one leaf of the precious volume. Though provoked at his refusal, I could not help admiring the public spirit which dictated his conduct; for the offer I made him must have been tempting to a person in his station of life." Bless thee, Master de Roos! hast thou been told that honour and honesty are nowhere to be found but among the "honourable?"

Quitting Baltimore, on his return to New York, he stops at Philadelphia, where, in the docks, he sees the *Pennsylvania*, a three-decker, said by the Americans to be the largest vessel in the world. But the lieutenant believes her scantling to be very nearly the same as that of our *Nelson*. She mounts 135 guns. Speaking of the size of the American ships, he takes the opportunity of correcting an erroneous opinion very prevalent:—

The Americans (he says) call such ships as the *Pennsylvania* seventy-fours, which, at first sight, and to one unacquainted with the reason, bears the appearance of intentional deception. But this is explained by the peculiar wording of the Act of Congress, by which a fund was voted for the gradual increase of the American navy. In it the largest vessels were described as seventy-fours; but great latitude being allowed to the commissioners of the navy, they built them on a much more extended scale. The only official mode of registering these is as seventy-fours; but, for all purposes of comparison, they must be classed according to the guns which they actually carry; and in this light they are considered by all liberal Americans.

From the dock-yards he goes to the annual picture exhibition, and had an opportunity, he says, of judging of the American taste in that department of the fine arts.

But, alas! they have none—positively none! There were two or three works of the old masters, belonging to Joseph Bonaparte, and a picture of Napoleon crossing the Alps, by David; the rest

were wretched copies of the modern English historical school, diversified by a display of various portraits, one worse than the other, chiefly of florid citizens in white neckcloths, and coats with bright metal buttons. We were much surprised that so trumpery an exhibition should be an object of admiration in Philadelphia, which is one of the most polished and enlightened cities in the United States.

Arrived at New York, he was most hospitably received—staying there several days. If the men were rough and coarse, he found them also cordial, frank, and open; no liars, as they are represented; a little inquisitive perhaps, and sometimes impertinent. But the women were charming—so easy and natural—and their conversation and demeanour marked by the strictest propriety. His friends take him to the episcopal church—the fashionable place of worship—to shew him, he says, the principal inhabitants. Upon this he takes occasion to remark, with an “I am sorry to say,” that, in America, religion seems, as far as he has observed, to form but a secondary consideration.—The reader recollects how much the lieutenant has seen of America. When at New York, he could have been but *two* Sundays on shore.—“The laxity of their notions upon this subject,” he proceeds to say, “may perhaps be attributable to the circumstance, peculiar to the United States—that of their not having an established religion. One of the highest offices,” he adds, “is filled by an Unitarian; and so unlimited is religious toleration in this country, that all American citizens are eligible to that exalted station, whether Christian, Jew, or Mahometan.”—all which evidently does not square with his prepossessions; but his extreme youth may very well excuse this flippant and confident prattle.

Before leaving New York, he surveys the dock-yards, admires the Ohio carrying 102 guns, &c., and then discusses the state of the American navy generally. The sum of his doctrines, backed by the arguments of one Mr. Haliburton, an American, who had just written a pamphlet on the subject, is, that America can never become a great naval power—the chief reasons of which are, that she already finds a difficulty in manning her navy, and that, while the population increases, the line of coast cannot increase; and, besides, the new settlements are all remote from the coast, and foreign from naval habits.

From New York he embarks for Boston, furnished—to beguile the way—with a copy of “Woodstock,” which had been printed (he says), and sold, in forty-eight hours after the arrival of the English edition: the price was 3s. 3d. At Albany he got into a stage, which was to reach

Boston, 160 miles, in three days—a wretched vehicle, without springs; the roads rough—the passengers equally so—and accommodation, particularly for sleeping, abominable. Arrived at last, he was amply compensated for his miserable journey by the hospitality of the place, and the beauty of the ladies—the Lancashire witches of America;—rosy cheeks now come again—and dark eyes, we suppose.

From Boston he embarks in an English steam-packet for St. John’s, New Brunswick, and is happy to find himself once more under British colours; takes a peep at St. John’s; misses the packet, which crosses the Bay of Fundy to Windsor, in Nova Scotia; but gets a passage in a schooner, and narrowly escapes being wrecked. At Windsor he is delighted to meet with British customs again; and has his eggs and bacon by himself, snug, in a comfortable clean parlour—so different from the *tables d’hôte* of America. From Windsor he has but forty-five miles to go to Halifax, and here finishes his journey and leave of absence.

But now to see the luck of some men! He had debated between the dock-yards of America, and the Falls of Niagara. Had he chosen the Falls, he had probably never seen New York, Boston, or the ladies. Very soon after his return, in the course of service, he went up the St. Lawrence, in his Majesty’s ship Jupiter, as far as Quebec; from which place his “kind friend,” the admiral, made a party to the Falls, and in which he was included. Of these now well-known Falls, he has given an animated and distinct description. But we have no space to accompany him farther, and can only quote his account of what is called an ice-boat, which he saw on the shores of one of the Canada lakes:—

It is about twenty-three feet in length, resting on three skates; one attached to each end of a long cross-bar, fixed under the fore part; and the remaining one to the bottom of the rudder, which supports the stern of the vessel. Her mast and sail are similar to those of a common boat. Being placed on the ice when the lake is sufficiently frozen over, she is brought into play. Her properties are wonderful, and her motion is fearfully rapid. She can not only sail before the wind, but is actually capable of beating to windward. It requires an experienced hand to manage her, particularly in backing, as her extreme velocity renders the least motion of the rudder of the utmost consequence. A friend of mine, a lieutenant in the navy, assured me that he himself last year had gone a distance of twenty-three miles in an hour; and he knew an instance of an ice-boat having crossed from York to Fort Niagara (a distance of forty miles) in little more than three-quarters of an hour. This will be readily believed, when we reflect on the velocity which such a vessel must acquire when driven on skates before a gale of wind. These boats are necessarily peculiar to the lakes of Canada.

Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone, written by himself; comprising a complete Journal of his Negotiations to procure the Aid of the French for the Liberation of Ireland, with Selections from his Diary whilst Agent to the Irish Catholics, Edited by his son W. T. W. Tone. 2 vols. 8vo.; 1827.—Rebel and traitor as the failure of his attempts has stamped on the name of Tone, among Irishmen he has still all the merits and splendour of the victim of patriotism; and unquestionably the facts were these—the land of his birth was confessedly ill-governed, and three-fourths of his countrymen deprived of the rights of citizens; he attempted to rescue them from the galling thralldom; and perished in the enterprize. Before he entered upon the bold undertaking, he seized the opportunity of telling his own story. He had a right to do so; his family had the same right to publish it; and the story well deserves the attention of every considerate Englishman. Ireland is where she was—not worse governed perhaps, but certainly not better satisfied; similar causes produce similar effects, and Ireland is full of inflammable spirit.

Theobald Wolfe Tone was born in Dublin in the year 1763, the son of a coach-maker. Both father and mother were pretty much like other people, but they were the parents of four sons and a daughter, not one of whom, according to his account, were like other people—all of them possessed by a wild spirit of adventure, which, though it now and then governs an individual, rarely rules a whole family, women and all. Of the boys, two fell in asserting the independence of their country; another rose into command among the native powers of India, and the youngest, before he was sixteen, had voyaged twice to Portugal, and several times crossed the Atlantic; and the girl was the zealous promoter of Wolfe's most perilous resolves. Wolfe proving a sharp lad, his parents left no stone unturned to give him an education. Trinity College and a fellowship were in their eyes the summit of glory, and a fellow accordingly Theobald was to be made. He had a different bent; he had been dazzled by the reviews and parades of the park, and panted for a red-coat. To college, however, he was compelled to go, and in spite of sundry outbreaks, and frequent interruptions, he took his degree with some distinction; but unluckily disqualified for his fellowship, by marrying, just before his degree, a beautiful girl, without casting one thought apparently upon how they were to live. The friends of the young lady were quickly reconciled to what could not be remedied;

and he was despatched to London—to the Temple, to be Lord Chancellor in due time. The law, however, was his detestation. Without knowing any thing of the matter, he determined it to be an illiberal and intolerable pursuit. The crazy state of his finances besides, instead of rousing him to extraordinary exertion, disabled him. He could not control or concentrate his thoughts to dogged study, and nothing but dogged study he knew would make a lawyer. But though law books disgusted him, others seduced him; and were at once a source of amusement, and sometimes of profit. In the course of two years he actually made £50 by reviewing; and in conjunction with two friends wrote a burlesque novel, which nobody read.

While waiting for his "call" to the bar, a scheme suggested itself to his active mind for founding military colonies in the South Sea Islands, to put a bridle on Spain in time of peace, and to annoy her in time of war. He drew up a memorial of his plan for Mr. Pitt, and with his own hands presented it to the porter in Downing-street. Of this plan, however, nor of subsequent applications, did Mr. Pitt take any notice; and the disappointment in this Wolfe's first essay in politics, sunk deep in him; he made a sort of vow, that if ever he had the opportunity, he would make Mr. Pitt repent of the contumely; and recording the fact in his *Memoirs*, when he was contemplating the actual invasion of Ireland with a foreign force, he adds,—"fortune may yet enable me to fulfil that resolution."

At the end of two years he returned to Dublin, with about as much knowledge of law as of necromancy; assumed the foolish gown and wig, as he foolishly calls them, went the circuit, and almost cleared his expences. But encouraging as the prospect unexpectedly seemed, politics had got close hold of him, and politics of a pretty vehement character too. He longed for distinction, and looked about him for matter for a pamphlet. The year before had been established the Whig Club; and though the sentiments of its members fell far short of his views, yet as far as they went he approved of them, and a pamphlet accordingly was put forth, "reviewing the last session of parliament." This drew some compliments from the club, and admission; and moreover led to some intercourse with the underlings of the party, and an occasional recognition from the leaders. Promises of employment were made, and hints were given that the Ponsobys were potent people—though then out of power, they might one day be in, and with two and twenty seats at their control, one of them might by chance

fall into his hands. A brief was forthwith given him; but month after month elapsing without farther communication, he grew weary of waiting; and besides, his mind was more and more *illuminating* on the subject of politics; he began to look upon the Whig-club with contempt—peddling, as they were, about petty grievances, instead of going to the root of the evil. An opportunity soon occurred of venting these illuminations of his. A war with Spain seemed probable, and a pamphlet was quickly produced, to prove that Ireland was not bound by a declaration of war, but might and ought, as an independent nation, to stipulate for neutrality. The publisher was alarmed at his own temerity, and hastened to suppress the book, for which, says Tone, declaratively or optatively, his own gods damn him.

But before the commotion excited by the Nootka Sound business subsided, Tone recollected his old scheme for a military colony in the South Seas; and now forwarded it to the Duke of Richmond, who, in a matter which did not concern his own department, could only undertake, to deliver and recommend it to Lord Grenville, from whom was received a very civil letter commending the plan, but declining the execution of it, as circumstances had rendered it unnecessary. Again he vows, as in the case of Mr. Pitt, Lord Grenville should repent of it, “and perhaps,” as before he adds, “the minister may one day wish he had sent me to the South Seas.”

Now came burning on the French Revolution, and the minds of Irishmen were heated red hot by it. The nation was divided into Aristocrats and Democrats. Tone was of course a democrat, and with such sentiments openly avowed, all hopes of business in the courts were renounced. Politics occupied him solely. At this period also the Catholic Question began to attract public notice. The Belfast Volunteers wished, on some occasion or other, to come forward with a declaration relative to the Catholics, and Tone was requested to write one. This declaration it was that fixed his attention more particularly on the condition of his country, and on the practicability of amending it. His principle was soon decided on. To break the connection with England became the ultimate object; and to unite the people, and to substitute the common name of Irishman for protestant, catholic, and dissenter, the immediate means. These views were brought forward in a pamphlet entitled an “Argument in Behalf of the Catholics of Ireland,” in which he laboured to shew that catholics and dissenters had a common interest, and a common enemy. The members of the establishment were of course impenetrable. The performance

was warmly applauded; the Belfast Volunteers elected him an honorary member of their corps; and he was invited to Belfast to assist in framing the first club of United Irishmen. On his return, in conjunction with his friend Russel, and Napper Tandy, a club of the same kind was instituted at Dublin. The Dublin club rose rapidly into importance, and Tone was soon ousted of his pretensions to influence by more significant and stirring persons. They quickly drew the attention of the government, and Tandy, the secretary, was ordered into custody. The club was in a critical position. Tone bestirred himself; persuaded Hamilton Rowan to take the chair, and offered himself to act as pro-secretary. The members rallied, and ground was gained rather than lost by the check.

The Catholic Committee also were now recovering from the shock they had sustained by the desertion of the aristocracy—the secession of the sixty-eight. A general representation of the Catholics was organized, consisting of two members from every county and considerable town, who assembled at Dublin; and by this assembly was Tone chosen to fill the place left vacant by Burke’s son. As agent and assistant secretary, with a salary of £200 a year, Tone gave himself up soul and body to the duties of his new office, and was undoubtedly mainly instrumental in getting the Relief-bill of 1793 carried—that bill, which, but for the Whigs, might have been complete, securing not only to the poor the right of electing members, but to the rich the right of being elected. The disappointed Catholics were enraged at the treachery of their friends and the trickery of their enemies. The United Irishmen—whose object was separation from England—availed themselves of this feeling; all but actual violence in the field quickly followed; and Rowan, Butler, and Bond were tried and imprisoned.

Soon after these events (1794) one Jackson was arrested for high treason. This fellow was commissioned by the French government to sound the people of Ireland; the popular leaders hesitated to commit themselves with a stranger by replying directly to his overtures; but Tone, with his usual ardour, volunteered to risk the peril of conveying their wishes to the French government. He did not however go. Jackson, whose purposes had been known to the government at home even before he landed, and who had been suffered to go on, making rebels rather than detecting them, was arrested. He had confided to Tone the objects of his mission, and Tone was known to have had intercourse with him. He was accordingly called upon to give evidence; he refused; and to save his own neck com-

promised with the government to quit the country.

In 1795, therefore, he gathered up his all, and proceeded with his family to America, but with a fixed resolution to solicit *foreign aid* for his country. He thought himself free to do so. His unwilling exile he considered as an acquittal for his offence, and himself at liberty to do his best for what he regarded as the welfare of Ireland. In America he lost no time in gaining an interview with the French Ambassador. At first he was coldly received, but at the end of some months, was even urged by the ambassador to go to France, and communicate with the government. To France he accordingly went, and landed on the 1st January 1796, where, without knowing one human being, he set seriously about persuading the French government to undertake the liberation of Ireland, and succeeded in persuading them. The diary presents the detail of his negotiations—his progress from the clerks of the Foreign Office to De la Croix at the head of it—his interview with Carnot, one of the Directory—with Clarke, with Hoche. The alternate hopes and fears, the promises, and delays, and disappointments, and changes of purpose, were enough to drive any man but Tone to final despair. Through the whole period too he had no communication whatever with Ireland, and knew not with any truth how matters were going there. At last, in December, nearly a twelvemonth after his arrival, a force of from 12,000 to 15,000 were embarked, commanded by Hoche and Grouchy, under whom Tone held the rank of adjutant-general. The winds were unfavourable; the ships were separated; and Grouchy with about half the original force appeared off Bantry Bay, and was himself disposed to land, but was deterred by his officers; and thus were all Tone's hopes and labours baffled. Attached to Hoche, he still accompanied him, on his return, as adjutant-general, in his command on the Sambre and Meuse, and was with him till his death. Of this revolutionary commander, he speaks in terms of affection and admiration. When the second attempt upon Ireland was preparing at the Texel, Hoche, though eager for distinction, yielded to Daendels, the Dutch commander. To this second expedition, Hoche's death, which occurred while it was preparing, put a stop; or perhaps that object was designedly merged in the grander one of invading England by the *armée d'Angleterre*, to be commanded by Bonaparte.

By this time numerous agents from Ireland were in Paris, and Tone was comparatively forgotten. The rebellion in Ireland in the mean while had actually commenced, and a new stimulus was thus

given to the French government. A resolution was suddenly taken to fit out a third expedition; and, about the beginning of July 1798, Tone was summoned to consult on the plans. Small detachments were to be sent from different parts; and Humbert was already at Rochelle with 1,000, Hardy at Brest with 3,000, and Kilmaine was to have 9,000 in reserve. The attempt was at last made without previous concert; Humbert, impatient of delay, and urged by the Irish agents, set sail, and landed his small force in an obscure corner of the island, where, instead of calling the people to arms, he amused himself with drilling the peasantry, and enjoying the insidious hospitality of the Bishop of Killala, till he was surrounded and defeated. Before the news of his failure reached France, Hardy (about the end of September) had sailed, and with him was Tone, again holding the rank of adjutant-general. After contending with contrary winds, on the 10th of October they arrived off Loch Swilley. They were instantly signalized, and the next morning were attacked by Sir J. B. Warren's squadron. After a sharp engagement, Tone fell into the hands of the victors. Though never in the English service, he was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to be hanged—pleading in vain his claim to be treated as a French officer. On the eve of the day appointed for his execution, he cut his own throat, but so unskilfully that he lingered for a week.

The diary is written very carelessly, but occasionally with great vigour. It is full of interest, and, to many readers, will be full of novelty. It bears marks of the truest sincerity and unquenchable ardour. Mixed up with the whole is a good deal of coarseness, which might as well have been omitted. The man's invincible energy—his resolution and perseverance—his fond affection for his family—his devotion to his country, claim no little share of our respect, however desperate, or rash, or unjustifiable we may deem his purpose.

Travels in Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, and Turkey, also in the Sea of Azof, and of the Black Sea; by Geo. Matt. Jones, Capt. R. N. 2 vols. 8vo. 1827.—The author of these volumes, Capt. Geo. M. Jones, as we learn from the preface, very early in life entered the naval service; and after having been constantly—it does not appear how long—employed till 1818, was at last advanced to the rank of post-captain—the object, it seems, of his most ardent ambition and exertions—and then laid upon the shelf. This leisure, thus desirably or undesirably befalling him, he was of too roaming a disposition to idle away at home; and therefore resolved—not to idle it away abroad—but

to take a cruise by land, as he could no longer at sea. The navy and its interests were however still uppermost in his heart, and a visit to the seaports was determined on—to gain, he says, professional knowledge, to view the interior of places, the outside of which he had often contemplated in blockading service, and to enjoy, on shore, and in peace, the society of officers, whom he had known only in war and at sea.

In the details of his tour, he professes to state nothing but the results of actual experience. For scientific researches he had neither time nor means—which, being interpreted, signifies, it may be supposed, no acquaintance with them. To scientific readers therefore he does not address himself; and those who are in search of general knowledge and information—these are the Captain's words—may say that they have them much better and more copiously from the travellers who have preceded him—particularizing the "learned and elegant" Dr. Clarke, the "accurate" De Boisgetin, Dr. James, Mr. Hobhouse, Mrs. Guthrie, and the "justly celebrated" Pallas. To this he can only plead—what is no plea at all, but a sound reason for sparing his own labour—"little was left for him to glean." But seizing upon this chance metaphor of his, he tells us that no field is so well cleared but by diligence and attention a sheaf may be collected. A sheaf accordingly—not a few straggling ears—he presents to his readers in these two portly octavos. This brilliant figure elings to his fancy, and bothers him a little; he refuses to let go his hold of it, though manifestly he knows not what to do with it—the struggle is perfectly ludicrous—but at last he babbles something about gratitude to his learned predecessors for dropping *blades* for the benefit of after-comers, affirming, at the same time, modestly but firmly, that whatever they have thus benignantly dropped, he has not failed to gather; and then, oddly enough, he adds more thanks for what he has taken, which, as it was done without consent of the parties, must plainly be a felonious taking. By degrees he comes to a sounder—so far as it is a truer—reason;—"many years (says he) have elapsed since most of the above tourists published, and we know how greatly the features of a country, and the character of a people, may alter in the course of a quarter of a century."

To write a preface requires more tact and wariness than the greater part of scribblers possess. A preface usually concerns self; and to run into absurdity upon that subject is one of the easiest things in the world; it is a rock on which thousands wreck their little barks, and Captain Jones—whatever may be his

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skill on his own seas—was not seaman enough to clear it. He has a profound veneration for monarchs—domestic and foreign. The late Emperor Alexander, and his amiable consort, were personages, he firmly believes—on very slight evidence plainly—for greatness and goodness never surpassed, and to their condescensions himself and a brother of his were greatly indebted. To the Emperor Nicholas also he feels "immense obligation;" and for what does the reader suppose? Why, had it not been for his personal kindness, he and the aforesaid brother—never having been presented—would have been absolutely cut off from all the court fêtes, and even from public notice, till the Emperor's return from Verona, which was only a few days before their departure from St. Petersburg. This personal kindness of the reigning emperor fills him with a fervour of admiration and devotion, and he trusts he may be allowed to say, without being charged with flattery, that he appears to him to possess every requisite quality to form a great prince; and moreover to express a "sincere hope," that the said Nicholas may reign, for ever and ever, we believe, over his delighted slaves. As to the requisite qualities of a great prince, Captain Jones has probably thought little about them; and he will doubtless be surprised to be told, that a "sincere hope" requires explanation.

But to turn to the tour, the reader will find a plain and not altogether unattractive description of the countries he travels through—superior certainly to the auguries of the preface. He lands at Calais, and scampers through Ostend, Ghent, Antwerp, Liege, Cologne, Hanover, &c. &c. to Hamburg, where he stops to breathe a little. He has a word or two for all the intermediate places. At Ypres, he tells us, diaper was first manufactured, and the name is itself a corruption of Ypres. At Tournay is made the Brussels carpeting. At Ostend, the lower class of females are very ugly; but at Dinant he met with a pretty girl—the first he had seen since he left England. At Ghent—a place built upon twenty-six islands, and connected by 300 bridges—Charles the Fifth, he tells us, was born, who used to say of Paris, he could put it in his Gand, alluding to the French name for Ghent, and to its standing on more ground than Paris. At Aix-la-Chapelle, he visited La Salle de Banque, or licensed gaming-house:—

The great room (he says) is one of the most elegant in structure I have seen. Every description of gambling is carried on, under the protection of government; and I could not help admiring an ordinance to the following purport:—

"The city having, from time immemorial, derived great benefit from a gambling-house, we, in

our parental goodness, permit it to be opened from May till August—the months that foreigners generally resort to the city for the benefit of the waters. But this indulgence is not to have any bad effect upon the morals of the citizens; and the police are to turn out anybody whom they suspect not to be able to afford to lose money.—FREDERICK."

At Aix-la-Chapelle also he stops, not in his tour, but in his narrative, to take a retrospect of the Netherlands, the kingdom of which, he states, according to the treaty of Vienna, comprises Holland, and its dependencies, Belgium and Flanders, with a population of 5,500,000. Every subject of the king, without any distinction of religious opinions, enjoys equal rights, both civil and political, and is equally eligible to all employments and honours whatever. The Hollanders are nearly to a man Protestants, and the Belgian Catholics. The crown is hereditary. The States-general consists of two chambers—representative of the nation. The upper chamber is composed of not less than forty or more than sixty, named by the king for life; and each receives 3,000 florins annually to defray his travelling expenses. The other chamber consists of 110 members, elected by the states of the provinces. They are elected for three years, and one-third retire annually, but are eligible immediately. The members receive 2,500 florins. The session is held alternately at Hague and at Brussels:—

The Belgians pretend to hold the Dutch in great contempt, and a rooted antipathy has long subsisted between the two countries; to which is now added a jealousy, which views with a jaundiced eye every mark of distinction bestowed by the king, and calls for, on the part of his majesty, an exercise of his discretion and firmness.

The government no doubt has enough to do to balance matters between them. The writer professes himself an advocate for toleration, and admires this principle in the Belgian constitution; but he has some doubts of its conciliating properties proving of any use. He has some obscure notion, that by and by expences will be demanded for the support of the fortresses on the French frontier, and that then the Belgians will kick, and being Catholics, will unite with the French, who are Catholics too.

The book improves as it goes on. In his way to Copenhagen, he passes through Eutin, the paternal property of the Duke of Oldenburg, contained in a circumference of twenty miles.

There is a very neat, small palace, beautifully situated upon the side of a lake. It appears that the inhabitants of this district are contented and happy; they have few imposts—every body is well dressed—and there are no beggars.

Of Copenhagen he says,—

The city within the last thirty years has suffered

dreadfully: first, in 1795, by a fire, which consumed nearly one-third of it—fortunately the worst part—since which it has been greatly embellished; so that, as with our own capital, perhaps good has arisen from evil. But I fear no such consolatory reflection can proceed from the second suffering—occasioned by our bombardment in 1807. From all I can observe, a deep-rooted enmity against England has taken possession of the minds of the inhabitants, which nothing but her downfall can ever eradicate; nor is the attack of 1801 at all forgotten. Every care is taken to keep alive the sense of the severe injury inflicted upon their national pride in both instances. In the former case, I almost admire the national spirit which continues to feel it, because circumstances, which more powerful nations were unable to control, obliged her to throw herself into the arms of either France or England; and the latter could not have permanently protected her from the grasp of the former. She may therefore be said to have been forced into that unnatural alliance—an alliance which ultimately cost her the two brightest jewels of her crown—Norway, and her navy—and, indeed, almost her existence as an independent state.

Near Königsberg he visited Labrafoss, a celebrated fall:—

At the lower part of which the spray is so great, that between noon and four o'clock, when the sun is out, an uninterrupted rainbow is formed—a phenomenon, said by the Norwegians to be met with only there and at Naples. We were fortunate in the day, and did not fail to enter the rainbow.

Speaking of Norway, as to the late annexation of it to Sweden, he says,—

When dispassionately viewed, it must be allowed to be the most advantageous union that could have happened for the Norwegians. But the manner in which it was conducted has hurt their national pride; and they vent all their spleen on England, because, they say, the most heroic courage, which they were about to display in defence of their independence, was rendered useless by starvation, brought on by our blockading squadron—but for which they would have defied the whole force of Sweden and Denmark.

We do manage admirably, in gaining the hatred of our neighbours:—

Norway may still be said, with the exception of being governed by a Swedish viceroy, to be perfectly independent of Sweden, except for offices of mutual benefit; as the Norwegians possess the constitution which they had framed for themselves; and as they have steadily resisted some alterations proposed by the king. This constitution is very democratic, and is framed with such a jealousy of aristocracy, that, although there are only about three noble families in the country (we believe only two), yet, after the death of the present possessors of the titles, and of any son born before the date of it, the titles are to become obsolete.

The following remarks are worth attending to:—

Until our late (I fear impolitic acts) for the protection of the Canadian timber trade, it was to England that the Norwegians looked for the necessities or the superfluities of life: and the truth of

this observation is strongly marked by the fact, that in every house you enter the furniture and appurtenances, which are not new, are invariably English; while all which bear the stamp of recent acquisition are as invariably German or French. The duties on Norwegian timber are now made so high, in order to protect the Canada trade, that it is quite impossible for the Norwegians to find a sale in our markets; and these imposts are consequently impolitic, because they drive the Norwegian to seek, from other countries, where he can sell his timber, those articles for which he before looked exclusively to England; added to which, this system weakens the attachment which they have invariably felt towards us. The population of Norway is stated at from 750,000 to 900,000.

On quitting Norway for Sweden, he inspects the canal which completes the chain of communication with the Baltic, through West Gothland, and the lakes Wenern and Wetter in the Trollhatten Canal. The plans were drawn by an English engineer, Mr. Telford. When he had completed his undertaking, Mr. T. was asked by the Swedish government whether he would not prefer an honorary to a pecuniary reward, as if he did, the king would invest him with the Order of Vasa. Mr. T. replied, that he was a civilian (this could not have been his word) and money was what he worked for. They gave him a thousand pounds—and eventually he got the order into the bargain.

At Stockholm he was introduced to the king, and received without any parade whatever. The king talked of naval matters, and of Lord Londonderry, whom he thought not quite equal to Mr. Pitt, but very nearly so;—he was going out of town, but hoped to see Captain Jones to dinner on his return—which seems to have been forgotten:—

From what I can discover of the public opinion (says the author), the present king seems firmly seated on his throne, and to reign in the affections of his subjects—which I do not find to be so unequivocally extended to his son. Indeed, when a comparison is drawn between him and the son of the ex-king, I think the decision is generally in favour of the latter, and the preference is expressed, not without hints of his being supported by Russia. The succession was guaranteed by Russia, before Bernadotte turned his arms against France. But *nous verrons*.

The rank of nobility is conferred by the king; but the titles, since 1813, descend only to the eldest son. The nobility amount to 1,200. But to shew, says the author, how opposite interests will act, while he is endeavouring to reduce them in Sweden, he wishes to increase them in Norway, and in both cases he finds himself strongly opposed. There are four orders of knighthood—upon which the author sagaciously remarks—he cannot help thinking such distinctions to be a very happy mode of rewarding their subjects, at the trifling cost of a few stars

and ribbands; besides, he adds, orders and honourable employments inspire greater emulation than pecuniary recompences, as the man who looks only to the lucre of gain as the reward of his heroism, will very seldom perform any exalted action. Yet I should be sorry, adds the author, to see this system introduced into England, because at all events, it would throw into the hands of the government too great a facility of making dependents. He need be under no apprehensions—*ibid, ibit eo quo vis, qui zonam perdidit*. Besides, can he forget the extensions of the Order of the Bath?

At Petersburg the deposed royal family of Georgia were present at a ball.

It consists of the queen, the widow of the Tzar George Herachevitch, her two daughters, and two sons. The princes were in a sort of Russo-Georgian costume, and wearing daggers richly mounted. The whole of the family appeared melancholy and unhappy. They have precedence next to the imperial family. But, deprived of liberty, where can happiness be found? Bondage is still bondage, however highly the chains be gilt—

with more of the same calibre. They have been at Petersburg ever since 1801.

And in the Crimea too, the writer met with the grand-son of Krim Ghery, the last khan of the Tartars. We can but give a glance at his singular story. The khan himself accepted a pension and asylum at Petersburg. The son disdaining submission fled to the Caucasus, where the grand-son was born. At about the age of thirteen, this grand-son fell into the hands of the Scotch Missionaries, who have long been settled in that quarter—became a Christian, and was renounced by his family. At the emperor's expense he went to Edinburgh, made considerable progress at the University, and formed an attachment to a Miss Nelson, the daughter of a gentleman of that town. After a succession of difficulties of the most romantic character they were married, and are now settled in the Crimea at Akmetchet—busied in forming schools, under the auspices of the emperor, and our Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge. The traveller reports, he does not get repaid for his outlays. The lady is still very young; she has two children, the eldest a boy. The husband addresses her as the Sultana.

At Petersburg, and again at Moscow, he encountered poor blind Mr. Holman. Really that gentleman's friends should keep him at Windsor. Notwithstanding all his activity, his must ever be in a helpless condition; and as, wherever he goes, he must be dependent upon others, he should not be permitted thus to tax the humanity of every quarter of Europe. He is every where too—we ourselves the other day met him in Bond-street, and

were nearly overturned by the violence of the impetus with which he scoured along the street.

We have no space left, or we should quote the author's account of Old Platoff. He has been dead some time. Of the two ladies who left England with him nothing could be learnt. His family seem to be neither opulent nor powerful. The old man himself lost much of his popularity before his death—owing chiefly to his subserviency to the emperor's wishes, and to his attempt to abandon the old capital on the Don, and form a new one. The author's accounts of the Crimea are by far the best of the book; and those of Ovidopol and Odessa are not without interest.

The volumes conclude with a review of the systems adopted by the different powers of Europe for manning the navy, compared with that of England. The necessity of impressment at home is strenuously insisted on—truly as if the case were not perfectly plain—better pay, and more liberal treatment would bring sailors enough.

The Aylmers. 3 vols. 12mo; 1827.—The production of a well-cultivated and well-disposed mind, of a serious and moral cast—of one who has certain prudential warnings to enforce, among others, the guilt of taking young people out of their station, and not providing for them; but more especially the woes and perils attending the contempt of appearances, and on the other hand the folly of sacrificing comfort to appearances. Notwithstanding the apparent opposition of these latter objects, they do not in the least jostle with each other; the appearances, which the writer would have us despise, are such as are incompatible with our fortunes and position in society; and those which are to be observed are moral ones, the avoidance in short not only of evil, but of the "appearance of evil." Instead of conveying these very useful, though not very novel lessons, in sermons, or lectures, the writer embodies them in a story, and where he cannot incorporate, he appends, for the construction of a story is manifestly not his forte. He will mend however; and in the meanwhile, the one before us is far from being an unreadable one.

A college friendship between two Oxonians—one the son of a wealthy squire, the other of a country clergyman—brings about something like a family intercourse. The clergyman's wife and eldest daughter are of the vulgarest description, but a younger daughter is of a different and softer mould—brought up by a lady of rank, well educated and well introduced, but finally forgotten in the will, and returned on her parents' hands—comfort-

less, uncongenial—like a fish out of water. The whole family, rough and smooth, come up to the Commemoration, which gives an opportunity for exhibiting a college scene or two, of no great novelty or efficiency. Young Aylmer, the son of wealth, is introduced, and a mutual liking takes place between him and the parson's beautiful and accomplished daughter. A visit to the parsonage follows; the youth offers marriage; the young lady refuses to enter a family which will probably treat her with insolence; and he undertakes to overcome the probable hostility of his parents.

But in the meanwhile reports reach his ears of his mother's improper conduct. She had been for some time indeed flirting in a very extraordinary manner with a young officer of the guards. Her son feels it necessary to expostulate with her; she resents the expostulation—charges him with his plebeian attachments—misrepresents him to his father; and he is suddenly driven from his paternal roof. Luckily he has one poor £500 a year, independent of his family. With this provision, he persuades the vicar's charming daughter—and she is charming—we are ourselves more than half in love with her—to accept him; and they pass over to the continent to live cheap. The £500 does not spin out well; they have soon a considerable family; he grows dissatisfied; the restraints imposed by his pitiful income become intolerable; but the lovely girl is patient, soothing, and conciliating. They come to England and reside at Bath, where Aylmer shuns company, because he cannot entertain on equal terms, and gets fretful again; but by degrees the admirable management of his wife reconciles him to his condition; they cut dinners, and content themselves with evening parties; till at last he learns to despise the luxuries that are beyond his reach, and no longer to sacrifice comfort to appearances.

By the time he is thus regenerated, and fitted to live upon £500 a year, circumstances are paving the way for reconciliation with his father. That father had been long deserted. His mother's cavalier—the young guardsman—as soon as Aylmer was driven from home, changed his tactics. He turned from the mother to the daughter—with the view of marrying her, and securing the old man's property. The matron lady is of course enraged; but not thinking the case a desperate one, she resolves to draw him back, and endeavours to pique his jealousy by giving her smiles and attentions to another, and is unluckily caught in her own trap. This new flirtation terminates fatally; she commits herself—elopes—is deserted, and finally sinks into deeper

degradation and ultimate beggary. The guardsman marries the daughter, and gets a will in his favour; and then neglects the father.

By and by the old gentleman falls sick, and is sent to Bath, where his son was then residing. By sundry little contrivances on the part of their friends, the son's wife—our favourite—is introduced as his nurse; and reconciliation follows, and the property, of course, in due time.

Through the whole tale, an entire familiarity with the ways of fashionable life is either carefully implied, or ostentatiously exhibited. This is become quite an indispensable qualification—and of course the great must soon write their own tales. The silver forks are not forgotten—eating with a knife, &c. &c.

High-ways and By-ways; third Series, 3 vols. 12mo. 1827.—There is a large class of writers of imagination, as they are called, who are the most complete matter-of-fact people in the world, and who manage to deceive themselves and others, respecting the bent of their intellect so grossly as they do, by the mere substitution of novel titles to their books, instead of calling them openly and honestly by the only name to which they can fairly assert a right—namely, journals.

Among this class, however, are to be found some few individuals, who, notwithstanding that the predominant qualities of their genius are essentially of the newspaper kind, possess not only those qualities in a very transcendent degree, but many of the noblest properties of the human mind more abundantly than the generality of men. The writer of *High-ways and By-ways* is a brilliant sample of his tribe, whose general aim it is to throw a dash of the romantic, as an auxiliary and embellishment, into the narrative, but to whom the task of constructing a story wholly rooted in fiction, and relying upon the creative soul alone, would be like that of the poor Israelites—to make bricks without straw. He possesses, nevertheless, very powerful claims upon our admiration on many accounts. His descriptions of scenery are occasionally magnificent, and imbued with the fervid delight which travellers may well feel in gazing on the splendid operations of nature. His language is at once correct, striking, felicitous—possessing an uncommon union of vigour and fulness, and sometimes a few sentences, and now and then a whole page, bespeak a deeper philosophy than we at first gave him credit for, till it burst suddenly upon us from the midst of his more superficial excellencies;—while the characters are by no means exceptionable on the score of probability, but precisely men and women of ordinary life—the very

heroes and heroines not wanting in the shrewdness necessary to prevent their walking into wells.

The *Cagot's Hut*—the best of the three contained in this series—is a Spanish reminiscence. We will just glance over the story, in order to introduce at its conclusion an interesting scene, in the writer's own vivid words. In 1822, our author visits Spain, and wanders late in the autumn over the Pyrenees, to behold on a grand scale the decline of nature. Brilliant days, however, intervene, amid the general decay. The army of observation stretched along the mountains from sea to sea, and filled the villages with French soldiers. The expelled bands of the faith were hovering about the borders, singly, or in small detachments. The constitutionalists were collecting their forces in the same vicinity, and enlivened the scene by frequent skirmishes with the supporters of the faith.

Our Englishman, not liking exactly the promiscuous company of his hostelry at Gedro; and his appetite for the romantic being awakened, by hearing that the neighbourhood of the adjoining valley of Heas, or rather the eminences that rise around it, thronged with the huts of the Cagot race, from whom the rest of the world shrank away as from contagion,—it comes into his English and heterodox head that he would even take up his abode for a while, among these loathed and degraded beings, for the sake of studying their character—expecting, of course, to find them angels in disguise.

These Cagots of the Pyrenees, we must remind our readers, are precisely the cretins of the Valais, and the cabets of Guienne, and Gascony, and Bearne, and generally of the marshy lands of the west of France. The Cagots, of whom we are now speaking, exist in some of the gorges of the Pyrenees in frightful numbers. They are goitred, diseased, and stunted; imbecile, mentally and bodily, and lying under inexorable and iron disabilities, arising from the prejudices of their fellow-creatures. Even war, whose necessities break through so many prejudices, had not rendered the dwellings of these children of misery less objects of aversion and disgust, or mitigated the caution, with which they were universally shunned.

Our hero is, therefore, very happily furnished with an opportunity, delightful to John Bull, of ascertaining and proving, by personal inspection, that an intercourse with the Cagot worthies would not only be very tolerable, but absolutely a thing to be desired by all parties; and, although the rest of the world for ages had instinctively agreed upon the propriety of leaving them to themselves, he would not have it so; but they must come,

along with the negroes, into a common fraternity with ourselves. So he takes an unwilling boy from the inn at Gedro, and descends into the vale of Heas; and having learnt from his guide the direction to a Cagot hut on the hills, he dismisses him. This hut belonged to a woman of the miserable race, whom he had himself that morning relieved at the inn—where she had presented herself at the door, not daring to go further, to purchase provisions, or obtain alms.

He is surprised that his unexpected presence excites confusion in the old woman's hut; and that, between herself and a daughter—one of the same miserable pieces of deformity—symptoms of alarm are reciprocated, which indicate to his penetration, proceedings of a clandestine nature, rather than the stupid imbecility he had been led to expect. He is ill, however, with a growing fever, and must be taken in. His wants are kindly supplied; he is put to bed in an astonishingly comfortable room, and attended with steady, but reserved assiduity by the old woman and her daughter. His fever increases; he doses and watches by turns; and in the middle of the night is startled, by hearing two voices in the adjoining room; he gets curious—peeps through a crevice, or the door is a jar—we forget which—beholds a gay Spanish gentleman and a beautiful lady in deep discourse together, and is thrown into a sea of conjectures—political intriguers?—lovers?—or both?—No more sleep for him that night; but the lady and gentleman, alarmed by the symptoms of vigilance in the sick man, very soon withdraw, and the lady retreats into an inner room of the hut. When the morning comes he worries the poor cagot girl, till he learns from her something of the secret, though his disgust augments every moment as he thinks of her deformity, and goitred neck—constantly averting his eyes—and contrasts it with the lovely form he had stealthily beheld the night before. His curiosity—only to be gratified by the object of his aversion—becomes uncontrollable; by degrees he extracts from her some particulars, and at last, after receiving the benefit of his protection against an intruding visitor, who insists on searching the lady's chamber, her gratitude leads her to be more explicit, and finally she promises the gentleman himself shall visit him, and confirm her account.

The gentleman is Don Melchior, the patriot. The lady is a young French woman, of ancient family, who has fled from her inflexible parents to marry him; and in this cagot hut is keeping her concealment, and receiving his visits till the ceremony can be solemnized, which alone can place her beyond the reach of parental

power. They are still in peril, Don Melchior's life at the momentary mercy of the straggling parties of the faith, one of whom—a pretended patriot—was watching his opportunity to assassinate him.

The description of the various military parties that moved or sojourned along the hills and vallies, commanded by the Cagot's Hut, are very striking; and a skirmish between the constitutionalists and their opponents is spiritedly sketched. Melchior, the patriot hero, the conqueror, is moving along towards the hut, watched by our Englishman, and also by the Cagot girl, deputed, as it seemed, by the lady within. His own victorious bands at a little distance are gazing on him too; but no one of all who watch the hero at that moment, is near enough to prevent—what all too plainly see—an assassin lurking in the way side, and taking steady aim at his bosom.

Don Melchior came quickly on with light and unsuspecting step, and the firm, yet cautious tread of the murderer fell unheard behind him, on the mossy slope he traversed. The moment I perceived his perilous situation I shouted with all my might, at once to warn him, and scare the assassin; but he looked up towards me, and returned the shout with a joyous expression, for the welcome he supposed it to convey; and the unruffled assassin, only raised his arm the higher that the blade it wielded might more steadily fall upon his destined prey.

Joined to my shout, a piercing scream burst from the path close to my side, and the hood of the *Cagot girl* hung floating from behind that beauteous head, whose thick curled ringlets I could not fail to recognise, as a light form bounded past me. Don Melchior stood for a moment transfixed by surprise, at the sounds of alarm, and at the same instant *Passepartout* and his men, catching the figures of the hero and his assassin, which the rock had till then concealed, joined in the loud and terrified signal which I and the frantic girl had raised. Don Melchior, startled and perplexed, just turned his head half round when Sanchez, with one fierce exclamation, "We have met!" plunged his murderous knife with a downward slope, into the hero's side. Don Melchior tottered from him, and was falling—when I, with an instinctive effort, raised my gun to my shoulder, and having covered the villain, was in the act of putting my finger to the trigger, when a flash from *Sarjeant Passepartout's* carbine, arrested the movement, and before the report reached my ear, the coward lay writhing on the earth in the agonies of an immediate and far too easy death.

How often, in the course of this recital, have I wished that my pen could fly across the page, and trace, in words of flaming speed, thoughts and events as rapid and as hot as the lightning. But now I seem to wish a long and lingering pause: for how describe the accumulated burst of feelings which followed the assassin's stroke! "To fall thus!" was, I believe, the bitter thought that struck all those who saw and who could think. The gallant comrades of his glory, the astonished

and delighted witnesses of his courage, his own troops, Passepartout and his soldiers, and myself, all saw and felt no doubt alike. But there was one among us yet who felt herself at that moment as alone in life, and whose heart appeared to be pierced by the stroke so steadily aimed at her lover's. She had force to fly to the spot, such force as makes the body writhe when severed from existence. She reached her lover, wild, screaming, and exhausted. He had fallen to the ground, and with out-stretched arms he received the beautiful form which sunk upon his, to staunch with senseless weight his wide and gushing wound. I was in a moment one of the group that surrounded this pair, of whom we could scarcely imagine which was the nearer to death.

The mixed feelings of grief, astonishment, and horror, agitated every by-stander around me, but in addition to these I had to suffer that wild and still incredulous conviction that made me certain of the fact discovered to me, but doubtful of my own intellect.

The female before me was, I saw it, *the Cagot girl*. Her dress, her height, her whole appearance left no possibility of doubt, but her form of symmetry, her face of beauty, how could these be there? and when, with a convulsive spasm, she tore open the firm-clasped capulet, and exposed her neck and heaving bosom, what was my amazement to see, instead of the gross deformity I had in fancy loathed, perfection that might invite a sculptor's hand, and make his heart thrill as he gazed.

I hastily threw her cloak and hood over this rich field of beauty, which I felt to be already violated by the rude yet admiring stare of the astonished observers.

Reuben Apsley, by the author of Brambletye House, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. 1827.—Sir Walter Scott must learn to bear a rival near the throne. His contemporaries are already beginning to pay a divided allegiance. They think, and apparently with justice, Horace Smith is second, and only second, to the once sole monarch. What another generation may think of either, we have scarcely any criterion for determining; since, even as contemporaries, we see the most admired productions through a glass darkly.

Reuben Apsley exists, through the first half of the book as a person at a distance, operating remotely upon the movements of others, without being himself conspicuous on the scene. He is represented successively as a boy at school, as a youth at the university, and as an inmate at the house of his uncle Goldingham, a retired London citizen, and preserves through all these changes the same unobtrusive aspect.

Mr. Goldingham was a tallow and hemp merchant, in the grumbling times of James II. All his enterprises had been successful, and had gradually swelled his fortune to a bulk, which, from the variety of his investments, and the alarming condition of public affairs, occasioned its owner incessant and peace-destroying fears. He resolves therefore to exchange his exchequer bonds, and India stock, into a solid estate in land; and,

washing himself quite clean of London smoke, becomes a constituent portion of a neighbourhood—Mr. Goldingham of Goldingham Place—the fortunate correspondence of name being the influencing motive for the purchase.

So many 'dirty acres' were attached to this 'place,' besides illimitable wealth reported to be still lodged in paper securities, that his welcome reception in the neighbourhood was general, although one or two fine ladies took fright at the name of tallow-merchant, and betook themselves to their salts at his approach. Traps were at first laid for detecting his city-breeding; but he triumphantly and dexterously evaded them all. He is, indeed, the very beau-ideal of a London merchant of the old school, and a gentleman—recognising those self-same principles which, in the best acceptation of the term, constitute the gentleman of every period, integrity, self-possession, boldness, politeness, gentleness, generosity.

This person is Reuben's uncle and guardian. Reuben's parents were supposed to have perished on their voyage to India. Years had elapsed without any tidings of their destiny; and Reuben was regularly installed at Goldingham Place, as his uncle's heir, when suddenly Monmouth's invasion threw all the west into disorder.

A detachment from the rebel army, headed by a college acquaintance of Reuben's, was one morning observed by the young gentleman, riding up to his uncle's house. He walks forward to meet them, and recognizes his friend, who, alighting from his horse, takes his arm, and informs him, that the sole purpose of their visitation was to relieve his uncle of some cannon, which were mounted on two towers in the grounds. Reuben sagely surmises that it will be better to remove the cannon, without troubling Mr. Goldingham for an acquiescence, which he might deem it his duty to withhold. The men set to work at dismantling the towers of the peternoës, and their commander employs the interval in bringing over Reuben to the same desperate cause, and succeeds; but Reuben, nevertheless, considerate for his uncle's neck, while putting his own into jeopardy, takes care the whole transaction shall be witnessed by one of the domestics, who is charged to testify to his uncle's entire innocence.

After the battle of Sedgemoor, he becomes a proscribed fugitive, roosting in trees, burrowing in holes, and starving on whortle-berries, beleaguered by dogs and soldiers, and nearly done out of life by these and similar harassings. After long brooding over his desperate condition, he comes to the resolution of seeking his uncle's house again; and accordingly turning thitherward his midnight and stealthy steps, he learns, indirectly, from a wayfaring man, that Goldingham Place is actively beset by soldiers, on suspicion of its affording an asylum to the traitor nephew, and of course is no safe retreat for him. Daylight is at hand, and shelter must be

found. The only one within his reach is a deserted wood-house, in Lord Trevanion's grounds. Unluckily this Lord is an ultra-royalist, whom nothing would better please than unearthing Reuben, and bringing his head to the block. But what can he do? Poking about, however, for a convenient nook to sleep the day away, he discovers a flight of rubbish by steps, leading up to a lady's summer bower. This bower is the frequent resort of the Misses Trevanion, and was now speedily visited by Adeline, the eldest; a thoughtless, conceited, romantic, but good-natured young lady, who, buried in the country, and unsought, was sighing for nothing so much as a concealed knight. Her soliloquies tempt him to discover himself. She, as may be imagined, is perfectly intoxicated with vanity, in being the depository of a life and death secret, and construes all his warm thanks, for the good dinners she daily brings him, into professions of burning love. Her father, Lord Trevanion, was not only, as we said, a violent royalist, but a close attendant also upon court, and greedy for influence; cold, morose, and severe to boot; and never visiting his wife and daughters, except when political or other business calls him to Dorsetshire for a few days—he might be coming too any day. Adeline, therefore, was fully aware of the hazard of any conduct that might lead to discovery; but, finding herself unequal to the keeping of so dangerous a secret—not daring to confide it to her mother, and not content with telling it to the rushes (which do not babble in these days), she makes her sister Helen the recipient of her love affair—for such she chooses to consider Reuben's forced residence in the wood-house.

Helen, quite the antipodes of Adeline—all prudence, *retenue*, and fidelity—hears the story with unspeakable dismay; seeing, at a glance, how fatally the loyalty of the whole family of the Trevanions might be compromised by her sister's folly, she exacts a promise from her not to go again alone to the wood-house, and engages herself to go with her the next visit—resolving to precipitate Reuben's departure. But she is prevented.

Lord Trevanion announces his intention of coming down shortly to give judge Jefferies a splendid dinner, in honour of his butchering judicial campaign, it behoving all candidates for court favour, he thought, to acknowledge the nation's obligation to so determined a servant of the crown. Captain Trevanion arrives moreover with a troop of horse, and Adeline is suddenly compelled in her sister's absence, to bring Reuben for safety into the very house. Other emergencies totally cut off escape; and the sisters are driven to the desperate expedient of getting him taken into the family as a butler. The most interesting part of the book now comes on; and agitating scenes, arising out of the tremendous peril incurred by the protection of the fugitive.

The dinner draws nigh. Jefferies arrives,

with Colonel Kirke and the royalist gentlemen of the county, and most unexpectedly Goldingham himself. Poor Reuben is harassed to death. He is, of course, awkward in his new vocation; the assembled butlers and waiters—pretty numerous on so splendid an occasion—unanimously grumble and abuse; while he, poor fellow, is compelled not only to bear these trials of cruel mockings, but to keep his attention alive, and pursue his official duties collectedly, through the frequent mention of his own name, and many a brutal threat from Jefferies, insultingly and emphatically addressed to Goldingham across the table, that his nephew's head should grace the hall-door of Goldingham Place, as soon as he could be caught.

Soon, however, Reuben was obliged to quit his fair protectresses, but not before he surrenders his heart wholly to Helen's charms. Adeline, however, persists in regarding him as her own dear knight; and for many months afterwards, during his absence, his subsequent capture, his escape from prison, long after his return from Holland on the publication of the amnesty, and finally, through his many visits to her father's house, when his attentions to Helen were of too marked a nature not to undeceive anything but a fool. London, however, cures her; and shortly, from natural caprice, she thinks of him as one that had never been: so that Helen, whose generosity had prompted her to refuse Reuben's offers, on the ground of her sister's affection, had to repent at leisure, for making sacrifices for one who had neither head nor heart.

The suit at last begins again; but Lord Trevanion must be gained. All heroines demand papa's consent at first. Papa says decidedly, no. So, like Cecilia and Delville, they are obliged to do with only mamma's. Still the fates are awkward—spinning—spinning on, for the sake of a third volume, that is yet hardly begun. A cousin, whose life he has repeatedly saved, falls desperately in love with Helen, and becomes, of course, an ingrate, and a villain, and plots impediments. A neighbouring squire, too, sanctioned by her father, demands her hand, and being refused, prepares to kidnap her. Nay, Reuben himself is kidnapped by a party of Whigs in a cave, where he had unluckily heard them hatching more conspiracies; and not being able to convince them that he had himself been in the mess, and was and is as great a traitor as themselves, is just sent over to Holland for a sail, while the truth of the statement is inquired into. All these things delay the marriage—but at last, of course, it does take place, and the volumes end.

To turn for a moment from the tale to its execution. The style is leisurely and nervous, resulting from an union of very strong common-sense and moral feeling—a faculty of accurate delineation, and a stern determination to make a book of it—that determination being the rallying point, to which

he summons his many powerful talents. He does not write a novel, because a novel will come into his head, but because he has said, 'I will write novels—weigh me, I am as heavy; conjure me, Brutus can start a spirit as soon as Cæsar, &c.;' or, as perchance, some blacksmith looking on at a game of quoits, begins slowly to sympathize with the movements of the players, and awakening from a dream of admiration at the dexterity of the chief performer, looks down upon his own muscular arms, and carrying his ponderous strength quietly and modestly towards the spot, plays too—and matches the winner.

The plot is somewhat deficient in compactness and proportion. A long, long episode about Reuben's dead parents, whom we know only by report, and care not a straw about, and who are clearly only intro-

duced at all, in order to keep up a running threat that he will go to India in pursuit of them, is too impertinent to be read. We sought the conclusion of it in vain; and found, to our vexation, that one short chapter was all that remained of the text, after that history came to a close. But, if the construction of the plot be exceptionable, the characters bear witness to the master's hand. Never do they come short of our expectation, or deviate from it. Goldingham is excellent; so is Timothy, the coachman; so is Squire Hartfield; so is Sir Harcourt Slingsby; and so, to admiration, is Jefferies. Yet we do not surrender all our souls to the book, nor does the story hang about our memories, like a song that has enchanted us. How is this? Because the writer is not head and ears in love with his own story.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THE summer theatres are now making their best and pleasantest efforts. The Haymarket has brought into the field probably as strong a company as the present state of the stage can fairly muster; and the activity of the manager and the fecundity of the habitual authors of the house are put in full requisition. These are the true secrets of popularity after all; and there is no instance where that deference for public opinion, which makes a manager exert himself to his utmost, is not fairly recompensed by the audience. Liston's temporary secession from the company is a formidable loss. There may have been more genuinely dramatic comedians, or happier limners of the slight and delicate pleasantries of the high comedy, or more vigorous and susceptible deliverers of manly dialogue; but our time has not seen Liston's superior in that intermediate style between the breadth of farce and the interest and strength of comedy, of which Mr. Poole's writings are the model. Liston has his obvious faults: he runs too rapidly into caricature; he indulges too freely the gallery propensity to laugh at his grimace and contortions of countenance; he too frequently forgets the stage, and carries on an interchange of burlesque with the audience;—but in his range of character he is, for the time, without an equal. Reeve, his successor, has palpable humour, great adroitness of voice and gesture, and—so far as imitation goes—is perhaps, the best mimic on the stage. But he by no means fills up a barren part with the richness and variety of Liston. He suffers the laugh to die—he suffers the jest to go off—unsustained by the living comment of countenance. The pleasantry is uttered, and well uttered; but the whole art of bye-play—that thea-

trical and visible echo of the author's wit—is yet to be learned by this performer. His adoption of Liston's character is probably the result of higher orders; but this adoption must always be unlucky for an original actor, as Reeve is. It obviously compels him either to imitate, for the sake of similar popularity,—or, to take a different view of the character, for the sake of establishing his own claims. But the little Haymarket performances are not capable of this subdivision; they have not depth enough for true actors to float in; without striking across each other. There may be two *Charles Surfaces*, or two *Lord Oglebys*; but there can be but one *Paul Pry*—and that one is already Liston.

A very pretty performance, "The Rencontre, or Love will find out the Way," has been produced by Mr. Planché, an ingenious writer, whose powers are evidently improving, and who increases the public interest in his productions by the strict absence of all that can offend public propriety. His "Rencontre" is a little bank tissue of pleasant improbabilities—for which, however, the latitude of the stage allows. *Madame de Merveille*, a young Parisian widow—and a very handsome and graceful one, as personated by Miss E. Tree—molested by the passion of an absurd *Major Moustache*, leaves the capital for her uncle's chateau. Stopping to change horses, she finds at the inn her brother, in full flight from the *gens-d'armes*, sent to seize him for having shot his adversary in a duel. His horse has broke down, and he has no resource but to adopt the expedient of *Madame Soubrette*—namely, to take the horse of a gentleman who happens to be in the hotel. He writes a line, promising to leave the horse at the chateau, and begging the gentleman to

take a seat in madame's carriage so far. The gentleman, *Colonel de Courcy*, is, by a fair stage coincidence, the very individual whom some match-making old countess had been proposing as a husband for Madame; until the parties, without having seen each other, but sick of the eternal subject, had expressed themselves in terms of mutual dislike. Madame, of course, cannot bring herself to tell her hated name; but the thought strikes her, that, as the Colonel is by no means the formidable object she thought him, it might not be unamusing to try how far he could learn to overcome his horror of *Madame de Merville* in the person of his conductress. At this moment, her uncle passing in his chariot, sees her, and stops at the inn. How is she now to account for the Colonel's accompanying her, without at the same time betraying her brother's imprudence?—the old Baron having the strongest antipathy to the name of a duellist. The *Soubrette* (Vestris) strikes on the curious expedient of announcing the Colonel as Madame's husband, under the name of *Major Moustache*, with whose addresses the Baron had been made acquainted. The Colonel, astonished but amused, is invited to the chateau. His scorn of the sex has rapidly given way to a liking for this pretty woman. She is charmed with him, yet afraid of startling him by the disclosure of her name. At the chateau he sees her conversing with her brother, and grows furiously jealous of the stranger. The uncle, surprised at the obvious reserve on both sides, concludes that there has been some idle quarrel, and insists on their behaving in a more lover-like manner. The embarrassment of both increases. At this moment comes the real Major, whom the Baron treats as an impostor; a treatment which the Major furiously resents, threatening to retort with such personal indignity, that this anti-duellist gets into a rage, seizes a pistol, and is about to fight; when, in the critical moment, all the party come in—the Baron is pleasantly laughed at—the Major is reconciled—the Colonel and Madame are made happy—the *Soubrette* and the *Valet* propose to marry—and the whole ends with a song.

This plot, slight and rapid as it is, is yet of the exact texture for a summer theatre. The dialogue is neat and pointed; the music (by Bishop) is, on the whole, of a superior quality to that of *petite opera*; and the characters are as well sustained as even fastidious criticism would desire. Miss E. Tree's performance of *Madame Merville* is one of the most graceful and finished that we have seen. She looks the gentlewoman; her foreign air is excellently preserved, yet without running into that caricature which so strongly tempts

the general performer. Her style of dress, her manner, and her acting are equally appropriate; and without giving any extravagant praise to either her talents or her beauty, we must say that she has fully established her claim to be one of the hopes of the drama. Vestris is, of course, the *Soubrette*, and clever and popular as usual. She carries on the *intrigue* of the piece with true French dexterity—is never at a loss—never loses her vivacity—and continues to the last a favourite with the audience. Cooper, as the *Colonel*, plays the sentimentalist like the intelligent actor that he is; but we much doubt his taste in costume. We, in the first place, doubt whether any colonel in France, or otherwise, travelling for his amusement, would so far trespass on the king's uniform, as to wear his regimental pantaloons at inns, by road-sides, love-making, &c. His military belt is a glittering affair 'tis true—but he may rely upon the fact, that no officer ever wore such off parade. The round hat on the top of all is a fearful anomaly. We have even some conscientious hesitation as to scarlet being any part of the uniform of a chasseur; it certainly is not of an infantry chasseur, he being green from top to toe;—nor, we believe, of any horse chasseur in the service of the *Grand Monarque*. Besides, we could have believed him to be a colonel on his word, and with a total independence of the plunder of his garrison wardrobe. Laporte, as the *Valet*, plays more effectively than hitherto. The part allows of broken English in abundance; and that is the only English which this lively Frenchman will ever speak as long as he exhibits in this world. Farren, in the old *Baron*, is in his element. The stage has no such old man. Yet he would do well to correct some of the youthful propensities which the Baron ought to have laid aside at his time of life. The scene with the *Soubrette* is more amusing to the galleries than to any other part of the house, and more suitable to the meridian of Paris and the habits of old Parisian barons, than to London, and the public decorum of the London actor. The "*Rencontre*" has been repeated, without intermission, since its first night, and deserves to be repeated.

The Lyceum, under the conduct of its very active and gentlemanlike manager, Mr. Arnold, is going on with great activity. "*Arthur and Emmeline*," a revival; "*the Cornish Miners*," a characteristic pleasantry, by Peake, who is attaining reputation as a farce-writer; "*The Oracle*," and some other performances of a lighter cast, have been brought forward in quick succession.

The winter theatres are preparing. Drury Lane, already possessed of a good comic company, has made a capital en-

agement in Jones—an actor perhaps among the liveliest and the most judicious that the modern stage has seen. Personal respectability, in this instance, gives its aid to public talent; and every man who feels for the character of the theatres will be gratified by the continuance of this estimable man and most animated performer on the London stage. Mr. Price is also, we understand, labouring to secure the superiority in opera. With Paton and Braham, he has two first-rate public favourites. But we should be glad to hear of his engaging Sinclair also, who has been too long absent, and whose powers are still in their full vigour. With these three, all competition must give way to Drury Lane.

Covent Garden is said to have engaged Kean, and at the enormous rate of fifty pounds a night. We feel too strong an interest in the prosperity of the drama, not to hope that the report is exaggerated.

Enormous salaries have been the acknowledged evil of these establishments; and what can be expected from the popularity of any actor in plays which the public have seen, without intermission, for the last dozen years. A new tragedy, written with the ability that would enable it to keep possession of the stage; or, still more, a new comedy—not plundered from the Continent, but written in the genuine style of English good-breeding and English good-humour—would be of more value to even the pecuniary interests of the theatre than any individual, be his merits what they may. Kean will, it is true, always be popular and powerful, while he takes the common trouble to be so. Young is a fine performer—and Charles Kemble still without a rival in his peculiar line of parts. But novelty and originality are the secrets of stage-success; and without these, the most established favouritism must end in repulsion.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

May 3.—A paper was read, entitled, "Rules and Principles for determining the dispersive ratio of Glass, and for computing the radii of curvature for Achromatic Object Glasses," submitted to the test of experiment, by Peter Barlow, Esq.—May 10. Some observations were communicated, on the effects of dividing the nerves of the lungs, and subjecting the latter to the influence of voltaic electricity, by Dr. Wilson Philip.—A paper was also read, "on the change in the plumage of some hen pheasants," by W. Yarrell, Esq. From which it appears to be a general law that, where the sexes of animals are indicated by external characters, these undergo a change, and assume a neutral appearance, whenever original malformation, subsequent disease, or artificial obliteration, has deprived the sexual organs of their true influence.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

May 11.—A paper was read, on the approximate places and descriptions of 295 new double and triple stars, discovered in the course of a series of observations, with a twenty-feet reflecting telescope; together with some observations of double stars, previously known, by the president, J. F. W. Herschel, Esq. Some imperfect observations made at the observatory of Bombay, on moon-culminating stars, were communicated from Mr. Curwin. Then followed a paper, on the determination of azimuths, by observations of the pole star, by professor Littrow, director of the imperial observatory at Vienna. A communication was then read from G. Dollond, Esq., in which he gave an

account of a singular appearance observed during the solar eclipse, on the 29th of November last. The morning was cloudy, but soon after the commencement of the eclipse there was a partial opening in the clouds, through which Mr. D. saw a considerable part of the limb of the moon, which had not yet entered on the disc of the sun. Continuing his observations, after a short time as the clouds passed on, he again saw both the sun and a portion of the moon's border, which was off the sun's disc. The sky then became cloudless, and he could no longer discern any part of the moon's limb, except that which eclipsed the sun. This unexpected occurrence, Mr. D. thinks, may be turned to advantage, as it seems to show that the reduction of the sun's light, by the intervention of an opaque substance, may enable an observer to see the moon when she is very near the sun. A letter was then read from Mr. Reeves of Canton, describing a comet which had been seen at sea, in October 1825, between γ Eridani, and ϵ Caeti, and another from M. Gambart to the president, containing new elements of the comet which traversed the sun's disc, in November 1826.

FOREIGN.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris.—April 23.—A letter was read from M. Darnaud, who mentioned that, from time immemorial, in part of Greece, deep incisions under the tongue had been employed, and generally regarded as efficacious against hydrophobia—referred to M. M. Portal and Majendie. A communication was made by M. Arago, from professor Delpech, regarding ammoniacal and cyanogen gases, and sul-

phuric and hydrosulphuric acids, which depart from Mariotte's law the more, the nearer they are to their point of liquefaction, and hydrogen gas, which, compressed by the weight of twenty atmospheres, was in sensible agreement with the air. A favourable report was delivered by M. M. Latreille and Dumeril, on a memoir of M. Leon Dufour, entitled *Anatomical Researches on the Labidouri* (tails with pincers), preceded by some considerations on the establishment of a particular order for these insects. M. Bouvard presented a memoir, on the meteorological observations made at the observatory of Paris; and a paper was read by M. B. Schlickh, on the Thames Tunnel.—30. M. Arago communicated a note of M. Savary, on the sounds produced by a plate, placed at an orifice, from which a current of æriform gas is escaping. On a report of M. M. Vauquelin and Chevreul, the thanks of the academy were proffered to M. Moirin, an apothecary, at Rouen, for the communication he had made to them on the subject of a concretion, found in the brain of a human subject. M. M. Poincot, Ampère, and Cauchy, delivered a report on a memoir of M. Roche, relative to the rotation of a solid body round a fixed point, as its centre of gravity—the results had been previously known. M. Poisson read a paper on the rotation of the earth.—May 7. M. de Freycinet read an extract from a letter of M. M. Quoy and Gaimard, dated Port Jackson, December 4, 1826, stating that they were about to forward a memoir and some drawings. M. Arago communicated a memoir he had received from M. Broussingault, on the composition of native argentiferous gold. M. Moreau de Jonnes read a memoir on venomous serpents, brought alive from foreign countries—when M. Majendie remarked that the employment of cupping is

limited in its effects, and insufficient of itself to counteract the effect of their bite. M. Cassini, president of the royal court of Paris, was elected into the academy, in the place of the Duke de la Rochefoucault. A very highly complimentary report was made by M. M. Arago and Dupin, on "A Course of Mechanics applied to Machines," by Captain Poncelet, of the engineers. It would have been inserted in the collections of the academy, had not the minister of war provided for its more unlimited circulation. Conformably to the wish of the minister of the interior, a commission had been appointed to investigate the facts relating to the death of Mr. Drake, who had died by the bite of a rattle-snake at Rouen; it was proposed that no venomous animals of that class should be allowed to enter France, and adopted with certain limitations.—14. M. Arago read a letter addressed to him by M. Despretz, in which the latter recounted some experiments, designed to prove that the compression of liquids constantly gives rise to a sensible degree of heat—water under a pressure of twenty atmospheres evolved 0.015 of a degree. He also read an extract from a memoir of M. M. de la Rive and Marcet, of Geneva, on the specific heat of gases, which, according to them, is the same in all the gases subjected to the same pressure. M. Clever de Maldigny read a memoir on the breaking of stones in the bladder. Having undergone the operation of cutting seven times, he resolved to have the stones broken, which was done with perfect success, by M. Civiale, who himself announced that, of forty-three patients upon whom he had operated, forty-two were radically cured, without the treatment being accompanied by any distressing accident.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Receipt for a Croonian Lecture.—RUMMAGE among old papers, especially if bequeathed by a deceased relation, for some crude conjecture; upon said crude conjecture build a wild hypothesis; take from any subject, dead or living—brute-beast or Christian—whatever is so disgusting as to deter all other examiners; get a young surgeon to prepare, and an old one to describe it; go to the seer who describes invisibles, and, when told what you want to support your hypothesis, he will be sure to discover it; cause his discoveries to be portrayed by one skilful artist, and engraved by another; destroy the old papers, instead of the hypothesis; claim the latter as your own; and it will form a proper lecture to be read to the Royal Society; and then, with the designs of one man—the engravings of a second, illustrating the ravages of a third on the departed genius of a fourth—by them to be communicated to Europe, as the *ne plus ultra* of British physiology.

We understand that, in practice, the above receipt has been found perfectly unobjectionable. That it has not become obsolete, is best shewn by the *Croonian Lecture for 1827*, with which a correspondent has furnished us:—

Harper cries, 'Tis time
And do it into rhyme.
Critics often prate
Your papers have of late
If I catch the train,
Let us thumb again

To work some crude conjecture;
For my next Croonian lecture.
(They sha'n't say so this season)—
Neither rhyme nor reason.
Soon I'll mould and shape her:
Each musty spotted paper.

Ha! I've hit the nail;
Tadpoles have a tail—
I'll run to Leicester-square,
My friends who sojourn there,
My worthy friend; explain us, is
Why have frogs bare anuses,
I've a friend at hand
Then make us understand
The tadpole had a tail—
While frogs as seldom fall
He had a tail 'tis plain,
It could not cross his brain,
You see my sad distress—
I've half a mind to guess
I have a friend, whose sight
He'll see whate'er is right,
Then give my friend and me,
Tell us what to see,
Ha! I understand—
Honest friend, your hand—
Away, away to the seer—
I've such a bright idea—
My hints when I revise,
Then we'll pen them as they rise,
I hate the *labor limæ*—
His tail, so bright and slimy,
You see each vessel's play,
Quick—you see it—say?
Again then—*fugit hora*—
Invisible fine aura?
You see beside, I'm sure,
A soft, smooth aperture?†
And hear a crepitation,
'Scaped Parry's observation?
The tail attenuated,
Like nutmeg gently grated?
You see it fast diminish,
Quick—quick—it's time to finish?
But hold, my more than brother,
It strikes me that another
Did this anomalous,
Its whole effect produce
Or should we rather say,
In quite another way—
These doubts would best be met
Oh! could we catch the jet,
I'll think again of this,
We'll have the analysis
Then sketch away, unheeding
I'll draw up the proceeding:
I'll read it to the learned,
Will think the job well earned
Or if it double twenty
Their funds suffice in plenty,
A health then to the donors!
Such microscopic honours

I'll score it in my pothooks;
Frogs have but bare buttocks!!!
I know who'll see my drift;
I'll ask them for a lift.
It hard to raise the veil,
While tadpoles have a tail?
With a microscopic eye;
What we ought to spy.
Nobody can doubt it—
To do as well without it.
And constantly employed it;
I think, my friend, to void it.
Then teach me how to meet it;—
The wretches take and eat it!
I can very well depend on;
Be it vessel, nerve, or tendon.
Give us but a thought;
And we'll see it as we ought.
One word's as good as twenty—
Verbum sapienti.
Summon all your senses;
Out with all your lenses!
I very often fast stick;
*Autoschediastic.**
Critics, let them joke us;
Fix it in the focus.
Each pulse's rise and fall?
"Yes—I see it all!"
You see a thin and small
"Yes—I see it all!"
From whence these vapours roll,
"Oh! yes—I see the whole!"
Like what from Northern light
"I do—distinctly—quite!"
Its substance seems to lose,
"Yes—I see it does!"
Like ice before the sun?
"Oh! yes—I see its gone."
In writing what we've seen,
Doubt may intervene.
Gas-like elimination
From mechanical abrasion?
It performed its execution,
By chemical solution?
By an analytic trial;
And stop it in a phial!
While you collect the vapour;
In my next year's paper.‡
Who your labour is to pay;
Then sketch—sketch away!
And never doubt the ninnies
At the price of twenty guineas.||
For paper, plates, and printing,
For such experimenting.
Again shall never sly bore
Bear away as you and I bore.

* An erudite word—for which see the prospectus to Valpy's Thesaurus:

† Totus teres atque rotundus.—Horace.

‡ Is there a mistake here? For the Croonian Lectureship is annual—not perennial.

|| "The Croonian Lecture, founded on the donation of Dame Mary Sadlier, the late relict of Dr. Croone, of one-fifth of the clear rent of an estate on Lambeth-hill, in the possession of the College of Physicians (producing to the society £3 per annum), for maintaining a lecture or discourse of the nature and property of local motion" [of a tadpole's tail, for instance].—*The Statutes of the Royal Society of London, made in the year 1823, p. 42.*

Weiss's Stomach Pump.—In a late number of a respectable contemporary journal, the *Sporting Magazine*, we saw an account of a novel application of Weiss's Stomach Pump, which cannot be too widely circulated; it was to a valuable mare, suffering from inflammation of the bowels, on which occasion a very large quantity of warm soap suds were injected by this machine, and a disease which frequently proves fatal, completely removed. The construction of this simple instrument, without valves, not only prevents any liability to derangement, but insures its efficacy in the hands of every practitioner—two advantages which cannot be claimed by any similar contrivance. The same very ingenious artist has in preparation an apparatus for restoring suspended animation, which, from its success upon the brute creation, promises to be of infinite value when applied to man. We shall hereafter give a detailed account of the process.

Columbus and his Discoveries.—Some new documents relative to Columbus, have recently been published by authority of the Spanish government, by D. Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, to whom access has been allowed to all the archives of the government, and of the most noble houses of Spain. Among much that is curious and interesting, we think the following remarks worthy of insertion here, as setting at rest a question which has given rise to much conjecture, viz., the island which Columbus first discovered in America. He gave it the name of San Salvador; and it has generally been supposed to be the island now called St. Salvador, or Cat Island. The position of this island not agreeing perfectly with the admiral's course and description, Munoz conjectured that Watling's Island was the true Guanahani. But Senor Navarrete adduces very strong reasons for believing it to be the largest of the Turks Islands. The course of Columbus, from Guanahani, was continually west, from island to island, till he arrived at Nipe in Cuba. Now this fact is irreconcilable with the idea, that Guanahani is Cat Island, which lies nearly due north of Nipe. Beside, the great Bahama bank, and a long chain of bays, called Cayos de la Cadena, stretching between St. Salvador and Cuba, interpose a most serious obstacle to holding such a westerly course as Columbus pursued. But by setting out from Nipe, and proceeding in a retrograde direction along his course, as he very particularly describes it in his journal, we may easily trace his path, and shall be convinced that Guanahani is no other than Turks Island. Add to this, that his description of it accords exactly with the latter, especially in the circumstance of there being a large lake in the middle of it. This point is perhaps of no great consequence, but it is satisfactory to know precisely what spot in America was first revealed to the eyes of Europeans.

Hindoo Dwarf.—An extraordinary dwarf has recently been exhibited in India. His name is Dhunna Ram; he was born at Be-

goo Seral, district of Monghyr; is of the Baheliya caste, and forty-two years old. His stature, from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, is three feet one inch and a-half high. He is well proportioned throughout, and intelligent and pleasing in his manner. Though so diminutive himself, his mother and father were of full growth; and he has four brothers and sisters full grown. Indeed he was accompanied by one of his brothers, who is a tall able-bodied man. Dwarfs usually have some deformity about them; but the little man in question is perfectly well formed, with the exception, perhaps, of the elbow-joint being higher situated than we generally meet with. The expression of his face is pleasing, lively, and somewhat quaint. His voice is clear and strong, but partakes somewhat of a boyish shrillness, as if he had never attained the *vox rauca* which is observable at puberty. He has lost one of his eyes by the small-pox; his appetite and health are good, and he is light and active.—*India Gazette*.

Second Inventions.—At the end of the last century, the celebrated Lord Stanhope proposed an improvement on reflecting telescopes, by fixing both the great mirror and the eye-piece, and employing a large plane speculum, *moveable in every direction*, to reflect the image on the object mirror—so that the observer in his closet or elsewhere, might contemplate and examine at his leisure the objects placed before him, and no more light be lost than in the ordinary Newtonian telescope. With the able assistance of the late Mr. Varley, this design is said to have been carried into execution, and the latter has left an account of its effect. With the death of his patron, however, all further attention to the subject was relinquished in England; but in 1812, Professor Amici, of Modena, succeeded in executing a telescope on the same principle, but on a much smaller scale than the former one; and an Italian society rewarded his discovery with a medal. This reminds us of a travelling railway, for which an ingenious gentleman, George Hunter, Esq., has recently taken out a patent in England, when almost the very same invention was submitted to the Society of Arts for Scotland, on the 27th December 1822, by Mr. Heriot, carpenter, at Duddington, under the title of "A model of a new construction of wheels for carriages, called a *moveable Railway*." Well may Dr. Brewster say, that the British minister who shall first establish a system of effectual patronage for our arts and sciences, and who shall deliver them from the *fatal incubus of our patent laws*, will be regarded as the Colbert of his age, and will secure to himself a more glorious renown than he could ever obtain from the highest achievements in legislation or in politics.

Botany.—An institution has been established in Germany, of which the professed aim is, to employ zealous and properly-educated botanists in Germany and other Euro-

pean nations, to collect rare plants, both in a living and dried state, and seeds. Two or more collectors will be employed annually, but their number must be regulated by the means of the establishment. The members of the society will constitute two classes: 1. Honorary members; that is, such as give it their support by voluntary contributions, arising from a desire of promoting its views. To these will be granted the privilege of selecting from the annual collections (of which a public account will always be given), rare seeds, or living plants, for their gardens, or splendid specimens for their herbaria; and they will be allowed to give directions in regard to other objects of natural history which they may desire, but they will not share in the regular annual distributions. 2. There will be ordinary members, who will divide among themselves, according to the amount of their subscriptions, the collections, after the honorary members have received their portions; and the subscribers are particularly requested to specify whether they prefer dried plants, living plants, or seeds. The annual contribution is fifteen florins, Rhenish (the louis d'or being reckoned as eleven florins), something short of thirty shillings English, and the sum must

be forwarded at the beginning of each year. Persons subscribing to twice or thrice that amount, will receive plants in proportion, and will have more of the rarest kinds, of which only a few may have been gathered. The directors bind themselves to the continuance of the establishment for five years to come. For the accommodation of English botanists, communications may be addressed to a gentleman well known to every naturalist, "John Hunnemann, Esq., No. 9, Queen-street, Soho;" and through the same channel, the annual returns can be received. It is to be hoped that this appeal to the friends of Botanical Science in this country will not be neglected; and for their encouragement we may add, that Doctor Hooker, of Edinburgh, a subscriber to the institution, being entitled to two shares in the produce of the first excursion, is in possession of a collection, which, for the number, variety, and beauty of the specimens, has much exceeded his most sanguine expectations; being such as, but for this valuable institution, no money could have purchased: all are correctly named, with printed labels. To judge from the first collection, each member will receive about 200 species for a single annual subscription.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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Mr. Henry Trevanion has in the press the Influence of Apathy, and other Poems.

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An Historical Narrative of Dr. Francia's Reign in Paraguay.

Mr. Strutt is preparing a work, entitled *Deliciae Sylvarum*; or Select Views of Romantic Forest Scenery, drawn from Nature.

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Messrs. Parbury, Allen, and Co., have nearly ready for publication a Memoir, relative to the Operations of the Serampore Missionaries; including a succinct account of their Oriental Translations, Native Schools, Missionary Stations, and Serampore College.

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New Patents sealed 1827.

Henry Raper, of Baker-street, Middlesex, Esq., a Rear-Admiral in our Royal Navy, for an improved system of signals, first, for communicating by day by the means of flags and pendants, between ships at sea or other objects far distant from each other; in which system, the colours of the flags and pendants which have heretofore served to distinguish the signals one from another, and which, by distance or other causes, are extremely subject to be mistaken, may be dispensed with altogether; and secondly, for communicating, by night, between ships at sea and other objects far distant from each other, by the means of lights. And which system of signals is more conspicuous, expeditious, and certain, than any which has hitherto been employed for the like purpose. Sealed 21st June; 2 months.

To James Marshall, of Chatham, Kent, lieutenant in the Royal Navy, for improvements in mounting guns or cannon for sea, or other service—26th June; 6 months.

To John Felton, of Hinckley, in the county of Leicester, machine-maker, for a machine for an expeditious and correct mode of giving a fine edge to knives, razors, scissors, and other cutting instruments—28th June; 2 months.

To Thomas Fuller, of Bath, coach-maker, for certain improvements on wheel carriages—28th June; 2 months.

To Walter Hancock, of Stratford, Essex, engineer, for an improvement or improvements upon steam-engines—4th July; 6 months.

To George Anthony Sharp, of Putney, Surry, Esq., for an improved table-urn—18th July; 6 months.

To Robert More, of Underwood, Sterlingshire, in Scotland, distiller, for certain improvements in the process of preparing and cooling worts or wash from vegetable substances for the production of spirits—18th July; 6 months.

To Robert More, of Underwood, Sterlingshire, Scotland, distiller, for certain processes for rendering distillery refuse productive of spirits—18th July; 6 months.

To Edward Barnard Deeble, of Saint James's-street, Westminster, civil engineer, for a new construction or constructions and combination, or combination of metallic

blocks for the purposes of forming caissons, jetties, piers, quays, embankments, light-houses, foundation walls, or such other erections to which the said metallic blocks may be applicable—12th July; 6 months.

To Robert Vazie, of York-square, Saint Pancras, Middlesex, civil engineer, for improvements in certain processes, utensils, apparatus, machinery, and operations applicable to the preparing, extracting, and preserving various articles of food, the component parts of which utensils, apparatus, and machinery, are of different dimensions proportionate to the different uses in which they are employed, and may be separately applied in preparing, extracting, and preserving food, and in other useful purposes—12th July; 6 months.

To William Church, of Birmingham, Warwick, Esq., for certain improvements on apparatus for spinning fibrous substances—13th July; 6 months.

To William Wilson, of Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, London, hat-manufacturer, for his method or principle of extracting spirits and other solvents used in dissolving malleable gums of various kinds, and other articles employed for stiffening hats, hat-bodies, bonnets, caps, and divers articles of merchandizes, and converting such spirit (after rectification) into use—4th July; 2 months.

To René Florentin Jenar, of Bunhill-row, in the parish of Saint Luke, gentleman, for certain improvements in lamps—4th July; 6 months.

A grant unto George Boulton, of Stafford-street, Old Bond-street, Middlesex, tailor, for an instrument, machine, or apparatus for writing, which he denominates a self-supplying pen—4th July; 6 months.

To Thomas Sowerby, of 'Change-alley, Cornhill, for a certain improvement in the construction of ships windlasses—4th July; 2 months.

To René Florentin Jenar, of Bunhill-row, Middlesex, gentleman, for a method of filling-up with metal or other suitable material, the holes or interstices in wire-gauze, or other similar substances, which he denominates metallic linen.

To John Snelson Shenton, of Husband, Bosworth in Leicester, plumber and glazier, for certain improvements in the mechanism of water-closets—12th July; 2 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in August 1813, expire in the present month of August 1827.

9. John Easson, Liverpool, for a machine called a panagram, for teaching the blind to read, by the touch, music, languages, arithmetic, &c.

— George Scott, Alnwick, for a machine for cutting out men and women's wearing apparel, and various other things, &c.

— Edward Heard, London, for certain processes for the manufacture of glass.

— Robert Westfield, London, for improvements in horizontal watches.

25. John Hancock, Reading, for improved construction of carriages, and application of a material hitherto unused for them.

— John Naish, Bath, for making moveable characters for composing names and professions.

— Thomas Gate Hunt, Brades, Stafford, for an improved back for scythes, reaping-hooks, straw-knives, and hay-knives.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

LORD MORTON.

George Douglas, Earl of Morton, and Lord Aberdour of the County of Fife; Baron Douglas of Lochleven, in the peerage of England; Lord Lieutenant of the County of Fife; High Commissioner to the Kirk of Scotland; K.T.V.P.R.S., and F.S.A., was born in the year 1759. His lordship's ancestors descended from Andrew de Douglas, second son of Archibald de Douglas, whose eldest son, William, was ancestor of the Dukes de Douglas. John Douglas of Landen and Loch Leven, great-great-grandson of Andrew, lived in the reign of King David II. of Scotland; and had, besides other issue, two sons; James, whose great-grandson was created Earl of Morton; and Henry of Loch Leven ancestor of the late and present Earl.

Sholto Charles, the fifteenth Earl, father of the nobleman, to whom this notice relates, married Katharine, daughter of John Hamilton, Esq., by whom (who died in April 1823) he had an only son. His Lordship died on the 27th of September, 1774; and was succeeded by that son, George Douglas.

After finishing his education, his Lordship made the tour of Europe, and is said to have acquired a proficiency in all the languages in that quarter of the world. In the early part of Mr. Pitt's administration, he was appointed Lord Chamberlain to the Queen; a post which he held until the death of her majesty. On the 11th of August, 1791, he was created Baron Douglas, of Loch Leven, in the English Peerage. His lordship was a man attached to science, and was a constant attendant at the meetings of the Royal Society. Having often officiated as vice-president of that institution, during the absence of Sir Joseph Banks, on the death of that gentleman, he was one of the noblemen who were mentioned as likely to succeed him. The election, however, took a different turn; his lordship not having been put in nomination as a candidate.

Lord Morton married, on the 13th of

August, 1814, Susan Elizabeth Buller, daughter of Sir Francis Buller, of Lupton, in the county of Devon, Bart. His lordship died at Dalmahoy, in North Britain, on the 19th of July; and having left no issue by his lady, the English Barony of Douglas, of Loch Leven, has, by his death, become extinct. He is succeeded in his other titles by his cousin, George Sholto Douglas.

DR. JACKSON.

Robert Jackson, M.D., Inspector of Military Hospitals, and many years chief of the medical department in the army of the West Indies, was born about the year 1751. After his probationary terms in the profession, he went to Jamaica, in 1774. There, he successfully adopted the practice of cold affusion in fever, long before it was adopted by Dr. Currie. In 1778, Mr. Jackson served as regimental surgeon in the British army in America. At the close of the American war, he settled at Stockton-upon-Tees. In 1793, when the French revolutionary war commenced, he was appointed to the Third Regiment of Foot, with the view of attaining the rank of physician in the army. For some time he served upon the continent; in 1796, he was employed at St. Domingo; and, in 1799, with the Russian auxiliary army. After some years of retirement, he took charge of the medical department in the Windward and Leeward Islands. In his improved mode of treating the yellow fever in the West-Indies, he encountered many difficulties; but his late Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, aware of the value of his services, enabled him to overcome them; and, in addition to his half-pay, as Inspector of Hospitals, he was, for many years, allowed a pension of £200.

Dr. Jackson wrote much and well. His publications were as follow:—On the Fevers of Jamaica, with Observations on the Intermittents of America, and an Appendix, containing Hints on the Means of preserving the Health of Soldiers in Hot Climates, 1795, 8vo.; An Outline of the History and Cure of Fever, Endemic and Contagious, more

particularly the Contagious Fever of Gaols, Ships, and Hospitals; with an Explanation of the Principles of Military Discipline and Economy, and a Scheme of Medical Arrangement for Armies, 1798, 8vo.; Remarks on the Constitution of the Medical Department of the British Army, 1803, 8vo.; A Systematic View of the Discipline, Formation, and Economy of Armies, 1804, 4to.; A Letter to the Editor of the Edinburgh Review, 1804, 8vo.; A System of Arrangement and Discipline for the Medical Department of Armies, 1805, 8vo.; An Exposition of the Practice of Affusing Cold Water on the Body as a Cure for Fever, 1808, 8vo.; A Letter to the Commissioners of Military Enquiry, Explaining the True Constitution of a Medical Staff, 1808, 8vo.; A Second Letter to the Commissioners of Military Enquiry, containing a Refutation of some Statements made by Mr. Keate, 1808, 8vo.; A Letter

to Mr. Keate, Surgeon-general to the Forces, 1808, 8vo.; A Letter to Sir David Dundas, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, 1809, 8vo.

Dr. Jackson died at Thursby, near Carlisle, on the 6th of April.

LORD CASTLE COOTE.

Eyre Coote, Baron Castle Coote, of the county of Roscommon, in Ireland, was the third, but eldest surviving son of Charles Henry, second Lord Castle Coote, by his lady, Elizabeth Anne, eldest daughter and co-heir of the Rev. Henry Tilson, D. D. He succeeded his father on the 22d of January 1823; having married, in the preceding year, Barbara, the second daughter of Sir Joshua Colles Meredith, of Madareen, in the county of Kilkenny, Bart. Leaving no male issue, the title is extinct. His lordship, who died lately at Paris, is succeeded in his estates by Eyre Coote, Esq.

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

THE concurring testimony of physicians in all ages has demonstrated the salubrity of a mild winter and a cool summer. To the correctness of the first part of this assertion, the tenor of many preceding Reports in this Magazine will abundantly testify. The experience of the present season, so far as we have yet advanced in it, seems disposed to bear out the old observers in the latter part of their dictum, even to its fullest extent. There has not been one day of great or oppressive heat since the date of the last Report. The temperature of the air has been mild and uniform during the day; the nights have been cold, and occasionally rainy. To these circumstances undoubtedly it must be owing that the Reporter has so little to communicate regarding the diseases of this period. It must be evident that, if the peculiarities of any season are absent, its usual train of diseases will be absent also. The reader, however, will, it is humbly hoped, derive much consolation from reflecting, that, if the "Monthly Medical Report" be meagre and uninteresting, the public health has been, in the mean time, such as to gratify the best feelings of his nature; and that, in fact, interest can only be given to this communication by the extent and severity of individual suffering.

The most generally prevalent disease at the present time is fever, of the kind called synochus, or typhus mitior. The London Fever Hospital is in full activity. Nearly all its beds are occupied; but the character of the fever is mild and manageable; and never did this institution more thoroughly justify, than at present, its former designation—"The House of Recovery." Small-pox is gaining ground too. The admissions into the Small-Pox Hospital during the last month have been unusually numerous, especially from the St. Giles's district; but the disease is quite devoid of those malignant features which it is wont to assume under the scorching influence of a July sun. The greater number of admissions has been of children (and others) wholly unprotected; but there have been several cases also of small-pox after vaccination. It must be very gratifying, however, to the friends of vaccination (that is to say, to all the friends of humanity) to learn that the proportion of admissions under this head has not advanced during the last two years; and further, that the mildness or severity of the disease has been always proportioned to the degree of perfection which the vaccination originally attained. In other words, whenever the vaccination was clearly ascertained to have been complete and satisfactory, there the subsequent disorder has been so slight as to occasion little inconvenience to the patient, and no uneasiness whatever to the physician.

The Reporter, however, cannot avoid adding to this statement his conviction (founded now on a very extensive experience), that medical practitioners were formerly—and still perhaps in some places continue to be—too easily satisfied with the appearances of the arm; and that they pronounced on the future security of the individual with a degree of confidence which is not always warranted by the facts even at the time. The constitution of the child must be thoroughly imbued with the vaccine influence, before such an opinion can be properly given; and it requires a practised eye and a nice habit of discrimination to decide when such an effect has been fully obtained. There appears to exist, in some children, an indisposition to take the cow-

pox, both locally and constitutionally; and, unless the Reporter have greatly deceived himself, it will generally be found that these two circumstances go together;—that is to say, wherever a child is vaccinated two or three times without taking, or is vaccinated in many places where one only succeeds, that the resulting vesicle will be small, and the constitutional influence uncertain and imperfect. If this opinion be well founded, it would follow that, under such circumstances, the vaccination should not then be persevered in, but should be deferred for a few months until the child's system has altered, and probably improved. The Reporter is not aware whether this doctrine was held by Dr. Jenner, and whether it is or is not acted upon by his professional brethren engaged in the practice of vaccination; but it has been forced upon his attention very strongly during the last six months; and he is desirous, on account of its obvious practical importance, to throw out the suggestion, that those whose opportunities enable them may estimate and decide upon its correctness.

Bronchial affections have prevailed to a considerable extent during the past month. Hoarseness has accompanied them in many cases, and herpetic eruptions about the lips in others. The Reporter has noticed that the blisters which he has applied in such persons have occasioned great irritation, which, with other circumstances, may be received as a conclusive evidence that the blood is heated, and that nitre and other antiphlogistic remedies are preferable to squills and the more direct expectorants. Allied to this state of low bronchial inflammation (the bastard peripneumony of old authors), is the disease called *pleurodyne*—the bastard pleurisy of a former age. Many cases of this kind have come under the Reporter's observation during the last month. It is decidedly a rheumatic affection: for it is always associated with pains of the limbs and shoulders; but it frequently is benefitted by one moderate bleeding; and the Reporter is not prepared to say that the pleura is not, in some degree, involved in it.

Several cases of hæmorrhage from the internal parts (the epigastric region) have been lately noticed. Practitioners are often anxious to determine whether the blood, in these cases, comes from the lungs or the stomach. In the hæmorrhagy of cold weather this is an important question, because it leads to the probability of future consumption; but it is a matter of comparative indifference in the hæmorrhagy of this season, which is mainly dependent on atmospheric heat operating upon a plethoric habit. Bleeding from the arm, leeches to the ~~pit~~ of the stomach, saline aperients, and a low diet are usually sufficient for the permanent cure of this apparently formidable disorder.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

8, Upper John Street, Golden Square, July 22, 1827.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE earth's products of the present year have been described, in our preceding Reports, as probable to be generally abundant—perhaps considerably above the average of seasons. There is now every probability that the nearly approaching harvest will verify, to the letter, this nationally exhilarating expectation. It is nevertheless necessary to reflect with how many *grains of salt*—that is, of allowance—this splendid expectation is to be received, since some are certainly required by the actual state of the case. Without complaining—for which there is no ground—we have certainly witnessed more genial seasons. The solar heat has been checked, and rendered, in some respects, harmful, by chilling easterly winds, which, at intervals, were of long continuance—again quickly alternating. This, in course, gave occasional checks to vegetation, deteriorating its products, and, in some few instances, destroying them. The wheats have been generally affected, but it may be hoped superficially—the blight penetrating no deeper than the chaff and straw. But there certainly is a portion—small however—which will be tainted with *smut*. As usual, some of our *fortunate* correspondents attribute this misfortune to the *neglect* of the farmers;—a notion, which the stubborn facts periodically and constantly occurring, through the length of full a century and a half, have not yet been sufficient to counteract. The instances, during the present season, of wheat-seed steeped *sec. art.*, and yet the crop being infected with *red gum*, and all the other indications of incipient rottenness or *smut*, we hope will not be numerous;—but such there are.

The breadth of wheat in the country is said, from all quarters, to be most extensive; and, during some years past, the culture of this staff of life and of potatoes has been annually extending. Conjoined with this cheering fact, the annual forward state of culture—the considerable quantity of wheat held, whether in stack or granary—the

several years' clip of wool, with certain other indications of a comfortable prosperity—the whole by no means sanctions those frequent gloomy bewailings of agricultural depression and approaching ruin.

On the best lands the labourers have, for some time, found full employment; on others, many are still *rounding* in search of employ—too many of them compelled, by dire necessity, to take up the trade of poaching, or other means of a still higher rate of delinquency. The truth is, our national labourers are unable to bear up against Irish competition; and as England has ruined Ireland, she is thus taking her revenge. But, according to the usual course of things, the burden and the misery fall upon the lower classes of both countries. In order to the relief of both countries, a grand stroke of policy is the *desideratum* with regard to Ireland. Half-measures and palliatives can have only the usual effect of giving a somewhat longer life to an abominable system.

It is only on the most productive lands that wheat is very bulky; on the inferior, though the ear be of fair size, the straw is not great. Harvest will commence with the next month, or even the conclusion of the present, in the forward districts; and barley has been already cut in Dorsetshire. The barley crop is supposed to be the heaviest, both in ear and stem; oats the least so; and the complaints of foul tilth seem to attach, in the greatest degree, to the oat crop. Too many good old farmers appear yet to set much store by *double* crops.

The hops have certainly passed through the vicissitudes of the season with less injury than was predicted; and there having been, for some seasons, a much larger stock on hand than of which the speculators were aware, the article neither did, nor in probability will, for a considerable period, reach the high prices of former days. The hay is a general good crop, well got in, with the exception of that part of the lands on which the roots of the grass perished during the drought of last year. Much grass land is in a state to receive great benefit from being harrowed or scarified, and fresh seeded, towards the end of summer. The first heavy showers, which laid the forward barley, occasioned the young grasses to be smothered, and a considerable breadth of them will fail. Thus, sometimes, the corn ruins the grasses; at others, the grasses, being very forward and luxuriant, will nearly spoil a crop of corn. Furthermore, a state of singleness is always best for both crops. But custom is ever better than best; and few farmers, but the great farming patriot of Norfolk, Coke, have entire crops of clover. The spring grasses, with tares, are a luxuriant and beautiful crop; last year's grasses, in course, a failure. Beans and peas hold way with other crops in prosperity, having resisted, with a similar degree of success, insectile attacks.

That most important crop, the turnip, both white and Swedish, after some early mishaps, is in fair progress, and, at this time, undergoing the process of a second hoeing. The late showers have been infinitely beneficial. Mr. Poppy, of Suffolk, a farmer of great respectability, has lately received a society's premium for a plan, by him lately revived, of protecting turnip-plants from the fly; and a very eminent patron of agriculture congratulates the country, in glowing language, on the advantages to be obtained therefrom. Now, although we have no more faith in this than in the one-hundred-and-one other plans for the same purpose, which have been promulgated in our days—since it is evident that, if we cannot prevent blight, we cannot arrest the generation of insects, which are born to be fed—we nevertheless do not envy Mr. Poppy for his premium, nor attempt to treat the society with disrespect for conferring it. In all such cases, it is wise in those who profess to encourage agriculture not hastily to neglect any candidate who may exhibit proofs of a mind turned to research and improvement.

Enough of turnip-seed having been saved, the price, in course, has fallen greatly. A considerable quantity of bad seed has been put off during the present season, to the great loss and disappointment of many farmers; but our inquiries have not produced a single instance of this kind in the seed purchased of Messrs. Gibbs; who, as far as our experience has extended during upwards of twenty years, have always proved worthy of dependence.

Fruits promise to be a general crop, particularly apples; with the drawback, so annoying to the taste of foreigners, of too much *acid* in a great part, most in the currants—and the absence of that grateful saccharo-subacid flavour in the juices, which is never found in perfection in seasons when any considerable degree of blight prevails. Nothing of novelty has occurred respecting the cattle markets. Fat things still command a high price. Store pigs sell readily, at some advance. We may, however, look for a considerable decline in the price of fleshmeat in the ensuing autumn. Ordinary horses, as usual, are plentiful, and not easy of disposal; but saddle and coach cattle, of good quality, have lately increased in demand and price.

The old stocks of corn on the Continent are said to be at a low ebb, with considerable quantities in very bad condition. Their new crops are reported very large; and,

according to the present aspect, that portion of them which may be imported into this country is not likely to be productive of very satisfactory prices. It is expected—but on what authority we know not—that the late Corn Bill will experience no material opposition in the next session of Parliament.

Smithfield.—Beef, 4s. to 5s.—Mutton, 3s. 10d. to 4s. 10d.—Veal, 5s. to 6s.—Pork, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 6d.—Lamb, 5s. 4d. to 5s. 8d.—Raw fat, 2s. 4d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 50s. to 65s.—Barley, 30s. to 34s.—Oats, 19s. to 37s.—Bread, 9½d. the 4 lb. loaf.—Hay, 84s. to 135s.—Clover ditto, 100s. to 150s.—Straw 40s. to 54s.

Coals in the Pool, 28s. 6d. to 36s. 9d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, July 23, 1827.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

At this season of the year commerce is always very dull, except in the large exports now making of English manufactured goods, &c. to the East-Indies. A vast number of vessels are loading for Madras, Bengal, &c. &c., and several for South America, &c.; therefore our shipping are in *full employ*, and freights are reasonable to these ports.

The inland trade is dull for our home manufactures; and cotton goods of all descriptions are so low as to afford the speculators very little appearance of favourable returns.

Sugars, and all West-Indian produce in the markets, bring a fair average price.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands are rather low, and not in much demand. Few speculations are going forward either at London, Bristol, or Liverpool; and, until the winter approaches, we apprehend things will remain in this languid state.

Since our last Report there is no variation in the prices of our imports.

The discounts of the Bank of England being lately lowered from five per cent. to four per cent., we apprehend will make money more plentiful than it has been for some months past, and we now hope to find every thing will return into its former channel.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 7.—Rotterdam, 12. 7.—Antwerp, 12. 6.—Hamburg, 37. 6.—Altona, 37. 6.—Frankfort on the Main, 114½.—Petersburg, 84.—Vienna, 0.—Trieste, 0.—Berlin, 7.—Paris, 25.—Bordeaux, 25.—Seville, 33.—Barcelona, 0.—Cadiz, 34½.—Gibraltar, 33.—Naples, 39.—Palermo, 44½.—Lisbon, 58.—Oporto, 58.—Dublin, 1½.—Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £3. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9d.—Silver in bars, standard 4s. 11d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, BROTHERS, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, 300l.—Coventry, 1250l.—Ellesmere and Chester, 105l.—Grand Junction, 305l.—Kennet and Avon, 26l. 0s.—Leeds and Liverpool, 390l.—Oxford, 700l.—Regent's, 29l. 0s.—Trent and Mersey, 1,800l.—Warwick and Birmingham, 285l.—London DOCKS, 84l. 10s.—West-India, 200l. 0s.—East London WATER WORKS, 123l.—Grand Junction, 63½l.—West Middlesex, 65l.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 1½ dis.—Globe 15l.—Guardian, 20l.—Hope, 5l.—Imperial Fire, 95l.—GAS-LIGHT, Westminster Chartered Company, 61l.—City Gas-Light Company, 165l.—British, 17 dis.—Leeds, 195l.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 23d* of June and the 21st of July 1827; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Baker, G. F. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer
Burgess, R. Rainham, Kent bricklayer
Devall, G. Birmingham, gun-barrel rubber
Manning, J. Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey, cloth-manufacturer
Nightingale, E. Manchester, porter-dealer
Rice, J. L. Taunton, Somersetshire, builder
Rickerby, J. Burrell-green, Cumberland, lime-burner

Smith, T. Kennington-lane, Lambeth, ironmonger
Williams, J. junior, Fenchurch-street, coffee-broker

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 106.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Abraham, J. Steward-street, Union-street, Bishopsgate, merchant. [Lewis, Bernard-street, Russell-square
Albra, J. Chelmsford, innkeeper. [Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn-square
Bullivant, J. Eaton-square, Pimlico, hay-salesman.
Smyth, Red-lion-square
Benzaguen, J. Cattle-street, Houndsditch, broker.
[Abbot, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street

* In our last, the Bankrupt List contained those of the London Gazette of June 22, although misprinted June 21.

- Borlidge, W. St. Paul's Church-yard, general dealer. [Bousfield, Chatham-place]
- Bousfield, S. Henley-upon-Thames, Oxfordshire, silk-manufacturer. [Waller, Finsbury-circus]
- Beadley, J. and J. Cole, Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, clothier. [Stone and Co. Tetbury, Gloucestershire; Dax and Co., Holborn-court, Gray's-inn]
- Birley, J. Bawtry, Yorkshire, grocer. [Broughton, Bawtry; Knowles, New-inn]
- Bastable, J. Church-street, Hackney, chemist. [Evans, Gray's-inn-square]
- Bill, T. Upton-upon-Severn, Worcestershire, carrier. [Lawrence, Droitwich; Hodgkate and Co., Essex-street]
- Bardsley, E. Crompton, Lancashire, fustian-manufacturer. [Whitehead, Oldham; Milne and Co., Temple]
- Buckley, J. Oldham, Lancashire, coach proprietor. [Whitehead, Oldham; Milne and Co., Temple]
- Burn, A. W. Love-lane, Eastcheap, wine-merchant. [Pownall, Lothbury]
- Boughton, I. Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, scrivener. [Jenkins and Co., New-inn; Sproule, Tewkesbury]
- Baird, J. Manchester, brass-founder. [Smith, Manchester; Milne and Co., Temple]
- Bedbury, J. Bradford, Wilts, plasterer. [King and Co., Gray's-inn-square]
- Blodworth, C. Vauxhall-walk, Lambeth, stone bottle-manufacturer. [Wroge, Bedford-place, Southwark-bridge-road]
- Cohen, J. Chelmsford, cabinet-maker. [Smith Basinghall-street]
- Cook, J. Sun-street, drug-grinder. [Edis, Broad-street-buildings]
- Coster, J. W. Princes-street, Spitalfields, drysalter. [Armstrong, St. John's-square, Clerkenwell]
- Collinson, T. E. Bread-street, City, wholesale-stationer. [Richardson, Ironmonger-lane]
- Corbyn, J. Tokenhouse-yard, master-mariner. [Fawcett, Jewin-street]
- Corbett, J. Austrey, Warwickshire, cattle dealer. [Dax and Co., Gray's-inn]
- Carpenter, T. Eastham, Essex, schoolmaster. [Kinder, Mark-lane]
- Caldwell, J. Blandford-street, Manchester-square, tailor. [Wilkinson and Co., Bucklersbury]
- Chadwick, I. Smallbridge, Lancashire, dyer. [Dyson, Halifax; Strangeways and Co., Barnard's-inn]
- Denald, W. Brighton, furrier. [Mallock, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury-square]
- Dunn, W. Great Dover-street, Newington, coffin-maker. [Shepherd and Co., Cloak-lane]
- Drew, G. Manchester, grocer. [Harris, Manchester; Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Douglass, A. Bow-lane, silk-manufacturer. [Gale, Basinghall-street]
- Edge, T. Burslem, Staffordshire, colour-maker. [Aubury, Stoke-upon-Trent; Roe, Temple-chambers]
- Field, C. Cranbourne-street, Leicester-square, hosier. [Smith, Walbrook]
- Field, J. J., and C. Skelmanthorpe, Yorkshire, fancy cloth-manufacturer. [Fenton, Huddersfield; Wiltshire and Co., Austin-friars]
- Frost, J. W. late of Holborn-hill, straw-hat-manufacturer. [Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane]
- Griffiths, G. Wrexham, Denbighshire, printer. [Thwaites, Little Carter-lane]
- Gillies, J. Liverpool, merchant. [Hinde, Liverpool; Chester, Staple-inn]
- Green, J. Drayton-in-Hales, Salop, druggist. [Warren and Co., Drayton-in-Hales; Rosser and Co., Gray's-inn-place]
- Grain, G. Cambridge, hatter. [Sandys and Co., Austin-friars]
- Godden, M. late of Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square, victualler. [Hurd and Co., King's-bench-walk, Temple]
- Gibb, T. A. B. P. Spencer-street, Northampton-square, merchant. [Spyer, Austin-friars]
- Holding, T. Dover-street, Hanover-square, hotel-keeper. [Vander Gucht, and Co., Craven-street]
- Hendie, F. Club-row, Bethnal-green, wool-manufacturer. [Cooper, Copt-hall-court, Throgmorton-street]
- Hawes, W. Royal Harmonic Institution, Regent-street. [Bolton, Austin-friars]
- Hiscock, J. S. Blandford-forum, Dorsetshire, stonemason. [Galpine, Blandford; Walker, Lincoln's-inn]
- Hiles, O. Manchester, baker. [Makinson, Manchester; Makinson and Co., Middle Temple]
- Hurt, G. King-street, Cheapside, furrier. [Munday, Holborn-court]
- Hobbs, W. Bristol, druggist. [Carey and Co., Bristol; King and Co., Gray's-inn-square]
- Hodgkinson, G. Derby, hatter. [Messrs. R. and M. Brown, Furnival's-inn; Caught, Portsea]
- Hooper, W. I. and C. Burrows, Adam-street, Adelphi, wine-merchants. [Monius and Co., Essex-court, Temple]
- Hulse, J. Worcester-street, Southwark, victualler. [Rushbury, Carthusian-street]
- Hillier, W. C. Salisbury, grocer. [Stephen's, Bedford-row]
- Horley, C. Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, victualler. [Smith, Manchester; Capes, Gray's-inn]
- Hall, I. Brightelmstore, Sussex, corn-dealer. [Palmer and Co., Bedford-row]
- Harrington, H. and I. Helmet-row, St. Luke's, dyers. [Overton and Co., New Broad-street, Bishopsgate]
- Jotham, W. Bradford, Wiltshire, clothier. [King and Co., Gray's-inn-square]
- Jones, T. Shrewsbury, British lace-dealer. [Foster, Liverpool; Jeyes, Chancery-lane]
- Jessop, W. Oxford street, livery stable-keeper. [Browne and Co., Furnival's-inn]
- Juland, J. Cattislock, Dorsetshire, farmer. [Meuly, Crewkerne; Holme and Co., New-inn]
- Jocelyne, W. Bishopsgate-street, grocer. [Allingham, Hatton-garden]
- Jones, G. Bridgenorth, surgeon. [Seddon, Manchester; Hurd and Co., Temple]
- Jones, L. Oswestry, Shropshire, scrivener. [Edwards, Oswestry; Eyde, Essex-street, Strand]
- Kirton, J. Durham, hatter. [Hardwick, Lawrence-lane]
- Knilt, H. and H. junior, Cheltenham, plumbers. [Haberfield, Bristol; Evans and Co., Gray's-inn-square]
- Lonsdale, J. H. Wigan, Lancashire, tea-dealer. [Milne and Co., Temple; Sloprond, Wigan]
- Lawton, E. Darlaston, Staffordshire, cooper. [Mason, Bilston; Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Lowe, T. Middlewich, Cheshire, wharfinger. [Wolston, Furnival's-inn; Ward, Burslem, Staffordshire]
- Leach, S. H. junior, High-street, Kingsland, jeweller. [Ashley and Co., Tokenhouse-yard]
- Mullinger, W. Garden-street, Whitechapel, flock-manufacturer. [Platts, Jewin-court, Aldersgate-street]
- Marshall, J. and T. Beakbust, Bristol, coach-builders. [Saunders, Bristol; Jones, Crosby-square]
- Mott, W. R. Brighton, builder. [Palmer and Co., Bedford-row]
- Martin, W. Nottingham, grocer. [Parsons, Nottingham; Yallop, Suffolk-street, Pall-Mall East]
- Mitchell, J. Crescent, Minorities, merchant. [Davis and Co., Corbet-court, Gracechurch-street]
- Moneymant, M. Swofham, Norfolk, cabinet-maker. [Brightwell, Norwich; Taylor and Co., King's-bench-walk]
- Marindin, S. P. Birmingham, merchant. [Barker, Birmingham]
- North, J. Wibsey, Yorkshire, innkeeper. [Alexander, Halifax; Walker, Lincoln's-inn]
- Nicholls, G. Warminster, Wilts, linen-draper. [King and Co., Gray's-inn-square]
- Nixey, W. New-street, Covent-garden, tailor. [Harris, Bruton-street, Berkeley-square]
- Oates, I. Glossop, Derbyshire, victualler. [Hutchinson, Chesterfield, Derbyshire; Wilson and Co., Sheffield]
- Pharaoh, T. Carshalton, Surrey, corn-dealer. [Tadhunter, Bermondsey-street]
- Prior, W. Kemerton, Gloucestershire, bleacher. [Sproule, Tewkesbury; Jenkins and Co., New-inn]
- Potter, T. and J. Holt, Oldham, Lancashire, cotton-spinners. [Whitehead, Oldham; Milne and Co., Temple]

- Pegg, J. Woburn, Bucks, paper-maker. [Hall and Co., Salter's-hall, Cannon-street]
 Prosser, W. junior, Watling-street, wine-merchant. [Green and Co., Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street]
 Probert, J. Crickhowel, Breconshire, saddler. [A. Beckett, Golden-square; Ward, Gloucester]
 Ross, R. Yeovil, Somersetshire, victualler. [Harvey, Sturminster-Newton; Pearson, Temple]
 Riley, E. Huddersfield, common-brewer. [Wiltshire and Co., Austin-friars; Fenton, Huddersfield]
 Stroehling, P. E. Stratford-place, Oxford-street, artist. [Miller, New-inn]
 Spencer, R. Liverpool, flour-dealer. [Prest, Liverpool; Taylor and Co., Temple]
 Smith, A. Mark-lane, corn-dealer. [Lewis, Crutched-friars]
 Skyrme, W. Worcester, hatter. [Wasbrough, Bristol; Batty and Co., Chancery-lane]
 Sergeant, J. Weston-super-mare, Somersetshire, grocer. [Violet and Co., Adam-street, Adelphi]
 Swithenbank, A. Bradford, York, straw-hat-manufacturer. [Morris, Bradford; Batty and Co., Chancery-lane]
 Stead, J. junior, Royds, Yorkshire, cloth-miller. [Dunnings, Leeds; Smithson and Co., New-inn]
 Stone, P. Bristol, grocer. [Cornish, Bristol; Pool and Co., Gray's-inn-square]
 Smith, A. and T. Kitchingman, Wood-street, Cheap-side, Blackwell-hall, factors. [Van Sandan and Co., Dowgate-hill]
 Stocker, T. junior, Devonport, pawn-broker. [Church, East James-street, Bedford-row; Tink, Devonport]
 Thomas, F. S. Bristol, builder. [Smiths, Bristol; Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane]
 Tarbutt, C. B. St. Mildred's-court, merchant. [Lowless and Co., Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street]
 Tarbutt, W. B. St. Mildred's-court, merchant. [Lowless and Co., Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street]
 Wickham, E. Islington-green, apothecary. [Topping, Maidstone; Hunt, Craven-street, Strand]
 Woolley, I. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. [Hurst, Nottingham; Knowles, New-inn]
 Whittle, J. Mill-row, Lancashire, flagel-manufacturer. [Seddon, Manchester; Hurd and Co., Temple]
 Woodcock, W. Preston, timber-merchant. [Blake-lock, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street; Pilkington, Preston]
 Welsh, J. Manchester, publican. [Pickford, Manchester; Milne and Co., Temple]
 Young, E. junior, Mundford, Norfolk, general shop-keeper. [Ballachey, Holt, and Bridger, Angel court, Throgmorton-street]
 Yates, J. Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, bookseller. [Knowles, Bolton-le-Moors; Milne and Co., Temple]

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. J. Rudd, to the Halloughton Prebend, Southwell.—Rev. G. B. Moxon, to the Rectory of Sandringham with Babingley, Norfolk.—Rev. W. C. Leach, to be Minor Canon of Ely Cathedral.—Rev. J. D. Ward, to the Rectory of Kingston, Isle of Wight.—Right Rev. R. J. Carr, to the Residuary Canonship of St. Paul's.—Rev. T. Symonds, to the Vicarage of Stanton Harcourt, Oxon.—Rev. W. Evans, to the Rectory of Pusey, Berks.—Rev. W. Goodenough, to the Archdeaconry of Carlisle, to which is attached the Living of Great Salkeld, Cumberland.—Rev. W. King, to the Archdeaconry of Rochester.—Rev. Dr. Percy, to the Bishoprick of Rochester.—Rev. Archdeacon Bonney, to the Deanery of Stamford.—Rev. I. Blanchard, to be Chaplain to Lord Ferrers.—Rev. R. Cockburn, to the Rectory of Barming, Kent.—Rev. W. Mitchell, to the Rectories of Barwick, Somerset, and Colleigh, Devon.—Rev. J. Bluck, to the Rectory of Bower's Gifford, Essex.—Rev. F. Rouch, to be Minor Canon of Canterbury Cathedral.—Rev. J. Greenwood, to the Rectory of Gainscolne, Essex.—Rev. Dr. Millingchamp, to the Archdeaconry of Carmarthen.—Hon. and Rev. M. J. Stapleton, to the Vicarage of Tudley-cum-Capel, and the Rectory of Mereworth, Kent.—Rev. F. W. Bayley, to a Prebendary in Rochester.—Rev. J. Fellowes, to the Rectory of Bramerton and Manby, Norfolk.—Rev. S. N. Bull, to the Vicarage of Harwich, and Dovercourt-cum-Ramsay, Essex.—Rev. M. Fuller, appointed to St. Peter's, Pimlico.—Rev. T. S. Buckel, to the Rectory of Brighton, Norfolk.—Rev. W. Marshall, to the Vicarage of All Saints, with St. Lawrence, annexed, Evesham, Worcester.—Rev. H. P. Willoughby, to the Rectory of Burthorpe.—Rev. T. P. Slapp, to the Rectories of Rickinghall Inferior and Superior, Somerset.—Rev. H. Anson, to the Rectory of Lyng-cum-Whitwell, Norfolk.—Rev. T. Lloyd, to the Chaplaincy of the County Gaol of Hertford.—Rev. J. Jenkins, to the Vicarage of Norton, Radnor.—Rev. V. H. P. Somerset, to the Rectory of Honiton, Devon.—Rev. G. M. Coleridge, to the Vicarage of St. Mary's Church, Devon.—Rev. J. Lafont, to the Rectory of St. Ann's, Sutton Bonington, Notts.—Rev. P. W. Worsley, to a Prebendal Stall in Ripon Cathedral Church.—Rev. J. W. Beadon, to be Canon Residentiary of Wells.—Rev. C. H. Pilsford, to the Vicarage of Burnham, Somerset.—The Hon. Rev. H. Watson, to the Rectory of Kettering, Northampton.—Rev. J. Brocklebank, to the Rectory of Delamere, Chester.—Rev. W. A. Norton, to the Rectory of Skenfrith, Monmouth.—Rev. C. H. Lethbridge, to the Hyperion.—E. F. Roberts, Gloucester.—J. K. Goldney, Victory.—T. Ferris, Britannia.—T. Quarles, Briton.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

Lord William Bentinck, to be Governor General of India.—The Right Hon. S. R. Lushington, to be a member of H.M.'s Privy Council.—The Duke of Argyll to be Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland.—Lord Binning, to be created a Peer by the name of Baron Melros, of Tynninghame, Haddington.—Lord Norbury, created a Peer of Ireland, by the title of Viscount Glandine, and Earl of Norbury.—M.M. New Series.—VOL. IV. No. 20.

Sir W. J. Hope, Sir G. Cockburn, W. R. K. Douglas, and J. E. Denison, Esqrs., to be Members of the Council of H.R.H. the Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom.—Marquis of Lansdowne, to be one of H.M.'s principal Secretaries of State.—Earl of Carlisle, to be Keeper of the Privy Seal.—The Right Hon. W. S. Bourne, to be Warden and Keeper of the New Forest.—The Right Hon. G.

Canning, Earl Mountbatten, Lord P. E. Gower, Lord E. G. Elliot, and the Right Hon. Mr. Fitz-

gerald, and also E. A. McNaughton, esq., No. 10 Commissioners of the Treasury.

GAOCHHA SHTAJD

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

June 25.—Mr. Hunt chosen Auditor of the City Accounts at Guildhall.

27.—Another accident happened at the Thames Tunnel; by which one person lost his life.

30.—The Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, &c., went from Guildhall to the King's Palace, St. James's, to deliver the Address voted by the Common Council, on the firmness His Majesty had displayed in supporting his just prerogative on the late change of the ministry. To which His Majesty said,—"I receive with satisfaction this loyal and dutiful address of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common of the City of London. Whatever difficulties I may have experienced in the exercise of my just prerogative on the occasion to which that Address refers, the consciousness that I had no other object in view than the public good, has enabled me to meet and overcome them."

—The Recorder made his report to the King in Council of 33 prisoners lying under sentence of death in Newgate, when 3 were ordered for execution on July 6, and the rest respited.

July 2.—The Parliament was prorogued by commission.

5.—The Bank of England issued notice, that bills having no more than 95 days to run, would be discounted at 4 per cent.

6.—A Memorial presented by H.R.H. the Lord High Admiral to the Privy Council, approved of by His Majesty, and directed, by an Order in Council, to be carried into effect, was published for the apprehension of smugglers, and the seizure of goods, and the improved manner in which they are to be distributed. The same regulations are proposed to be applied to the rewards granted for the capture and destruction of piratical ships, and of vessels engaged in the Slave Trade.

9.—H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence visited Plymouth and Davenport, as Lord High Admiral, and inspected the Breakwater, and the various works at those places connected with the navy; His Royal Highness went by sea in His Majesty's yacht, the Royal Sovereign. The Duchess of Clarence also visited the above places; Her Royal Highness went by land, accompanied by her suite.

12.—The Sessions began at the Old Bailey.

13.—Two culprits only executed at the Old Bailey, the third being respited.

—An action of libel was brought in the Court of Common Pleas, against the proprietors of the Morning Chronicle, for publishing affidavits imputing to the plaintiff's wife, a Mrs. Scott, adultery, perjury, and theft; the defendant pleaded the general issue as to the charge of perjury, and a justification of the charges of adultery and theft. After a long trial, which continued two days, the jury delivered their verdict—*one farthing damages, and 40 shillings costs.*

17.—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 17 prisoners received sentence of death, 61 were tran-

sported for various periods, and several ordered to be imprisoned. William Sheen was tried a second time for the murder of his own child, and again acquitted, owing to his child having been known by the names of "Sheen and Beadle!!!"

20.—An Order in Council suspended the embodying the militia for 1827.

MARRIAGES.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Felix Labroke, esq., to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Marcus Beresford, esq., and the Lady Frances Beresford; E. B. Portman, esq., M.P., Dorset, to Lady Emma Lascelles, third daughter of Earl and Countess Harewood; E. M. Lloyd, esq., to Lady Harriot Scott, daughter of Lord Clonmell; Sir A. Campbell, bart., to Miss Malcolm, daughter of Maj.-Gen. Sir J. Malcolm, G.C.B.—Rev. G. A. Montgomery, to Cecelia, third daughter of the late Dr. Markham, Dean of York.—G. C. Antrobus, esq., M.P., to Jane, daughter of Sir C. Trotter, bart.—H. Baring, esq., to Lady Augusta Brudenell, fifth daughter to the Earl of Cadogan.—Major H. Dundas, to Annie Maria, second daughter, and Sir H. Willock, late Chargé d'Affaires to the Court of Persia, to Eliza, fourth daughter of the late S. Davis, esq., Portland-place.—Captain A. C. Skynner, to Maria Adelaide Peachey Robbins, daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Price Robbins.—Captain G. F. Ryves, son of Admiral Ryves, and nephew to Lord Arundell, to Charity, third daughter of T. Theobald, esq., of the Grays.—At H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence's, Bushey-park, the Hon. J. E. Kennedy, son of Lord Cassilis, to Miss Augusta Fitz-Clarence.—At White-hall-place, F. H. Cornwall, esq., son of the Bishop of Worcester, to Fanny, daughter to Sir G. Caulfield, bart.—At St. James's Church, Major Dignelley, of the Royal Horse Artillery, to the Hon. Mary Frederica Law, sister to Lord Ellenborough.—Vice Admiral Parker, to Miss A. Butt.—Rev. J. Galloway, to Margaret, third daughter of G. Shedden, esq., Bedford-square.—At Mary-le-bone, J. E. Denison, esq., M.P., Hastings, to Lady Charlotte Bentinck, third daughter of the Duke of Portland.

DEATHS.

At Clapham, E. Parry, esq., one of the Directors of the East-India Company, and brother-in-law to the Right Hon. Lord Bexley.—In Queen-square, 80, J. Dorington, esq., clerk of the fees of the House of Commons.—In Portland-place, G. Leicester, esq.; and 86, R. Baker, esq.—77, Signor Sapia, pianist to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, Queen of France; in feeling and expression, his style of playing never was exceeded.—At Lord Dundonald's, Hammersmith, Mrs. Dorothea Plowden, relict of F. Plowden, esq., the "Historian of Ireland," and author of several literary works.—66, Lieut. Gen. Hutton, son to the late celebrated mathematician, Dr. Hutton.—In Great George-street, 73, R. Ellison, esq., Recorder of Lincoln.—At Westbourne, 74, S. P. Cockerell, esq.—G. F. Tyson, esq.—C. W. Burrell, esq., eldest son of Sir

C. M. Burrell, bart. and of Christ Church, Oxford.—At Sunbury, Lady Baynton, widow of Sir A. Baynton, bart.—At Queenhithe, 63, Mr. T. Walker.—At Stratford-place, Frances, wife of the Hon. J. W. Stratford.

Sir G. Pigott, bart. to Harriet, sister to Viscount Goringham.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Dieppe, Jane, relict of the late Sir F. H. Bathurst, bart.—At Messina, Rev. C. Thurgar.—At Velletri, Right Hon. G. Knox, son of the late Lord Northland.—At Corfu, Mrs. Forest, wife of R. Forest, esq., Judge in the Ionian Islands.—At Québec, Mr. H. A. Lauriston.—At Brussels, Miss Lydia Jubilee Gompertz of Teignmouth.—At Montpellier, the Hon. J. Cavendish Talbot, brother to the Earl of Shrewsbury.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Berlin, Prince Albert of Schwarzburg Rudestadt, to the Princess Augusta of Salm Brainsfeld, daughter of H. R. H. the Duchess of Cumberland.—At the Ambassador's Chapel, Paris, J. Wright, junior, esq., to Cecilia Georgiana, daughter of the late Hon. J. Byng.—At Brussels, William, son of

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

A committee has been appointed by the Mayor and Aldermen of Newcastle to examine into the state of the Tyne, and to report thereon what can be done towards its improvement.

A rail-road is about to be formed between the city of Carlisle and Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

A branch bank of the Bank of England is about to be established at Newcastle.

One of the kilns at Morton Tinnmouth lime-kilns, near Gainford, having, on the 5th instant, been what is termed burnt hollow, and fresh stones and coal being put upon it, two men went upon the stones for the purpose of forcing them down with a long poker, and in a moment the substance below gave way, and the unfortunate men sink above the waist, and were suffocated by the large quantity of smoke arising from the fresh matter. Their names were William Stoddart and Jonathan Blakey.

Married.] At Ryton, Capt. F. Johnston (83d Regt.) to Miss Dowling.—At Bishopwearmouth, R. A. Davidson, to Miss Davidson.—At Yarm, J. Dale, esq., to Miss Graves.—At Chester-le-Street, Mr. G. Curry, to Miss Ann Bland.

Died.] At Bishopwearmouth, 83, H. Blythe, esq.—At Bishop-oak, 81, R. Curry, esq.—W. Metcalfe, esq., Tynemouth-house.—At Beaufront, 89, J. Errington, esq.—At Ord-house, W. Grieve, esq.—At Morpeth, 22, Mr. H. Walker, a native of Jamaica. He has left three children, and £2 each, to all his slaves there.—At Newcastle, Robert Foster, esq.—At Carville, the Rev. Dr. M'Allum.—At Bishop Auckland, the Rev. J. Bacon.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

A meeting of the county of Cumberland was held at Carlisle, June 30, for the purpose of co-operating with the county of Northumberland in effecting the formation of a rail-road between the city of Carlisle and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, when the scheme was unanimously sustained, a committee formed, and subscriptions entered into to carry it into effect.

Died.] At Eden-hall, Sir Philip Musgrave, bart, M.P. for Carlisle.—At Pooley-bridge, Ullswater, Mr. Russell, the obliging innkeeper, and eldest the "Admiral" of the lake.

YORKSHIRE.

Our accounts of the state of trade from the various towns where the woollen cloth and the worsted stuff manufactures prevail, have been extremely gratifying during the past month, and continue so. The domestic manufacturers are at pre-

sent pretty well employed, and all the factories of the district are in full work. The demand is steady but not excessive, and the business done is safe, and moderately profitable. The improvement in the condition of the labouring classes, as contrasted with their state this time last year, cannot be viewed without emotions of the most gratifying kind, and it will be with difficulty that workmen can be spared from the loom and the jenny to assist in gathering in the plentiful harvest by which we are surrounded.

At the recent annual meeting of the members of the Sheffield Mechanics' Library, held at the Town's-hall, it was proposed to admit novels and plays, when a majority of about ten to one negated the proposition, adhering to the original idea, as explained by Mr. Montgomery (in the chair) "that novels and plays and infidel publications should form no part of the library."

Two neighbours at Hull (John Garton and David Hayfield) had each a hive of bees, which swarmed on Saturday the 16th ult., in one body on a tree, from whence they were taken and hired. The following Tuesday, a similar phenomenon took place from the same two hives. A circumstance perhaps never heard of before.

A Mechanics' Institute has been formed in York.

A mushroom was gathered on the 30th June at Dring-houses, near York, which measured 38 inches in circumference.

In the first week in this month, a subterraneous fire was discovered in St. Peter's-square, Leeds; the smoke issued from the earth in such quantities as to alarm the neighbourhood; and an excavation being made to discover the cause of this extraordinary phenomenon, a large body of fire was seen, which, on the accession of air, burst into a vivid flame. Engines were procured; and it was supposed the fire was extinguished. The next day, however, the smoke was seen to arise again, and excavators were set to work to discover the same; it was found to have originated in a vein of coals, over which a pipe burner's furnace had been erected; and was supposed to have been burning for six months.

As Wombwell's Menagerie was at Dewsbury, on its way to Leeds fair, some villain endeavoured to set fire to it, by throwing a lighted brand on one of the caravans; fortunately it was discovered, and extinguished before the outer cover of the caravan was burnt through, or the consequences might have been dreadful.

Married.] At North Ferryby, M. Badington, esq., to Miss Fanny Sykes.—At Leeds, E. Hutton, esq., to Miss Luccorhu.—At Knaresborough, R. Deyen, esq., to Miss Dearlove.—At York, E. Teddie, esq., to Miss Walsh; the Rev. J. Wreford, to Miss Wellbeloved.—At Hull, the Rev. A. Hinchcliffe, to Miss Lowers.—At Beverley, the Rev. A. Ford, to Miss Bentley; J. Bogg, esq., to Miss Beatley; A. Cox, esq., to Miss Scruton.—At Doncaster, E. Jew, esq., to Miss Hind.—At Leeds, W. Paul, esq., to Miss Whitaker; R. Bleasley, esq., to Mrs. Hargreaves.—At Great Duffield, the Rev. C. Forge, to Miss Kirkley.—At Halifax, J. C. Johnson, esq., to Miss Greaves.

Died.] At Harrowgate, 73, Miss Hurton.—At Wakeneld, Mrs. Egremont.—At Heworth, Miss Coupland.—At Malton, G. Wright, esq.—At Mirfield, the Rev. T. Ledgwick.—At Kirkstall, J. Holdforth, esq.—At Triphill-castle, S. Shore, esq.—At Nunappleton, J. Shore, esq.—At Masham, J. Bolland, esq.

STAFFORD AND SALOP.

July 19, the first stone of the New Infirmary at Shrewsbury was laid by the Right Hon. Lord Hill, with the usual ceremonies.

A meeting has been held in St. Chad's Vestry-room, Shrewsbury, for the purpose of adopting measures for the erection of an additional church in Frankwell, when a liberal subscription was entered into for that purpose.

Married.] At Madeley, Mr. Smith, to Miss Ford.—At Shrewsbury, Rev. E. Nicholson, to Miss Rowley.—At Ludlow, G. Garrett, esq., to Miss Adarne.

Died.] At Stoke-upon-Trent, 73, J. Spode, esq. At Minton, 103, Alice Medlicott; she practised midwifery for upwards of 60 years.—At Ludlow, Miss M. Millinchip.—At Barton-under-Needwood, 59, T. Webb, esq.; and the day after, 75, Alice, his sister.

LANCASHIRE AND LINCOLNSHIRE.

A meeting has been held at Manchester, the Boroughreeve in the chair, and very numerous attended, when it was resolved to address the King, praying him to enjoin on his ministers to introduce early in the next Session of Parliament such an arrangement with reference to the Corn Laws, as may satisfy the reasonable wishes, and reconcile the substantial interests of all classes of His Majesty's subjects.

At the recent anniversary meeting at Manchester of the Missionary Society, the sum subscribed actually netted from that place alone £2,100!!!

A dreadful accident happened, July 6, at the new factory of Mr. Kearsley, Tyldesley Banks, near Chowbent. The engineer having neglected (as it is supposed) to open the valve of the steam-engine, communicating with the pipe running across the boiler-house to the engine in the old factory, caused a tremendous explosion, which shivered to pieces the whole of the beams and pillars, both of wood and iron, &c. and caused the death of 11 unfortunate persons, besides wounding several others.

Married.] At the Catholic-chapel, Alston, and at the parish church, Preston, J. F. Anderton, esq., to Miss M. Sidgreaves.—At Birstal, Mr. J. Priestley (relative of the late Dr. Priestley) to Miss Overend.

Died.] At Liverpool, 81, Mrs. E. Miller; her death was occasioned by treading on an orange peel.—At Bolton, 74, Mr. Crompton, the inventor of the Mule spinning machine, now so much used, and for which he neglecting to take out a patent, others had the benefit of the invention. Parliament granted him £5,000 upon petition, which he lost in business.

DERBY AND NOTTINGHAM.

The Melbourne Infant School was opened for public inspection June 29, and afforded a respectable audience the highest gratification; it consists of 113 infants. It is estimated that 13,000 infants are now receiving instruction in the different schools in this kingdom!

The fragments of a piece of stone, in which a live toad was found, and which, for any thing we can tell, may have been its dormitory since the flood, is now in our possession, and may be seen by any one who is curious in such matters. It was discovered last week by some persons in the employ of Messrs. Barber and Walker of Eastwood, while at work in a limestone quarry at Watnall. The stone is hard, but of a gritty texture, and its place in the quarry was 16 feet below the surface of the earth. When found, the toad was alive; it was buried by the men in its petrid cradle, they intending to remove the whole at their leisure. Some unlucky urchins, however, who it seems had been watching the workmen, in the absence of the latter, went to the spot and killed the animal. The cavity in which the toad was imbedded is so confined as barely to admit of its turning round in its cell, and is coated with a crystallized or sparry substance.

Married.] At Clowne, R. Machell, esq., to Miss Harriot Pawsey.—At Alfreton, Mr. Dent, to Mrs. Avison.—At Pinxton, G. Robinson, esq., to Miss S. S. Coke.—At Amberstone, the Rev. J. Nall, to Mrs. Johnson.

Died.] At Melbourne, 77, Mr. Cockrane.—At Southwell 98, Mr. Trivett.—At Mansfield, 85, Mr. Whiteman; 87, Mr. Cooley; and, 70, Mrs. Hooley.—At Lamcote-house, 77, J. Topoff, esq., deputy lieutenant for Nottinghamshire.—At Locko-park, 74, W. D. Lowe, esq., a magistrate of Derbyshire.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

Married.] At Hinckley, the Rev. S. Allard, to Miss Shipman.

Died.] At Snareston-lodge, G. Moore, esq.; he served the office of high sheriff for Leicester.—At Leicester, 78, Rev. T. Grundy; he was 30 years minister of the Independents at Lutterworth, and 20 years to that at Ullesthorpe.—At Sutton-in-the-Elms, 83, Mr. Strong.—At Leicester, the Rev. J. H. Worthington.—At Leir, T. Sutton, esq.

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

Married.] Rev. J. Gallaway, to Miss M. Sheddon, of Paulerspury-park, Northampton.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

The Mayor and Corporation of Worcester voted, June 30, the freedom of their city to the Right Hon. R. Peel, late secretary of state, for "his consummate abilities and inflexible integrity as a statesman, and his invariable fidelity and attachment to the constitution in church and state."

Married.] W. Reynolds, esq., of Berbice-villa, Hereford, to Miss M. Waring.—At Great Malvern, Captain R. R. Houghton, to Miss Hardy.—At Ombersley, T. Adie, esq., to Miss Roe.

Died.] At Staunton, 90, Mrs. Attwood.—At Upton-upon-Severn, 74, Mr. Jakeman, for 40 years postmaster of that place.—At the Firs (Bromyard) P. Bray, esq.—Mr. T. Loton, a farmer of Acton Beauchamp, was killed by his own bull. He was standing in his fold-yard, smoking his pipe, when the bull attacked and gored him to death.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

July 2, the Gloucester Old Friendly Society cele-

brated their *fifty-second* anniversary; the members formed a procession of great extent, with banners, music, &c. to St. Mary's Church; after which the society returned, and 230 sat down to dinner, cheered by merry peals from the bells, and at 8 o'clock the national anthem of "God save the King" was sung by the members in full chorus, at the conclusion of which the meeting broke up in the greatest order and decorum. Several of the members, from age and infirmities, were drawn in open flies.

Married.] At Mangotsfield, Mr. C. Grey, to Miss Wiltshire.—At Cheltenham, T. A. Perry, esq., to Miss Maria Greenaway; and the Rev. A. Donald, to Miss Harriet Greenaway.

OXFORDSHIRE.

The commemoration and musical festival at Oxford passed off in the most brilliant manner. 1,328 persons attended at the first concert, 2,113 at the second, and 1,639 at the third. £130 was received at the sale of ladies' work for the establishment of an Infants' School.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

The Nene Navigation and Drainage Bill is a subject of particular congratulation to Lynn, as it will be the means of forming a direct line of communication between that town and the eastern coast of England, with the principal northern and midland counties.

A meeting has been held at the Guildhall, Lynn, for the purpose of establishing there a society for the diffusing useful and scientific knowledge, when subscriptions were entered into, and a committee formed, to organize "The Lynn Literary and Scientific Institution."

At Norwich, a meeting was recently held, and subscriptions entered into, for the establishment of two new charity schools.

The disbursements of the treasurer for the city and county of Norwich amounted last year to £3,846, 7s. 8d.

A new Roman Catholic Chapel was lately opened at Thetford, by the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, the bishop of the midland district, on his triennial visitation. He will also open two others in Suffolk, one at Ipswich, and the other at Stoke by Nayland.

At the recent Bury Sessions, Mr. Grant, the magistrate, thus addressed the Court:—"I congratulate the town of Bury on this day; things are assuredly mending, which is unequivocally indicated by the absence of complaint on the part of the poor. From Ratcliffe there is only one application for relief; none from Heap, which contains 16 mills, the whole of which are going at full work; no application for Walmesley; none from Elton; none from Tottington, either higher or lower end. Formerly we had 60 or 70 applications every week from the poor of Bury, and now this is the satisfactory state of the place and its out townships. How my heart does rejoice to see the sufferings of the poor so much ameliorated. I love to see them comfortable and well paid for their labour, and to behold them loving to each other, and loyal to their King."

Married.] At Gillingham, Rev. R. Jickell, to Miss Thompson.—At Glemsford, Rev. E. D. Butts, to Miss Hill.—At Semer, Rev. J. Edwards, to Miss Spurrier.

Died.] At Langley-park, 71, Sir T. Beauchamp

Proctor, bart.—At Diss, 84, Mrs. H. Fincham, of the Society of Friends.—At Norwich, 67, Rev. E. Glover.—At Yarmouth, 87, J. Preston, esq.; he served the office of mayor in 1793, 1801, and 1813.—At Woodbridge, 68, Mrs. Toller.—At Stody, 87, Mrs. Lidia Paul.

CAMBRIDGE AND HUNTINGDON.

The Commissioners of the Nene Outfall Act held their first meeting at Thorney, July 2, when resolutions were passed for carrying the act into immediate effect, so that the drainage of the North Level, South Holland, Wisbech Hundred, with adjoining districts, containing upwards of 100,000 acres of land, will be very materially improved, as well as the navigation of the river from Wisbech to the sea; besides which, several thousand acres of land will be reclaimed from the sea, and brought into immediate cultivation. Messrs. Telford and Rennie are the engineers; and the time for completion of this great undertaking is calculated at three years.

Married.] At Wraking, C. W. Watson, esq., son of Sir C. Watson, bart., to Miss J. C. G. Colclerton, eldest daughter of the Countess Morel de Champenot.

Died.] At Little Stukeley, 79, Rev. J. Waterhouse, vicar of that parish; he was murdered with circumstances of peculiar atrocity.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

The Rose, Capt. Martial, from Calcutta, arrived at Portsmouth June 30, and has brought to England, as a present from Lord Combermere and the army to His Majesty, a remarkable ponderous piece of ordnance, which was taken at Bhurtpore. It weighs 17 tons, and carries a one hundred pound iron ball; it is 16 feet long, and 37 inches diameter at the breach, and, what is very singular, it was cast at two periods, and of two distinct metals—the breach and muzzle being different. Its surface is profusely ornamented with Persian characters, complimentary of the maiden fortress of Bhurtpore, and the Sultan by whom it was founded.

Died.] At Titchfield, Rear Admiral Sir A. C. Dickson, bart.—At Winchester, 90, Mrs. Anne Dilly.

DORSET AND WILTS.

At the general quarter sessions for Dorset, the Chairman complained of the non-attendance of several of the grand jury; he deprecated such a spirit of indifference and contempt, and said he would put the laws in force, and compel them to that attendance which they were so unwilling to grant. He called the attention of his hearers to the alteration which had taken place in the criminal code, whereby one hundred and forty statutes had been reduced to two or three!!! The convictions for larceny alone amounted in this kingdom (injudiciously praised, it should now seem, for its criminal laws!) in the six years ending with 1826, to no less than forty-three thousand!!!

At the last general half-yearly meeting of the managers of the Blandford Savings' Bank, it appeared that the funds of this popular and flourishing institution, vested in government securities, exceeded £39,000, and the depositors' numbers had advanced to 1,330, exhibiting a considerable increase since the last half-yearly meeting.

His Majesty's steam-packets at Weymouth are now regularly fixed to convey the mails to Guernsey and Jersey; and such is the expeditious regu-

lation of three packets, that on Wednesday, July 11, two gentlemen having breakfasted in London, departed by the coach, arrived in Weymouth the same evening in time for the packet, and on the following morning were comfortably seated at their breakfast in Guernsey, thus accomplishing the journey from the metropolis to that island in 24 hours.

Married.] At Wardour-castle, E. Doughty, esq., to the Hon. Miss C. Arundell, sister to Lord Arundell.—Rev. W. Doncaster, rector of Winterbourn-basset, to Miss Williams, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Williams.—At Strikland, J. K. Galpine, esq., to Miss D. Bragg.

Died.] At North Bradley, 83, Archdeacon Daubney, author of "The Guide to the Church," and several other works.—At Weymouth, 84, Mrs. Colmar, of Chard.

SOMERSET AND DEVON.

There is much cause to congratulate the public on the evident improvement (speaking of the quarter sessions) in the state of society within our (Exeter) walls, attributable, there is no doubt, to increased exertion on the part of the magistracy and the police.—THE ALFRED.

An institution for literary and scientific lectures has been recently formed at Tavistock, under the fostering care of the Duke of Bedford.

The iron ore lately discovered at the Haytor granite works, on the verge of Dartmoor, has already become an article of export from Teignmouth for Wales, for the purpose of smelting; the specimens produced having been of the richest kind.

A meeting has been recently held at Plymouth to promote the erecting a chapel of ease in the parish of Charles, for the Rev. S. Courtenay, curate to the late Dr. Hawker, when subscriptions and donations were registered to more than £1,700 for that purpose.

The fourth annual meeting of the Royal Naval Annuitant Society was held at Devonport, July 2, when the report was of a most cheering and satisfactory nature. It appeared that the validity of fifty-seven annuities had been investigated, and certificates granted to the claimants on this excellent society.

The Rev. J. G. Maddison, rector of West Monkton, has recently presented the parish church with a splendid stained glass window, representing various portions of our Saviour's history. The parishioners are about to enjoy the benefits of a new organ, the purchase money of which, between £2,000 and £3,000, has been raised by subscription.

Married.] At Bath, Mr. Duffield to Miss Cranenfeld.—At Bathwick, Mr. Lewis to Miss Watson.—At Wiveliscombe, B. Parham, esq., to Miss Mogridge.

Died.] At Totness, 85, Mrs. Cornish.—At Crewkerne, Mrs. Hoskins, sister to Lord Sidmouth.—88, Rev. W. Baynes, for nearly 50 years rector of Rickinghall Superior and Inferior.—Rev. E. A. Kitson, vicar of Saint Mary's Church.—At Bath, Charlotte, wife of Mr. Crutwell, printer and editor of the Bath Chronicle.—At Cheddon Fitzpaine, 101, Mary Nation.—At Bath, Eliza Matilda, widow of Lieut.-Col. Richardson, daughter of Lady M. Saunders, and niece to Earl Aldborough.—At Ashburton, Mr. C. Tucker.

CORNWALL.

Within these last two or three days there have been several mermaids seen on the rocks at Tre-

nanee, in the parish of Mawgan, near Golant, in the Bristol Channel. One evening this week a young man who lives adjoining the beach at Mawgan Porth, had made an appointment to meet another person on the beach to catch sprats with him. He went out about 10 o'clock at night, and rowing near a point which runs into the sea, he heard a screeching noise proceeding from a large cavern which is left by the tide at low water, but which has some deep pools in it, and communicates with the sea by another outlet. He thought it was the person he had appointed to meet, and called out to him, but his astonishment is not to be described when on going up he saw something in the shape of a human figure staring on him, with long hair hanging all about it. He then ran away, thinking as he says, that he had seen the devil. The next day, some men being on the cliffs near this place, saw three creatures of the same description. The following day five were seen. The persons who saw the last five, describe them in this manner:—The mermaids were about 40 feet below the men (who stood on the cliff) and were lying on a rock, separated from the land some yards by deep water; two of them were large, about 4½ to 5 feet long, and these appeared to be sleeping on the rock; the other small ones were swimming about, and went off once to sea and then came back again. The men looked at them for more than an hour, and flung stones at them, but they would not move off. The large ones seemed to be lying on their faces; their upper parts were like those of human beings, and black or dark coloured, with very long hair hanging around them; their lower parts were of a bluish colour, and terminating in a fin, like fish. The sea would sometimes wash over them and then leave them dry again. Their movements seemed to be slow. The hair of these mermaids extended to a distance of 9 or 10 feet.

Married.] At St. Clement's, J. J. A. Boase, esq., to Miss Charlotte Scholl.—At St. Allen, Mr. R. Lanyon, aged 80, to Mrs. Cook, 57; the bridegroom has 60 grand-children, and 3 great-grand-children!

Died.] At Lelant, Mr. E. Banfield; he fell from his horse, which took fright by a squib being set off by a boy at a bonfire.—At Truro, 91, Mr. G. Davey.

WALES.

The Chester and Holyhead Road is undergoing much improvement. The new line from Conway to Penmaenniawr, winding round Penmaenbach to Pendyffryn, was opened for general travelling early in June. Although the length of this piece of road is only about five miles, the coach arrives at Conway from Bangor twenty minutes earlier than usual, and this time is considered to be gained by avoiding the tremendously steep high hill of Sychnaut. Further improvements on this stage from Conway to Bangor are in contemplation, particularly under Penmaenmawr to Aber. The mail from this place to Conway is allowed one hour and thirty minutes, but it is expected that in future the distance will be accomplished in an hour, thus effecting a saving of time to the extent of thirty minutes in a distance of nine miles.

The Pentlyne (Glamorgan) Annual Cottage and Garden Premiums were recently distributed to deserving labourers and their wives, for the cleanest and neatest cottage—for the best cultivated garden—for the best vegetables, &c. &c. The

emulation evinced by almost all the occupiers of cottages in the parish to surpass one another in meriting the rewards, and the neatness and cleanliness of the cottages, and the highly cultivated state of the different gardens, combined with the industry, contented dispositions, and good feelings of the occupants could not be exceeded.

An explosion of fire-damp lately took place in a colliery at Llansamlet, Swansea, by which three people lost their lives, through the obstinacy of neglecting to use the Davy lamps.

The ceremony of laying the first stone of the tank for a glass manufactory at Newtown, Montgomery, took place July 2.

Mr. Crawshaw, Cyfarthfa-castle, Glamorgan, cut six plies at the latter end of June, from his own garden, weighing 12lb. 13oz.—12lb. 8oz.—10lb. 8oz.—10lb.—and two of 9lb. each.

The new blast engines, lately erected at the British Iron Company's Works at Abersychan, near Pontypool, were started July 6, for the first time. They consist of two 52-inch steam cylinders, with corresponding blast cylinders, of 104 inches in diameter, and are connected by a fly-wheel of a proportionate weight and substance. United, they form a power adequate to about 200 horses.

At the recent anniversary meeting of the Swansea and Neath Peace Society, after some admirable speeches on the occasion, several resolutions were entered into, and it was agreed to distribute "the Permanent Tracts of the Society throughout the Principality," in furtherance of the promotion of permanent and universal peace.

Married.] At Llansaintffread - cwmtoyddwr, Glamorgan, J. Davies, esq., to Miss E. Lewis.—At Wrexham, T. Gonthwhite, esq., to Miss Ann Hayes.

Died.] 73, Rev. J. T. Nash, rector of St. Thomas's, Haverfordwest and Herbrardston, Pembroke.—At Mallwyd Rectory, Merioneth, Rev. R. Davies.—At Noyaddwyd, Miss Phillips.—At Llwynrhydown 84, the Rev. D. Davis, for more than half a century pastor of the dissenting congregations at Llwynrhydown, Penrhiw, Cilian, and Allt-y-placca; he was a feeling poet, witness his translation of Gray's *Elgy* into Welsh.

SCOTLAND.

July 11, the inhabitants of Fochabers and its neighbourhood were thrown into a state of the utmost confusion and consternation, caused by Gordon-castle being on fire. The first indications appeared about half-past four in the morning, and every exertion was instantly made to counteract its further progress, but without effect. The conflagration increased with indescribable rapidity, and in the course of a few hours, the whole eastern wing was enveloped in one general blaze. The scene at this moment was inconceivably grand. At length a great portion of the roof fell in with a tremendous crash; and the spectators, dreading every moment lest the fiery element should communicate with the body of the castle, were obliged to cut down the colonnade which unites it with the eastern wing. The fire was got under about twelve o'clock at noon. The whole of the eastern wing of this beautiful and magnificent superstructure is now a scene of entire devastation. There is something extremely striking and melancholy in the contrast which this part of Gordon-castle presents to the rest of this imposing edifice, and to the indescribable beauty of the surrounding

scenery. The destruction of property occasioned by this melancholy occurrence is immense. Perhaps some idea of the extent of this mournful devastation will be formed, when we state that the eastern wing is two stories in height, and about one hundred and ninety feet in length, and seventy in breadth.

A curious phenomenon occurred here one night last week, being nothing less than a large shower of herring fry, which fell upon part of the nursery ground at the north end of the town. The surprise which filled the minds of the people in that quarter, in the morning, on seeing nearly about an acre of the fields, with the vegetables, &c. covered with the scaly inhabitants of the deep may be easily supposed. The only way of accounting for this strange occurrence is, that the herrings had been conveyed thither by a water-spout, from the Atlantic.—*Montrose Review*.

Died.] At Springfield, 72, Mr. D. Laing, the famous Gretna-green "priest;" he had officiated for 35 years, and caught cold on the outside of the coach on his way to Wakefield's trial.—At Bogend, 69, H. Walker, blacksmith, Symington; he was the fourth of the same name, from father to son, buried in the same grave; and, for 300 years back, he and his forefathers lie all within six feet of one another, and were each, in succession from father to son, blacksmiths in Symington.—At Dalnabuy, 66, the Earl of Morton.—At Milburne cottage, Morningside, Georgina Christina Kerr, 34 daughter of Lord R. Kerr.—At Edinburgh, Archibald Constable, esq.

IRELAND.

At a recent meeting in Dublin, Mr. O'Connell alluded to the principle laid down in the resolutions of a late meeting of the Dissenters in London, Lord Milton in the chair. The Catholics, he said, should take up that principle; they should assert the broad principles of civil and religious liberty, and the right of every human being to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. They ought to cast away the expression "Catholic Emancipation," and adopt "Civil and Religious Liberty to all." Mr. O'Connell concluded by proposing a resolution, pledging the meeting completely to identify their cause with that of the Protestant Dissenters; which was carried with unanimity and applause.

Sunday, June 24, in the afternoon, an immense crowd of men, women, and children were observed rushing down Marlborough-street, Dublin, shouting and yelling, and tossing up something in the air, which was sometimes caught by one, and sometimes by another, and occasionally fell to the earth, where there was a scramble for it, and it was again tossed from one to another, amidst the most diabolical yells, which, on a nearer approach, was distinguished to be a very decently dressed, dwarfish, deformed female, whom these monsters had suddenly fallen on; and whenever she fell to the earth, fiend-like women then rushed upon her with horrid shrieks, tearing her clothes and crying out, "a witch! burn or drown the witch!" directing their course to the river. At length a young gentleman rushed into the midst of these hell-hounds, and courageously bore the helpless female through the crowd, who then directed their vengeance against him; crying out, "The witch's husband!" A few policemen luckily came up, and were compelled to do ample justice with their sticks on the savage crowd before they got the poor creature safely into the police-office.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of June to the 25th of July 1827.

June.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	N4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols. for Acc.
26	206	85 1/2	—	—	91 1/2	92	19 1/2 13-16	—	87 89p	54 56p	86 1/2
27	205 1/2	85 1/2	—	—	92	91 1/2	19 1-16 13-16	—	89p	55 57p	86 1/2
28	205 1/2	85 1/2	—	—	92 1/2	92 1/2	19 13-16	—	88 89p	53 56p	86 1/2
29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	206 1/2 207	85 1/2	—	—	92 1/2	92 1/2	19 13-16 7/8	—	86 88p	53-53p	86 1/2
July 1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2	206 1/2	85 1/2	—	—	92 1/2	92	19 13-16 3/4	—	—	54 56p	86 1/2
3	207 1/2	85 1/2	—	—	92 1/2	92	19 13-16 3/4	—	—	55 56p	86 1/2
4	208 1/2	85 1/2	—	—	92 1/2	92 1/2	19 13-16 3/4	—	85 85p	55 56p	86 1/2
5	210	86	—	—	93 1/2	93 1/2	19 15-16 20	—	85 87p	55 57p	87 1/2
6	209 1/2 210 1/2	86 1/2 87 1/2	ex. div.	—	93 1/2 94	ex. div.	20 1-16 1/2	20 1/2	86 89p	57 59p	87 1/2 88 1/2
7	209 1/2 210 1/2	87 1/2 88 1/2	—	—	93 1/2 94	100 1/2	19 15-16 20	250 1/2	89 90p	59 61p	87 1/2 88 1/2
8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
9	210 1/2 211	86 1/2 87 1/2	—	—	93 1/2 94	100 1/2	19 15-16 20	—	90 92p	60 62p	87 1/2 88 1/2
10	210 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	93 1/2 94	100	19 15-16 20	—	84 88p	53 55p	87 1/2 88 1/2
11	209 1/2	86	—	—	92 1/2 93	100	19 15-16 20	252 1/2	86 87p	50 53p	86 1/2 87 1/2
12	209 1/2 210 1/2	86 1/2 87 1/2	—	—	93 1/2 94	100 1/2	19 13-16 15-16	252 1/2	86 87p	53 55p	87 1/2 88 1/2
13	209 1/2 210	86 1/2 87 1/2	—	—	93 1/2 94	100 1/2	19 15-16 7/8	—	—	52 53p	87 1/2 88 1/2
14	210	86	—	—	93 1/2 94	100 1/2	19 15-16 20	252 1/2	86 88p	54 58p	87 1/2 88 1/2
15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
16	210	84 1/2	—	—	93 1/2 94	100 1/2	19 15-16 20	252 1/2	85 87p	54 56p	87 1/2 88 1/2
17	209 1/2 210	86 1/2 87 1/2	—	—	93 1/2 94	100 1/2	—	251 1/2 252 1/2	87 88p	55 57p	87 1/2 88 1/2
18	—	86 1/2	—	—	93 1/2 94	100 1/2	19 15-16	—	88 90p	56 58p	87 1/2 88 1/2
19	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
20	209 1/2 210 1/2	87 1/2 88 1/2	—	—	93 1/2 94	100 1/2	—	252	89 90p	56 57p	87 1/2 88 1/2
21	—	86 1/2	—	—	93 1/2 94	100 1/2	19 15-16	252 1/2	88 89p	56 58p	87 1/2 88 1/2
22	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
23	210	86 1/2	—	—	93 1/2 94	100 1/2	19 15-16	—	89p	56 57p	87 1/2 88 1/2
24	210 1/2	86 1/2 87 1/2	—	—	93 1/2 94	100 1/2	19 15-16 20	252 1/2	88 89p	56 58p	87 1/2 88 1/2
25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

E. EYTON, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From June 20th to 19th July inclusive.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co., 50, High Holborn.

June.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Lue's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A. M.	Max.	Min.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20			61	69	52	29 72	29 76	80	80	WSW	WSW	Clo.	Fair	Fine
21	5		58	68	50	29 77	29 83	73	77	WSW	WSW	Fair	Rain	—
22			54	66	55	29 89	29 97	77	74	W	W	—	Fair	Fair
23			60	61	52	29 98	30 01	76	72	NW	WNW	—	—	Fine
24		☉	60	69	57	29 99	29 99	73	73	SE	ESE	—	—	—
25			59	67	56	29 99	29 95	78	80	ENE	ESE	—	Clo.	Fair
26			61	72	58	29 93	29 90	77	74	WSW	WSW	—	Fair	—
27			62	69	58	29 83	29 66	80	90	S	SSW	Clo.	—	Clo.
28			60	64	58	29 53	29 57	98	93	SW	SW	Rain	Clo.	Rain
29	40		61	70	58	29 52	29 62	98	80	W	SW	—	—	Clo.
30	6		63	72	59	29 67	29 77	80	80	WSW	SW	Fair	Rain	—
July 1			62	70	58	29 65	29 73	88	82	SSE	SW	Clo.	Clo.	—
2	30	☉	59	71	57	29 77	29 69	92	88	S	SW	Rain	Rain	—
3			62	72	55	29 72	29 95	82	72	W	WSW	Fair	Fair	Fair
4	6		62	73	62	30 06	30 06	77	92	WSW	WSW	—	Clo.	Rain
5			62	71	55	30 10	30 31	95	82	NE	ENE	Clo.	Fair	Fine
6			63	71	61	30 32	30 26	79	82	S	W	Fair	—	—
7			66	79	63	30 26	30 25	78	78	W	N	—	Fine	Fair
8		☉	66	79	63	30 25	30 21	74	73	NNW	N	—	—	Fine
9			71	80	59	30 17	30 10	71	72	W	WNW	Fine	—	—
10			75	78	59	30 05	29 91	76	78	WNW	WNW	—	—	—
11			60	71	56	29 93	30 02	82	76	N	NNE	Overc.	—	—
12			63	73	57	30 05	30 07	74	78	ENE	E	Fair	—	—
13			68	72	54	30 07	30 09	70	70	SE	E	—	—	—
14			62	72	63	30 07	30 01	73	75	ENE	ESE	—	—	—
15		☉	64	74	56	29 96	29 93	81	74	NE	ENE	—	—	Clo.
16			64	72	56	29 93	29 94	79	78	E	SSE	—	—	Fair
17			61	76	60	29 94	29 91	81	76	S	SW	—	—	—
18			65	73	58	29 87	29 93	82	69	SW	W	Clo.	Fair	—
19	35		61	69	60	29 90	29 93	79	95	WSW	SW	S. Rain	Rain	Rain

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of June was 73-100ths of an inch.

ERRATUM.—In last Journal, for the quantity of Rain fallen in one day, &c., read the quantity of Rain fallen in the month of May, &c.